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NOTES AND NOTIONS FROM ITALY.

"Lo sgabello che aiutò a salire
Fu il primo ad esser rovesciato."

THESE are days of sorrow and mourning in the ancient capital of the warlike subalpine kingdom. Turin veils her face and casts ashes on her head, for her glory is about to go forth from her gates without prospect of return. Other cities have had misfortunes grievous to endure; plague and pestilence have depopulated them, barbarians have sacked and burned, waters have overwhelmed, and earthquakes have overthrown them; but from disasters and ruin they rose again, prouder and more stately than before, and past misfortune was soon forgotten in the vigor of revival and the sunshine of success. Turin has no such hope to console her desolation. Harder to bear than the greatest of those calamities is the fate that now befalls her. After being the head of the corner, it is doubly cruel to be cast down and rejected by the build-

er. After having been for centuries the chosen of kings and courts and senates, it is grievous to dwindle into the insignificant residence of a provincial aristocracy. All these losses, all this humiliation, incurred by no fault, but due to merit, the ungracious guerdon of loyalty, valor, and self-sacrifice. It is because Piedmont has been ever loyal to its kings, valiant in the field, stout-hearted in adversity, and persevering in its enterprises, that Turin now finds itself on the eve of decapitalisation. Virtue, says the moralist, is its own reward; and among men such may be the case, but here is a flagrant proof that it is not always so with cities.

The Piedmontese have been called the English of Italy, and they have certainly long been greatly in advance of the rest of the country, thanks to freedom, religious and civil, and to its natural consequence, unrestricted and profitable intercourse with nations more advanced in civilization. The refuge, after 1848, of many of the most enlightened and intel-

ligent men of other parts of Italy, Turin's increase in size and prosperity has also borne testimony to the benefits of constitutional government. While deploring the disastrous change now impending over her, one can not but wonder at the persistent conviction the Turinese have cherished, that their city would continue to be the capital of Italy whole and united. This might have been possible, had the peninsula accrued to the house of Savoy by right of conquest. Considering the way in which the kingdom of Italy has been formed, it was unreasonable to expect that its numerous famous cities should be content, one and all, to waive their claims and doff their bonnets before a traditionless town in a remote corner of the kingdom, with inhabitants only semi-Italian, and whose habitual discourse is in a harsh and barbarous patois. Such an expectation could hardly, one would think, survive calm reflection. Before Rome, it is true, Turin bowed her head and declared her readiness to resign her supremacy. But the transfer to the Capitol was a remote contingency; who could tell what time would elapse ere the tricolor should wave over the city of the Caesars? Turin has been called upon for an earlier sacrifice, and, great though it be, it is not to be denied that some compensation has already been afforded. It is no small glory to have been the armed hand, civilized and liberating, which has drawn together the severed portions of the fairest of European lands, which has combined into one state Tuscany and the Sicilies, Lombardy and the Romagna, extending to them all the benefits of example, and inspiring even the ignorant and degraded Neapolitan with a sense of his inferiority and a desire for improvement. One of the most striking features of the change that has taken place in Southern Italy is the progress of education—many schools now open and well attended, where lately scarcely one was to be found. This is satisfactory to reflect upon, but still, for Piedmont, and especially for Turin, the change of capital is hard to bear, the more so as it was decided only two years ago that, until Rome should be acquired, Turin was the most fitting seat of government. If Tuscany be renowned in the annals of poetry and the art, Piedmont is no less celebrated for

the military virtues and exploits of its princes and people. We live in an age of steel and steam, when the sword is more often in request than the lyre and the easel, especially in a country whose very existence is still disputed, and whose nearest neighbor is a powerful foe. It may be urged that the arsenal rather than the picture-gallery claims the presence of a soldier-sovereign. Cialdini's arguments in favor of the strategical advantages of Florence find opponents among Italian generals not less experienced than himself, and whose military education has been more regular than his. In short, the Piedmontese have much to urge against the change, and it is natural that they should dispute its propriety and justice. The contrivers of the Convention, the Minghetti Ministry, might have found it difficult fully to prepare the minds of the people of this city for the loss of rank about to befall it; but they should at least have endeavored to break the news to them gently, and to spare them the shock of a sudden announcement. If they thought themselves justified in concluding a convention of which the change of capital was a condition, without consulting Parliament as to whether that condition were a proper one, they should have taken measures to conciliate public opinion. But nothing of the kind was done—not so much as a newspaper article in any of the numerous journals then subsidized with the funds of the State. It is still a matter of dispute how the news got out. As many believe, the present Secretary of Legation at Paris, a *protégé* of Cavour's, and who in September last was doing duty at the Italian Foreign Office, communicated it to a friend of his, the editor of a Turin morning paper. The Secretary and the editor are both Jews, and a considerable intimacy existed between them. According to another and more accredited version, Minghetti himself, with characteristic levity and want of foresight, authorized the publication of the change of capital, which was suddenly announced by the halfpenny journal referred to. One morning the Turinese read at every street corner the totally unexpected intelligence that their capital was to be reduced to a provincial town. It is hardly worth while to mention the story circulated at

certain Turinese tea-tables, to the effect that the king's favorite, the well-known Rosina, to whom he is reported to be privately married, taunted an uncivil shopkeeper with the coming change. By whomsoever first betrayed, the news came out abruptly, and the shock was electric. But there was no danger of serious disturbances as its consequence, and it was the fault of the authorities, of the poltroonery of some and the folly of others, that Turin's streets were stained with blood. "Who would have supposed," a member of the late cabinet was heard to say, "that the Turinese would have risen in insurrection?" They did nothing of the sort; there was not an attempt at a barricade, and not a firearm was captured from the rioters, if such they may be called, who were chiefly mere lads urged on by a small number of mischievous democratic agents, and whose utmost misdeeds consisted in a few shouts and volleys of stones. In the days of Cavour a more serious demonstration was met by a glance from the window, a smile, and the jest, "My Turinese are merry to-night." But Cavour was of different stuff from the Minghetis, Peruzzis, and Spaventas. Such measures as were taken were calculated rather to provoke and irritate than to soothe.

Instead of allowing the effervescence to subside of itself as it would have done, gendarmes were suffered and encouraged to fire on the people. Numerous victims testified to the combined cowardice, incapacity, and recklessness of human life which distinguished some of the men highest in authority at that disastrous conjuncture. The shameful and most unnecessary massacres of the 21st and 22d of September will long be remembered with indignation and rage in Turin, where they cost the Ministers their places and the King his popularity.

Tuning from these melancholy memories, let us enter a room whose aspect is probably familiar to not a few who read these pages. A spacious oblong hall, overloaded with decoration in the most superlative modern Italian style. The walls disappear under color and gilding, corpulent Cupids clamber and gambol over them in all directions, resting upon arabesques and clinging to garlands, while verdant dragons rear

themselves among wreaths of roses. The arched embrasures of the windows, which, owing to the near approach of adjacent walls, admit, at the brightest season, only a subdued light, are profusely gilt, and partly filled with crimson draperies. The decorators were evidently resolved to leave no plain service whereon to rest the eye: walls and ceiling alike are crowded with figures, flowers, fanciful borders, and elaborate adornments, until the beholder is dazzled and bewildered, and suffers his weary gaze to fall upon the floor, or to stray through the window to the time-stained and weather-worn walls, balconies, and external staircases of the unpretending dwellings outside. Only a professional gilder could estimate the amount of the precious metal that has been expended upon those walls and cornices; the carmine upon the cheeks of the Cupids would supply the whole *corps de ballet* of the Teatro Regio for a long season; rumor tells of the enormous sums, the scores of thousands of francs, that have been disbursed to the cunning artists and artificers who have made this great saloon the grandest in Europe. The triumph of their art, the *ne plus ultra* of their achievements, is displayed upon the ceiling, where all the gods of Olympus are assembled at their revels: where Jupiter quaffs nectar from the hand of Hebe, while jealous Juno bends her brows, and the bird of Jove, red lightning in its clutch, seems to menace the mortals assembled below. It is towards six of the clock; dinner is in full progress at Trombetta's; the session is at its height; the hotel is full to its very roof, partly with passing foreigners, but still more with the senators and deputies who have come together from all parts of Italy. Down the center of the vast room runs the long *table d'hôte*, prolonged by cross tables at the further end, and showing not a single vacant place. The hall is sufficiently wide to allow of rows of small tables along each of its sides, and at these dine solitary guests, or groups of from two to four persons. The gilt chandeliers suspended from the roof and distributed profusely round the room flame with gas, while a huge vase in the middle of the table supports a system of waxlights. It is the busiest hour of the

day; culinary furnaces are in full blast; a regiment of slim black-coated waiters glide swiftly and noiselessly about the room, or hover round the *table d'hôte*, watchful for the wants of the guests. If you have been long enough in Turin, to acquire some knowledge of the *carte du pays*, the company assembled furnishes materials for amusing study and observation. Neglecting the often-described English groups, immediately recognizable by the beards of the gentlemen, and the flat, smooth hair of the ladies, formerly a foreign, but now exclusively an English style, let us limit ourselves to the Italian element. One finds plenty of names of ancient fame, some of them borne by men of mark. Here are scions of old nobility from Milan, Florence, and Genoa, whose patronymics figure in many a gorgeous page of Italian history, crowded with narratives of war and enterprise of revel and tourney. One almost wonders to see what humdrum prosaic personages these inheritors of great names and far-descended titles in many instances are, and to find the sages and warriors of the middle ages dwindled into prosy deputies and puny carpet-knights. Here, from Naples, are princes by the half-score, many of whom would be puzzled to show the whereabouts of their principalities, but who are doubtless great men in their own land, although they may scarcely have been heard of out of it. Now and then one hears a name which brings a flood of associations to one's memory. Here, for example, sits a calm and gentleman-like senator from Florence whose name is Strozzi, and one is carried back to the days of Cosmo di Medici, the implacable enemy of his great ancestor Filippo, the Rothschild of the middle ages, who died for the liberties of Florence after thrice enduring the torture. Near the gentle and refined-looking bearer of this great name sits a young man with an eminently Italian physiognomy. Gherardesca, direct descendant of that Ungolino who perished with his two sons and two grandsons in the Tower of Famine at Pisa. Further on, in a little old man, you see the owner of those fairy islands in Lake Maggiore, Isola Bella and Isola Madre, where one feels transported to the luxurious tropics; he too boasts of a

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Pass we to the next table. There two men seated opposite to each other are dining heartily and cheerfully, chatting and smiling like persons who are at no loss for topics interesting alike to both. One is dark and soldierly-looking, with shining black hair cut rather short, and beginning to wear away at the crown, with shaven cheeks and black mustache and beard. His nose is prominent, his style of physiognomy handsome but rather coarse, his expression energetic and decided rather than amiable and good-tempered, his complexion, habitually florid and sunburnt, has now a dull red flush, due probably to dinner and the heat of the room. His companion is a slender man with rather small features, tanned by weather, quiet and gentlemanlike in manner. He wears a long coat buttoned high, with a gold chain meandering outside it; he has no mustaches, and the general style of his dress, taken in conjunction with the collar of thick greyish whisker that completely surrounds his face, gives him much the look of an

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The sole beauty of Turin is its glorious Alpine range, which is sometimes covered with snow as early as October. Later in the year, when the heavy fogs roll away from the city, the stranger is startled to see a towering bulwark of snow rising between him and northern Europe. Marvelous and entrancing are the effects of sunlight upon these undulating masses when seen on the rare occasion of a clear brilliant day; and it is difficult to believe that only four hours in the railway will bear one away from these frozen peaks to Genoa on the radiant Mediterranean and to the palm-trees of the Riviera. Turin seems Italian only to those who have just crossed the mountain barrier; to the traveler from the south, Piedmont appears beyond the boundaries of Italy. Few linger in her capital longer than to repose after the passage of the Mont Cenis, or to prepare to encounter it. Yet Turin can boast of a few collections which would be deemed well worth inspection anywhere but on the borders of the promised land of the sight-seer. The Egyptian Museum is a treasure to the learned; there is an interesting and extremely well-arranged armory, and the gallery of paintings contains some choice specimens of Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, and Albani, and even claims the possession of a genuine Raphael, the *Madonna della Tenda*; but comparatively few visit them. The eager tourist, bound for Florence and Rome, reserves his enthusiasm for their renowned galleries, while those who are going home are satiated with art, and are thankful to spare the aching eyes and overloaded brain. The style of Turin is essentially prosaic and uninteresting; and, although its arcades are a purely Italian feature, it does not look like the threshold of that picturesque and beautiful country, whose pre-eminent loveliness has ever been her distinction and misfortune. Still one must mount into remote antiquity to find the origin of Turin, which derives its name from the Taurini, a Ligurian tribe. The vicissitudes of ages have swept away all traces of the occupation by the Romans, except a wall which is flanked by two towers, and forms part of a building now known as *Il Palazzo dei due Torre*; formerly it served as a gate of

the town, and was named the *Porta Palatina*; while from a tradition which can not be traced, the common people call it the Prison of Ovid. Turin was a marquisate during the middle ages, but was so often sacked and ravaged that only one specimen of medieval architecture remains, the *Palazzo Madama*, in the center of the *Piazza Castello*. Much of the old simplicity of this building was destroyed a hundred and fifty years ago by the mother of *Vittorio Amedeo*, whose residence it was. With the vicious taste of the period, she decorated the severe old pile with what the Italians call a "majestic façade" of marble columns and Corinthian pilasters, and entirely built up two of the towers. The eastern side escaped renovation, and the eye, wearied with the eternal uniformity of the streets and squares of Turin, reposes gratefully upon the discolored moss-grown wall and the two picturesque medieval towers which remain. The whole building narrowly escaped destruction early in the present century. A gallery which connected it with the Royal Palace was pulled down, and it was proposed to level the *Palazzo Madama* and fill up the venerable moat, in order to lay the square completely open. Fortunately Napoleon had the good taste to oppose such an act of barbarism, and the Senate of the kingdom now meets in the great hall, while the reception-rooms have been turned into a temporary picture-gallery for the collection already alluded to. Although Turin, as we have said, has little pretensions in the way of art or antiquity, it is close to the loveliest valleys and mountains in the world, where the blue skies of the south combine with the grand scenery of Switzerland. If the near neighborhood of the mountains freezes the city in winter, and brings fog, rain, and drizzle in autumn, it facilitates the most delightful excursions in spring and summer among the scarcely known valleys which lie at the foot of the Piedmontese Alps; and the lover of nature will always associate Turin, in spite of its own unattractiveness, with his pleasantest recollections of Italy.

The time is past, however, for the exclusive contemplation of scenery or study of art. It must be a narrow mind which

can bound its sympathies at this time within such restricted limits. Other and greater interests have sprung up in the land so long looked upon as a mere museum for the studios. A whole nation has arisen from the sleep of centuries, a slumber mistaken for death, eager to give the lie to the detractors who pronounced it utterly defunct, and fit only to supply Europe with singers and scene-painters.

Even the capabilities of the race have been doubted. So low had the modern Italians sunk in the scale of nations, that the *possibility* of their regeneration has been questioned, and much has been written to prove that they are utterly effete, that having reached their highest development they have fulfilled their appointed destiny, and, worn out, will gradually fade away before the advances of younger and more vigorous members of the human family. This view, however, is chiefly taken by mere votaries of art, who hold all other progress cheaply, who estimate the greatness of nations according to their artistic development, and who grow eloquent when they descant upon the famous times of the Medici, forgetful or regardless that Italy's most glorious period of painting and sculpture was also that of the grossest superstition and most degraded moral and social condition. Her patrons were often profligate tyrants, and the narrowest bigotry was sometimes the source of her artist's purest inspirations. In fact, since faith in her Church has declined, no source of inspiration seems to have remained to her. Her religion and her rulers reduced her to a lethargy in which she quietly dozed on for centuries, while the foreigner made her a battlefield, and fought about and dismembered her at his pleasure. Meanwhile other and less gifted nations have outstripped her in her own arts. Her people are not less endowed by nature than formerly, but there is no culture, no elevated standard of excellence, no spur to perfection. Taste abounds; everybody has it; it is the birthright of the whole people and an inalienable part of their nature, but they turn it to no account, and one comes to the land of myrtles and roses to find no gardens, and to the birthplace of song to find no music. In proportion as nature has been bountiful, man has been heedless. How far representative insti-

tutions will tend to develop the peculiar capabilities of the race, remains to be seen: but we may reasonably expect a degree of moral excellence and material prosperity that have never existed before, and that seem unfortunately opposed to the conditions most favorable to art. Italians, however, must not be judged by the severe English standard. Their temperament is essentially artistic and sensuous; it repudiates toil, and demands time for pure sensation. They are vehement, impulsive, and morbidly sensitive, shrinking from a single word of censure, and greedy of praise. He who would be accounted their friend must never find a fault, but approve without qualification. This weakness is particularly visible in their political life. They are not content with the acknowledgment of all Europe that they have done a great deal; they like to be told that they have attained perfection. Their craving for flattery and dread of blame have destroyed all criticism. The Italians deal only in eulogy, and their language has shared in the general decline; it has lost its vigor, become wordy, illogical, and inexact—the natural result of the purposeless lives and tame insincerity of those who have used and moulded it since the days of Dante. The amalgamation of the various Italian states, however, has already produced a change, which may be detected in the discussions in the Chambers. A new and more vigorous dialect is being created by the general adoption of words hitherto confined to this or that province. Doubtless the very character of the language will undergo a transformation to meet the exigencies of new thoughts and principles. With respect for truth will come exactitude of expression; promptitude and businesslike habits will beget terseness and vigor, to the exclusion of voluminous and inflated phrases of little or no signification.

A great deal has been done to promote the education of the lower classes of Italians, and in the southern provinces, where, in 1860, only one hundred and thirteen in a thousand could read, the proportion is rapidly rising. Unfortunately there is not as yet an equal improvement among the upper classes. Intercourse with other nations will of ne-

cessity enlighten them in time, but the whole system of education must be changed, and a different estimate set upon the value of mental cultivation, ere Italian noblemen, as a class, can take their place among men of enlightened minds and noble aspirations in other countries; while nothing can be more inane and frivolous than the lives of the women, who, themselves subject to priestly authority, too often exercise a baneful influence over the men of their families. The early youth of a girl of the upper class is passed in a convent or under harassing and unnecessary restrictions. Scarcely any intercourse is permitted with young people of the opposite sex; in fact, to secure a good marriage, a young lady ought to be kept almost in complete seclusion. Meanwhile, it often happens that a high-spirited girl employs her whole intelligence in deceiving her mother and evading her vigilance. Matches are sometimes made by signs in the streets, to the amazement of the parents, to whom it has never occurred to substitute principles for espionage. As may be expected, once freed by marriage from the thralldom of girlhood, a career of folly, and often of vice, is run by women naturally gifted with every capability of making good wives, good mothers, and exemplary members of society, had they but had a rational training and a fair share of enjoyment before they were married to a man chosen by their family, and utterly indifferent to themselves. The strong love of Italians for children often exercises a beneficial influence, and many a young and beautiful woman is absolutely and entirely devoted to her children with an abnegation of self seldom equalled, and never surpassed, in the homes of domestic England. If there be no children, the theatre is the only resource; the husband prefers his café, or devotes himself to a reigning belle in another box; so the wife is escorted by his friend—hence the origin of the now somewhat unfashionable appendage of the *cavaliere servente*. One is startled to hear well-known scandalous stories of the leaders of society, who, scarcely repentant of the sins of their youth, spend their mornings in devotion and their evenings in receptions or the never-palling theatre. The tone in which immorality is

spoken of indicates only too truly the low standard of the whole country; yet it cannot be doubted that even in this particular there has been some improvement in the last fifty years. However, there is little or no mental culture; formerly, at Naples, the women of the middle class were kept ignorant upon principle; they were not taught to write, lest they should communicate with their lovers. In Northern Italy they have always been more advanced, and it is a curious fact that, in Turin, where the language is chiefly compounded of Italian and Provençal, two old romances of chivalry are reprinted every year, and are the favorite literature of the people. Among the higher classes these romances are unknown; no book ever cumbers the tables except a "Journal des Modes," or an occasional French novel. Art and literature are never spoken of in society, and a reference to a Tauchnitz novel would give a lady the dreaded reputation of a *bas bleu*.

A strong line of demarcation exists among the men. The man of science or letters does not, as with us, mingle in general society, but keeps to his class, and shrinks from the unlearned and ungenial aristocrat. It is not pride and exclusiveness that here sunder classes as in Germany, for the Italian nobleman is affable to everybody, and the high-born lady chats with her coachman, and calls her maid "*figlia mia*." Uncongeniality is the real barrier that divides society.

One of the worst symptoms in Italy at the present moment is the violent admiration of everything French. In a nation aspiring to be free and constitutional, her representatives constantly quote French history and French precedents even in the Chambers, but rarely allude to those of England, whose institutions they profess to imitate. It might have been well for Italy if, before attempting constitutional government, she had passed through the ordeal of enlightened despotism under a ruler who would have governed her resolutely for her good, until she was trained into governing herself. Even the hated Austrians have left beneficial effects behind them in Lombardy, in the cleanliness of the streets and the superior decency of public habits. In truth, one is hourly amazed and disgusted by the coarse and filthy practices of a people cer-

tainly not deficient in refinement of nature, and singularly endowed with courtesy and consideration for the feelings of others; but strange inconsistencies meet one at every turn. Most of the books about Italy give only one side of the picture; her fatal beauty bewilders the judgment; the deceit and falsehood of her children are pardoned for the sake of their grace and attractiveness; their rags and dirt add to the picturesqueness of a country where so many come only to seek pictorial effects. People travel less in quest of truth than of enjoyment, and when distance lends her usual enchantment, even the drawbacks which could not be ignored when absolutely present, fade from the memory altogether. The result has been deplorable for Italy. She has become accustomed to extravagant eulogium, and spoiled by indiscriminate praise; and she refuses to believe that her prestige is entirely due to the glory of the past, and to that marvelous natural beauty which owes nothing to man, and which man, with all his vices and corruptions, is still powerless to impair.

The Italians have been considered the moral antipodes of the Anglo-Saxons; yet there are strong points of resemblance between the races, and as strong dissimilarities between the former and their Gallic neighbors. Simple, natural, and absolutely free from all attempts at theatrical effect in their language and manners, they are singularly sympathetic, and one feels for their failings much the same indulgence extended to those of children. Indeed it ought never to be forgotten that the tyranny and corruption of the old governments either kept the people in tutelage like children, or degraded them almost below the dignity of manhood. It is much to be desired that a strong English influence, political and social, should counteract the insidious French tendencies which daily grow more evident, and are much deplored by right-minded Italians themselves. An English education engrafted upon the Italian character produces an admirable combination. A few young men affect the English style, speak the language fluently, and have even acquired the true insular tranquility of utterance. But when the most successful imitator rises in his place in the Senate or Cham-

ber, there is a startling transformation. The words pour forth with wonderful volubility, in clear, distinct, and vibrating tones, and the rapid and graceful gestures, especially of the animated Neapolitans, almost distract the attention of the foreigner from the subject of the speech. It must be the vehement utterance and constant gesticulation of the Italian orator that so soon fatigue him, and render a long discourse a far greater effort to him than it is found to be by more phlegmatic speakers. Every three-quarters of an hour he requires a "riposo," a pause of a few minutes, and plentiful recourse is had to sugar-and-water at intervals during the whole speech. A loud, distinct utterance is the habit of the whole people; in the south it often rises into a squall, and even among the higher classes harsh and hoarse voices grate painfully upon the fastidious ear. Not many years ago, an English gentleman, unacquainted with this peculiarity, remarked at a large party, composed of the *élite* of the Neapolitan capital, "If I did not know I was in the best society in Naples, I should think myself in Bedlam."

In those days there were other little peculiarities which probably no longer exist. Young men of fashion had vague ideas of geography, and one asked an English lady, "which was the largest place, England or London?" King Ferdinand would probably have preferred that the youth had never heard of either. A man of wealth and high position at Court, who, after some trouble, had obtained permission to travel, shipped himself on board a French steamer, and when told that she was three hundred horse power, innocently asked where the horses were? Ten years have wrought vast changes even in that darkest corner of the peninsula. An older man, and a compatriot of the courtier cited above, observed but a few weeks ago, in his place in the Senate, "Railways, steamboats, the electric telegraph, and a free press, have made the civilized world like one family. No new discovery, no truth, can long be the privilege of one people only." King Ferdinand knew this so well that, although he could not prevent foreigners from entering his country, he took care to keep his own subjects at home. People who lived in the provinces had often to

manœuvre for a year to get leave to visit Naples, and longer journeys were exceptions indeed. Even energetic British travelers were sometimes worn out by the fatigue, bustle, and worry attendant upon an expedition to Naples and its environs. From the hour of landing, beset by beggars, unceasingly importuned for money by officials, living in an atmosphere of noise, and a state of perpetual warfare with guides and hackney-coachmen, life became insupportable. Many have been driven away by this combination of annoyances, added to the want of comfort, and the absence of the appliances of civilization, rapidly increasing in every other city where English congregate. In truth, whilst all other places progressed, Naples stood still, and lived, like Italy in general, upon her past reputation. Even public safety was little cared for in those days. In 1857 a young Englishman was attacked in the Chiaja, at ten o'clock at night. Possibly the object was only plunder, but the young man resisting, the ruffians stabbed him. Passers-by heard and saw the attack, but not a soul ventured to interfere. The unfortunate man dragged himself to a house kept by an Englishwoman, where he was sheltered and cared for. He died in a week. His Majesty having just before proclaimed an amnesty on the auspicious event of the birth of a prince, about two hundred common felons had been released from the galleys, and the police were too much engaged in looking after political offenders, and in dispersing groups of three or four persons, to have time to attend to mere murderers and robbers.

Subsequently to the Revolution of 1860, quantities of police records were sold as waste paper; and some of these, discovered in a shop in the island of Capri, came into the hands of persons to whom their contents related. A young English lady, who had been for three years resident in Naples, found in them, to her amazement, a minute record of most of her movements and acts, during the greater part of that time. Among her friends and acquaintances were some one on whom the authorities looked with suspicion, and thus it doubtless was that she had been subjected to a surveillance whose closeness must have given the police an amount of trouble certainly not

compensated by the results obtained. To her amusement and gratification the faded memories of many a pleasant excursion and adventure were revived by entries like the following: "June 1857. La Signorina, with her father and the notorious Don E., sailed to Capri in the English war-steamer, which called for them at Sorrento. Before landing the whole party went to *curiosare* in the Blue Grotto." While chronicling these trifles, matters of real importance to them and to the Government constantly escaped the observation of these purblind police spies. The notorious Don E. above mentioned was a benevolent foreigner, an enthusiast for the Italian cause, whose long acquaintance with Naples, with its ways and its people, sometimes enabled him to interpose between persecuted liberals and the tyranny of the Government. In that same year of 1857 an incident occurred which gave unbounded satisfaction to him and to the lady in question, and, if the police ever became acquainted with it, it was only *après coup*—too late to avail them, and no mention of the affair was likely to be made in their records. Two Neapolitans, men of education and independent means, incurred the suspicions or the ill-will of the police. This was no uncommon occurrence at that time in Naples. Men of irreproachable character were not unfrequently pitched upon by the *sbirri* for persecution on political grounds. It mattered not that no shadow of proof existed against them, that neither by word nor deed had they manifested disaffection to the existing order of things. They were known or believed to sympathize with the Liberal party; or perhaps they led retired lives, avoided the cafés, and were suspected of reading and even of thinking; in this latter case they were certainly dangerous members of society and proper prison inmates. Shut them up by all means; they need not know of what they are accused—advise them not to ask. Alas! how many innocent men rotted away their lives in the dark mouldy dungeons of Ischia or the Vicaria—victims, perhaps, to some real offender who had secured his own safety by zeal in denouncing the guiltless. Tyranny in Italy has not seldom been indebted for its secret information to that base pusillanimi-

ty which seeks to secure immunity from suspicion by the betrayal of confidence, or by affording false information.

In the case of the two gentlemen above referred to, a false friend had pointed them out as hostile to the Government. Having fortunately received timely warning, they had contrived for two whole years to elude the vigilance of the police by incessant change of place, repeatedly escaping over the roofs of houses during domiciliary visits. This wretched existence had become unendurable, and at all hazards they resolved to attempt an escape from the country. In the Bay of Naples there lay a foreign man-of-war soon leaving for Malta. Were it possible to get on board they would be in safety, and Don E. was appealed to as intercessor in this case of real distress. It was said he was a countryman of the captain of the frigate, but whether that were true or not, it is certain they were one day seen in earnest confabulation on the quarterdeck of the —. It was easy to satisfy the commander that the persons desirous of a passage under the protection of his flag were no criminals, but victims of the most groundless persecution. A few hours after the captain came on shore to bid his friends good-bye, and called upon Don E. This visit was mentioned in the police diary, but only as numbers of others were, and the entry was unaccompanied by comments indicating that any suspicion or importance was attached to it. We may presume that the police never knew that a council of war was held in the drawing-room of that house upon the Chiaja, and that, before the captain left, the English lady, on whom so special a watch was kept, laughingly selected from a basket of visiting-cards upon the table those of a staunch partisan of the Government, and cutting them in halves with certain peculiar zigzags of the scissors, handed two of the pieces to the departing sailor. That night it still wanted some hours to moonrise when a small boat with muffled oars glided into the deep gloom below the side of the frigate. A minute afterwards two strangers stood upon her deck, bowed to an officer who advanced to meet them, and silently presented him with the counterparts of the cards he had received that morning. He nodded,

and the new-comers went below. For a few minutes the officer paced the deck, apparently deep in thought, and then ordered a boat to be lowered. There was a grand ball that night at the Accademia Reale, under the same roof as the Royal Palace, and at midnight Captain — made his appearance there. He sought the English lady, and whispered, "They are on board; I sail in an hour, and have come only to show myself." "If those around us did but know," said the lady, glancing at the awful Minister of Police then passing with a Neapolitan general well known for his hatred of the Liberal party, "we should both be arrested." But nobody ever did know. By daybreak the frigate was miles away from the beautiful bay, making for scorched and sun-browned Malta. The diligent police continued to scour the lanes, and prowl into garrets and over the roofs; but their prey had escaped, and their persecutors never knew how they had been outwitted. Meanwhile the fugitives received money under feigned names in Malta, until the downfall of Bourbon rule in 1860 released them and hundreds of others from exile, and many from a captivity worse than death.

During that period of espionage and tyranny at Naples, brigandage, always the curse of the country, was kept within moderate limits. Though robbery in every other form was universal, the highways were comparatively safe, at least in the immediate neighborhood of the capital; and even in Sicily, under the iron rule of the Minister of Police, the dreaded Maniscalco, one might travel securely from one end of the island to the other. It did not suit King Ferdinand to permit brigandage on a large scale, as his predecessors had often done; but by isolating his provinces and rigidly repressing every attempt at progress or communication from without, he did much to perpetuate a condition of society eminently favorable to its existence. His moral appreciation of the vocation may be surmised from the almost incredible fact that he pensioned a well-known leader and his band, and assigned them a retreat in the island of Ischia. They had committed the error of being too daring, and violating the outward decency which the King prided himself upon maintaining throughout his

dominions. The traditional and picturesque bandit disappeared for a time from the beaten track, and the most adventurous travelers seldom caught a glimpse of him. During the least perilous period, however, of the late King's reign, a party of English ladies met with a ludicrous adventure on the dreary road which skirts the Gulf of Salerno, leading from that city to Pæstum. A few miles from the Temples the carriage was stopped by a party of horsemen, to all appearance mounted gendarmes. Saluting the ladies respectfully, the leader informed them that they were appointed by the Government to escort all travelers to Pæstum and back at a charge of ten piastres. The unprotected ladies thought it a most considerate, though rather expensive, arrangement, and thankfully accepted the escort of the gallant band. How vividly that wild and beautiful drive comes back to memory after the lapse of long years! The broad smooth road coasting the slumbering Mediterranean; the sapphire sea flecked with graceful lateen sails. Salerno lies behind, backed by a moss-grown ruined castle. At the farthest point is seen Vietri; whence may be traced a faint white line creeping along the face of the cliffs on the opposite side of the gulf, broken here and there by slender campanile and clusters of human habitations. Amalfi, gleaming high against the towering cliffs, closes that unrivaled road, so often painted from the cave of the Capuccini Monastery, which, rising above the town, commands the whole bay. Yet higher still, perched on the loftiest mountain-summit, sits Positano; to the left Scaricatoia, even more unapproachable; at their feet lie the verdant little Syren isles, while in the distance Capri reposes upon the azure waters like a lion couchant guarding the Bay of Naples. To the tourist's left rises a range of mountains bounding the malaria-stricken plain, along which the swift little horses, harnessed three abreast, jingling with bells and decked with nodding plumes, canter merrily. Under the shade of the mountains are seen villages—Battipaglia and Eboli—the latter an ominous name. There, thirty years ago, a young English bride and bridegroom were murdered by seven brigands. Murray tells the story, and their countrymen look with a shuddering

interest towards the scene of the tragedy. How thankfully the ladies at this point saw themselves surrounded by their military guard may be imagined! The *soi-disant* officials punctually performed their part of the agreement; and it was not until the ladies had returned to Naples and told the story, that they had the least idea that they had been the heroines of an adventure with real brigands, who had hit upon this polite and novel mode of pursuing their calling. Brigandage then wore its mildest aspect. It is in times of political excitement that external agencies excite mere highwaymen into the commission of the most atrocious cruelties. In thinly inhabited districts, where roads and large towns are few and hiding-places plenty, banditti are the natural product of the soil; and, even in families of a superior class, a little excess of severity on the part of a father towards a son sent the latter to enlist with the brigands as commonly as impatience of restraint in former days drove the wild English boy to sea. Even now brigandage is by no means entirely confined to the Neapolitan provinces. At the present moment a daring robber infests the country round Lake Thrasymentis. His name is Cinicchia, and he began his career of crime by stabbing his own brother in the presence of a number of persons who cared not to interfere in the family quarrel. He fled from justice and took to the road, or it perhaps should rather be said to the woods, and for years he has lived by levying black-mail upon all who have aught to give, excepting only one or two powerful families, whose intercession in his behalf he hopes to secure by this forbearance. He is a celebrity in his way, and the district he haunts abounds in tales of his audacious exploits. Not long ago the steward of a rich absentee landlord was making up accounts with an agent, and came upon an entry of twenty crowns as "paid to Cinicchia." "What next?" cried the steward; "this can never pass." "What can I do?" piteously inquired the agent; "when Cinicchia demands money, Cinicchia will have it." The bailiff still demurred. Suddenly he was startled by a knock at the house door, and a loud voice called his name and summoned him to descend and open. The bailiff turned pale and stood irresolute, "You had better

come," said the voice, "and bring two hundred crowns with you. I know you have the money in the house. I am Cinicchia." The frightened bailliff hesitated no longer, but went down with the two hundred crowns, which he charged to his employer's account with the agent's twenty. All attempts to catch this robber have hitherto been in vain. He never sleeps under a roof, continually changes his lurking-places, and his loaded revolver is ever in his hand. Notwithstanding his impunity and success—for he is known to have amassed large sums—he is weary of an outlaw's existence, and lately made overtures to the authorities, through one of the families he had never molested. He declared his wish to retire from business, and asked to be allowed to settle three thousand crowns upon his family and embark for America, where he proposed reverting to his original trade of a mason. The Government was willing to consent, but imposed the condition that he should give up his associates.—With the proverbial honor of his class, he refused to be guilty of a *tradimento*; and as, upon the other hand, none will betray so loyal a robber, he will probably die in his bed, although he never sleeps in one. Cinicchia is not habitually cruel, and doubtless he burns candles to the Madonna, gives alms to the poor, and is looked upon by his countrymen as a hero driven from society, through having had the "misfortune" to kill a man. The scene of his exploits is among the most interesting in Italy, being the rich and picturesque country surrounding Perugia, a city of Etruscan origin, beautifully situated on a height, and famous as the birth-place of Raphael's master, Perugino. About twenty years ago the ancient tomb of the Volumni family was accidentally discovered in the neighborhood; and memories of more recent, though still of classic, date are evoked by Lake Trasymene. Forests of oak flourish in its vicinity, and grand mountains encircle it. For a short distance the road from Perugia passes along the swampy margin of its waters, and near the battle-field where Hannibal vanquished Flaminius and the Roman legions, when the contending armies fought so furiously that they were not conscious of a great earthquake which leveled many Italian cities, changed the

course of rivers, lowered the tops of mountains, and even drove back the sea. The lake itself periodically retreats from its shores, and leaves a strip of land uncovered for some years, the waters returning as they receded, slowly and imperceptibly. There is an interesting historical incident connected with that strip of land. When Pope Pius V. was a simple monk, he lived on the border of the lake, and had a neighbor named Fiorenzi. In process of time the monk was offered a cardinal's hat, but he was so poor that he could not raise the necessary money without the help of his well-to-do neighbor, who lent him twelve hundred crowns to take him to Rome and pay the fees. When the cardinal reached the dignity of the tiara, he sent for his friend Fiorenzi, made him a gentleman of the chamber and a marquis, but never repaid the money he had borrowed. Perhaps the Papal treasury was low; at any rate, his Holiness hit upon a novel expedient. He granted his quondam neighbor the strip of land round the lake from which the waters recede, and though an uncertain source of income, as may be supposed, it still yields some eight or nine hundred crowns a year to the family—that is, when not under water; and Pius V. can not be said to have repudiated his debt.

These desultory reminiscences have led us far away from Turin, which claims a few parting words. Already abandoned by royalty, before these lines appear in print the expiring capital will have been stripped of all the pomp and circumstance of government. The other Italian cities can not be said to have shown themselves duly grateful to Turin and its brave inhabitants. Six years ago they looked hither hopefully and entreatingly for succor; their desire has been accomplished, their liberation wrought, and now they rejoice at the downfall of the ladder that enabled them to rise. What would Italy at this moment be but for Piedmont? Still split into petty states, she would lie prostrate and powerless at the feet of her Austrian and Bourbon rulers. The ancient provinces, as they now are called, are the sinews of Italy. The great statesman, the scene of whose birth and death are marked, by the pious care of the municipality, on the corner house of the Via Cavour, in Turin, achieved that which,

to Europe, seemed the dream of a visionary. Out of what had long been termed a mere geographical expression, he constructed a living Italy. It ill becomes the provinces that owe their emancipation to his foresight and sagacity, and to the sacrifice of the oldest jewel of the Sardinian crown, to rejoice in the hour of Turin's desolation. Little sympathy has been shown for the suffering city. The maladroit Ministers, who might have soothed the wounded and satisfied all parties, doggedly refused the slight concession asked of them. The previous Cabinet, whose negligence and incapacity led to the tragedy of September, sat silent, all the session through, in the Chamber of Deputies. They may have felt it impossible to justify themselves, and may have been unwilling to admit culpability; but it would have cost them nothing to utter a few words of regret, a single expression of sorrow, for the blood-shed which, in Turin, will always be considered to lie at their door. To have done so, although it could not altogether cancel the past, would have insured tranquility and resignation for the present and for the future. As it was, and as might be expected, angry passions, which had smouldered for a time while justice was hoped for, became again aroused. Emissaries from without, the party of action and the party of the Pope, combined with malcontent Turinese to make useless and irritating demonstrations. In their exasperation some talked of annexation to France, while others declared themselves eager to join Switzerland. Are these Italians? Are these countrymen of the patriot statesman who was consoled, upon his dying bed, by the conviction that the unity of Italy was secured? Would they suffer a movement of paltry local jealousy to endanger the edifice, still incomplete, whose fall would overwhelm them and give a shock to the cause of freedom throughout the world? It would be unfair to blame the whole of Turin for the disturbances which resulted in driving the King prematurely to Florence. But it can not be forgotten that the municipal council not only declined royal hospitality, but refused, for several days, to express, in the name of the town, regret for a most insulting demonstration made at the very gates of the palace.

Victor Emmanuel has been accused of want of feeling in giving a ball at all, considering the mournful events of September, and the gloomy prospects of the ancient capital of his dynasty. Perhaps it would have been politic to give to public charities the sum proposed to be spent in festivity, but that course also would have provoked complaint, and, indeed, it was one of those cases in which it was impossible to please everybody. Whatever the failings and faults of the King, to himself personally the change of capital is a greater sacrifice than to any one of his subjects. Turin's best friends must regret that at the eleventh hour she should have proved forgetful of that loyalty and self-respect which, if maintained to the last, would have secured to her the reverence ever accorded to those who suffer and sacrifice much for a noble and patriotic cause.

North British Review.

THREE WOMEN OF LETTERS.*

It can not be doubted that a marked difference in the relations of the female sex to the literary culture of the day, as compared with the state of things two generations back, is one result of the intellectual march of the present century. Female authorship is far more common than it was; it is far more enterprising than it was; it is more business-like, and has less of the flutter of self-consciousness; while, by a natural consequence, it attracts far less of special notice and compliment than it formerly did. For we must not overstate the case as regards the discouragement which the woman of letters is generally supposed to have received from the ruling sex. Ladies who belonged to a favored clique were sure, in olden times as well as now, of credit and renown. Poor Mrs. Elstob, one of the first Saxon scholars of her day, could indeed pine in drudgery and obscurity, but Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, with a select circle of at-

* 1. *Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin*. Edited by P. H. LE BRETON. Longmans, 1864.

2. *Fugitive Verses*. By JOANNA BAILLIE. Moxon, 1854.

3. *Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis*. London: Triibner and Co., 1864.

tendant nymphs great in the minor morals, were praised up to and beyond their deserts; and though "F. B." confined herself to novel-writing, a department in which women have always been allowed certain chartered rights, and Mrs. Chappone and Miss Talbot were strictly feminine in their aspirations, yet the authoress of the *Essay on Shakspeare*, and the translator of *Epictetus*, boldly trenched on ground which, in those days at all events, masculine intellects considered exclusively their own. When angry, it is true, Johnson could speak hard words of Mrs. Montagu's Latin and Greek; but the wonderful feat of translating *Epictetus* seems to have placed Mrs. Carter on a pedestal which even the surly dictator did not grudge her, though possibly her discreet backwardness in exposing her acquirements to the ordeal of conversation may have had something to do with his indulgence. "My old friend Mrs. Carter," he said, "could make a pudding as well as translate *Epictetus*, from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." . . . "He thought, however," adds Boswell, "that she was too reserved in conversation upon subjects she was so eminently able to converse upon, which was occasioned by her modesty and fear of giving offence."

No doubt, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the women of the upper classes were, taken as a whole, more rational and capable beings than they had been in the days of the *Spectator*. In one of the conversations recorded by Fanny Burney, we find Dr. Johnson expressing in strong terms his sense of the advance made within his own recollection. "He told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything."* Still we can not turn over the familiar correspondence of the miniature Sapphos and Hypatias of Johnson's time, without discerning how strongly the consciousness of special merit worked within them. We see it in the ostentatious modesty which is sometimes more significant than braggart boasting; we see it in the little pedantries of style and allusion with which they trick out the merest

commonplace of sentiment. For real scholarlike appreciation of the subjects they deal with, we should look in vain in the lucubrations of the most renowned female students of that day: poor Mrs. Elstob, already referred to, whose Anglo-Saxon researches really were worth something, never attained worldly repute. The conclusions they draw from their own investigations into the wellsprings of knowledge are mostly moralizings of a general cast, trite and jejune we should now say; but then it is fair to remember that there was a very strong and prevailing bent among all thinkers, shallow and deep, towards moral and metaphysical didactics in that age, and the "Rambler" himself could utter pompous platitudes sometimes.

But to revert to our argument. Allowing that a change had taken place in the intellectual position of the weaker sex, between the era of Addison and that of Johnson, there has assuredly been a change also no less distinctly perceptible in its position between Johnson's days and our own, and one that has been proceeding at a vastly accelerated pace within the last five-and-thirty years. The date of the Reform Bill, though it seems but as yesterday to many still in the full vigor of life, carries us back to an antiquated world in many respects; in this among others. The literary atmosphere was still reverberating with the echoes of the poetry and romance which had glorified the long years of European strife and agitation. But Byron was in his recent grave; Scott was wielding with a paralyzed hand the pen that had fascinated the heads and hearts of his generation; Southey had written the last of his epics, and people had almost ceased to read them. Wordsworth was the poet of the day; but his admirers were comparatively few and select. His muse was placid and meditative; the shout of the Forum was to be raised in honor of other deities than those of Parnassus. Science, education for the masses, political enfranchisement, became the prevailing topics in men's mouths. Sentiment yielded to utility, the illusions of chivalry to hard material progress. A certain scarcely disguised superciliousness in the tone hitherto assumed towards science by men who had been brought up in the poetical and historical cultivation

* *Diary of Madame D'Arblay*, vol. i. p. 277.

of the Georgian era, now gave way to a much more respectful appreciation of her claims. The old prejudices against the *'ologies* rapidly disappeared. The classification of plants and stones, hitherto in the polite world looked upon as little more than an elegant diversion for idle hours, assumed a more serious significance as means toward unlocking creation's mysteries. The history of the earth's formation was becoming a subject to be feared, indeed, in the eyes of many, but no longer to be despised.

It was from about this same epoch, as we take it, that the term "blue-stocking," first applied in the Johnsonian society to ladies of literary pretensions or acquirement, began to grow obsolete. In the intensified zest and value for practical and scientific knowledge which now set in, the world came to forget its prejudices of sex as well as of caste, and to prize any contribution to the current stock of information for what it was worth. This, at least, was the tendency of things; but, as always happens, the force of new principles began to be felt long before they effectually leavened the general mass of opinion; and it was not for many a year after the Society for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and the "Library of Entertaining" ditto, and Penny Magazines, and Mrs. Marcet's *Popular Conversations on Science*, and Miss Martineau's *Tales illustrative of the Principles of Political Economy*, had instructed the minds of the new generation, that the authoress who ventured on any ground save that of fiction or mild ethical rede, ceased to be regarded by a considerable portion of society as something of an unfeminine intruder, a "blue," and a pretender, probably superficial and certainly presumptuous.

Our reflections on this subject have been prompted by two publications of the past year: the *Memoir and Letters of Miss Aikin*, and the *Letters of Miss Cornwallis*. Both these ladies died within the last seven years; both lived through the period of which we have been speaking; and both reflected very distinctly, in the tone of their minds and the bent of their studies, the character of that period in its successive stages of development. Circumstances and natural disposition, however, had affixed considerable differences between them. The one, long

known to the world as a historical writer of some pretension, and a friend and correspondent of several eminent literary characters of her day, had outlived her maximum of reputation; and that reputation had been perhaps a little enhanced by the odor of "blue" notoriety still attaching to petticoated authors when she began to write. The other was entirely unknown to the world till death cancelled the obligation of secrecy, and revealed her as the writer of some anonymous works of more original thought and more varied range of matter than even clever women have in general proved themselves able to command—a recluse shrinking from observation, not possessing any influential connection in the world of letters, working patiently, earnestly, with deep convictions, against the surface-current of her times, taking up a place with the pioneers of new thought, even when old ties and associations beckoned her powerfully backwards; most reluctant to display, yet proudly conscious of possessing, capacities of insight and of reasoning far beyond the limits usually assigned to her sex.

Miss Aikin's career challenges observation first, for her literary character belongs to an older chapter of the period than that of Miss Cornwallis. She had by a few years too the priority of age. Miss Aikin may be said, to use Sir Nathaniel's phrase in *Love's Labor's Lost*, to have "eat paper" and "drunk ink" from her earliest years. Her intellectual training was derived from the Presbyterian society of the last century, that section of it which had left Calvinism behind, and had accepted Socinianism as its doctrinal creed, and which was characterized by a great zeal and ardor for mental progress, and a sovereign contempt for ancient bigotry. 1781 was the year of her birth. Her father was Dr. Aikin, a physician first practising at Warrington, then at Yarmouth, and subsequently residing at Stoke-Newington, where he gave himself up to literary avocations, and edited the *Annual Register*, the *Monthly Magazine*, and another literary journal of the day, called the *Athenæum*, and was part author of the *Biographical Dictionary*, afterwards published by Dr. Enfield. A very favorite work for juveniles, not yet forgotten, called *Evenings at Home*, was also his composition, in conjunction with his accom-

plished sister, Mrs. Barbauld, who, to a noted capacity for instructing the young, added herself also literary and poetical talent of a very refined order, and was in all respects a most admirable woman. Miss Aikin's friends and relations all round were literary in their tastes and reputations,—the Roscoes of Liverpool, the Taylors of Norwich, the Enfields, the Kerricks,—worthy names all in the annals of the pen. She was only in her seventeenth year when she took up the family trick of writing. Her father's editorial functions gave her easy access to reviews and magazines; and occasional verses, essays, and translations were the first flights of her ambition. The decided bent of her mind, however, was towards history; and her first publication of any consequence was the *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, which appeared in 1819, and drew on her no small degree of attention. It may indeed be fairly considered a noteworthy book of its time. It had merits of its own, in a lively, intelligent, impartial style of narrative, and was, we believe, the first of those works of historical gossip which Miss Strickland's indefatigable labors have since made so familiar to the public, and to which Walter Scott's novels no doubt contributed a powerful impulse. But it should be remembered, and Miss Aikin must have the credit due from the fact, that she began to contemplate her work in 1814, before even the first of the *Waverley Novels* had appeared; years before *Kenilworth* had set the world mad about Queen Bess and the Earl of Leicester. "I intend," she says, writing at that date to her brother, "to collect all the notices I can of the manners of the age, the state of literature, arts, etc., which I shall interweave, as well as I am able, with the biographies of the Queen, and the other eminent characters of her time, binding all together with as slender a thread of political history as will serve to keep other matters in their places." So that the plagiarism of topic, if any, was the other way. Miss Aikin could not have been set on the track of Elizabethan gossip by any historical fiction of Walter Scott's, but Scott may have been induced by Miss Aikin's book to think of *Kenilworth* as a subject.

To the Memoir of Queen Elizabeth
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succeeded those of James I., in 1822, and of Charles I., in 1833. Miss Aikin felt no vocation for continuing her historical labors into the times of the Protectorate and the Restoration. The stern aspect of the principles at issue seems to have frightened her from the first, the profligacy of the times from the last. Her long hesitation as to a subject suited to her taste and capacity, finally resulted in her compiling the *Life of Addison*, which she published in 1843. This work was less successful than her former ones. Perhaps, as she herself seemed to suspect, the vigor and elasticity of her powers had been suffered to decay through leisure and delicate health, and the easily allowed interruptions of social life; and, not least, through the distractions of an age of busy thought and change, that test of true intellectual metal, when the stronger or the more dogmatic minds find stimulating material for thought and utterance, but those that are at once too feeble for self-support, and too wide for bigotry, are apt to subside into a hesitating but genial receptivity, interested in all aspects of life and history, but partly on that very account without those strong convictions or prepossessions which constitute the life of authorship. A severe review of this work by Macaulay, which appeared in the *Edinburgh*, must have given the finishing touch to any lingering self-flattery of the authoress that her literary genius was still in bloom. Of this criticism, neither the editor of the Memoir, nor any of Miss Aikin's published letters, make any mention; but she never wrote again; and when she died in the January of last year, at the age of eighty-two, she had long stepped back from observation, and was missed only by those who knew her worth in private life, her warm family affection, her acute intelligence, her interest in the young, her pleasant conversation regarding times and people gone by.

And her acquaintance had been among the honored of the earth. In London she had mixed in some of the best Whig society of the day. Mackintosh, Hallam, Rogers, Malthus, Sir H. Holland, are all names of more or less frequent occurrence in her letters; and under her modest roof at Hampstead, choice table-talk might often have been heard from men

of literary and legal mark. Thither Whishaw, the lawyer, the friend of Lord Lansdowne, the somewhat Johnsonian oracle of his coterie, and Professor Smyth of Cambridge, often found their way to discuss with her the questions of the hour, or some interesting topic of history or belles-lettres; and a fourth in such reunions would often be her valued friend and occasional correspondent, himself a resident at Hampstead, Mr. J. L. Mallet, son of Mallet du Pan, the Genevese, whose political services to the French monarchy at the beginning of the first Revolution are matter of history. Both on his father's account and on his own, Mr. Mallet was well known to the Whig society of the day, and though a man of retired habits, was a keen observer of passing events, and one whose judgment and courtesy gave his opinions great weight with all who possessed his acquaintance.* With friends such as these, whether on the field of politics or literature, the shrewd little hostess knew well how to bear her part in discussion: for in conversation she was practiced and fluent; her memory was well stored; she was an able reasoner, an intelligent listener, and a pleasant retailer of anecdote.

The hey-day of Miss Aikin's reputation chanced to fall during the stirring times of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill—times when Tories had begun to look gloomy, and Liberals in politics and education were radiant with joy for the good days coming. Her friends were almost exclusively among the Whig and Radical portion of the community; but her own opinions, or rather feelings—for she was fully inclined herself to make the distinction—did not go very far on the popular side. Nay, in some moods, her historical and antiquarian tastes seem half to have made a Tory of her.

"Women are natural aristocrats," she says in one of her letters; "and many a reproach have I sustained from my father for what he called my '*odi profanum vulgus*.' The rude manners, trenchant tone, and barbarous slang of the ordinary Radicals, as well as the selfish ends and gross knavery which many of

them strive to conceal under professions of zeal for all the best interests of mankind, are so inexpressibly disgusting to me, that in some moods I have wished to be divided from them far as pole from pole. On the other hand, the captivating manners of the aristocracy, the splendor which surrounds them, the taste for heraldry and pedigree which I have picked up in the course of my studies, and the flattering attentions which my writings have sometimes procured me from them, are strong bribes on the side of ancient privilege; but, as I said before, I have fought and conquered; and I confess that 'the greatest good of the greatest number' is what alone is entitled to consideration, however unpoetical the phrase and the pedantic sect of which it is the watch-word."—p. 220.

This naïve confession of political faith occurs in a letter to Dr. Channing, the American sage, with whom, in her middle life, she entered on an epistolary correspondence which lasted for sixteen years, and her share of which constitutes by far the most interesting half of the present volume. It ranges over an agreeable variety of topics—religion and politics, however, being the most prominent; and as one of the writer's main purposes was to keep Dr. Channing *au fait* of opinions and events in England, these letters are interesting, as reminding us of discussions long gone by, and of views and notions whose truth or importance time has since tested. But we see from them clearly that the age was marching too fast for Miss Aikin. The republican theories that were wafted back to her across the Atlantic, she was impelled at first by her devoted reverence for Dr. Channing to accept, harmonizing them as best she might with her national and personal prepossessions; but her mind got wearied and confused as newer and more advanced views of social and political matters opened up around her; and though too intelligent not to be interested by them, and too liberal by all the traditions of her life to wish to lag behind while others pressed on, it is very evident that she by no means relished on the whole the turn things were taking. Thus she complains of the influx of popular literature created by Lord Brougham's education movement, and regrets, almost as poignantly as S. T. Coleridge could have done, the declining taste for high philosophy and poetry. Of the agitation for women's rights she

* Some passages from a MS. Diary of Political Events, kept by Mr. J. L. Mallet, have been given to the public in the recent *Life of Sir James Graham*, by Torrens M'Cullagh.

was eminently distrustful; and though at first she expresses herself cautiously on the subject, her condemnation of Harriet Martineau and her strong-minded proceedings, becomes, after a time, very pronounced. Though a Dissenter herself, and ready enough to join in party sneers at the Church of England, yet, when a question of action occurs, she evinces no destructive tendencies. In one way Dr. Channing's influence over her mind is very conspicuous. He was, like her, a Unitarian, but one of a much more spiritual tone and temper than had prevailed among the sectarians of Stoke-Newington. Brought up, as she had been, in a coterie where strictly utilitarian views of life prevailed, and accustomed to a somewhat contemptuous estimate of all mystic tendencies, Dr. Channing's exalted piety and personal sense of the unseen were to her as a new revelation of man's nature and requirements. Writing to him in 1831, she pours out, with all the enthusiasm of female discipleship, her gratitude for the benefits which she was conscious of having derived from his teaching.

"I was never duly sensible," she says, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies which placed beyond the pale of my charity not the few, but the many, the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how good a hater I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of the soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation—submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which

Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that He can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."—p. 243.

This was an education of the soul which may well have made Miss Aikin esteem Dr. Channing's influence as one of the memorabilia of her life. Still we can not repress a smile sometimes at the truly feminine excess of laudation bestowed by this grateful disciple on her "guide, philosopher, and friend," as she entitles him, and are tempted to conclude that the excellent divine must have had a pretty strong digestion for the sugar-plums of friendship. She assures him of the impression his teaching is calculated to produce on *women* in particular, and tries to lure him to the neighborhood of the English metropolis by an enumeration of the many distinguished admirers among her own sex he would find prepared to greet him there.

The home of Miss Aikin's middle life, from her father's death in 1822 to 1843, was at Hampstead, not then, as it is now, a closely connected suburb of London, but a suburban village, having an independent life of its own, fed indeed more or less from the great metropolitan reservoir of intelligence and fashion, but still possessing its own organization, its own centres, and its own interests. Her description of Hampstead thirty years ago may have an interest for those who like to trace in local vicissitudes the working of that

"Ever-whirling wheel of change,

The which all mortal things doth sway."

"Several circumstances," she writes in 1833, "render society here peculiarly easy and pleasant. In many respects the place unites the advantages, and escapes the evils, both of London and the provincial towns. It is near enough to allow its inhabitants to partake in the society, the amusements, and the accommodation of the capital, as freely as even the dissipated could desire; whilst it affords pure air, lovely scenery, and retired and beautiful walks; and because every one is supposed to have a London set of friends, neighbors do not think it necessary, as in the provinces, to force their acquaintance on you. Of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little, which is very good, you may associate on the easiest terms; then the summer brings an influx of Londoners, who are often genteel

and agreeable people, and pleasingly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead."—p. 277.

Such *was* Hampstead; but the giant spread of population and building has worked a significant change within the limits of a generation. The heath, the groves, the fields, the gardens of Hampstead: its quaint red brick mansions of Stuart or Nassau date, its later brown and yellow edifices of Hanoverian respectability, its still more modern stone or plaster villas, with their well-kept lawns and dainty flower-beds; the variety of hill and valley, the broad breezy terrace, the outlook to the vast city and St. Paul's dome rising mysteriously through its everlasting smoke on the one side, and to Harrow on the Hill, with its conspicuous steeple, on the other; these, though not untouched by mutability's "cruel sport," may still in their general features remain as in the days when Miss Aikin tried to tempt Dr. Channing to its heights. But where is the free village life? where are the retired haunts? and above all, where are the familiar social gatherings equal in variety or in intellectual quality to those which certain Hampstead homes could master five-and-thirty years ago? Memory tempts us; but we must not allow ourselves to dally at the banquets where wits and authors of every type and degree of celebrity were wont to cluster round the head of the greatest publishing house in London; nor in the trim gardens, where noble and learned chiefs of the law would lounge in rustic ease under the hospitable auspices of their brother of the bench; nor in the modest retreat, where sons of science loved to assemble and hear lessons of experience from the greatest surgeon of the day. Before one quiet home only we would linger for a moment, one unpretending red brick house of ancient date, on the summit of the steep hill which lifts the visitor to the breezy table-land of the heath, and where Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Sotheby, Byron's wife and his daughter "Ada," Lord Jeffrey, John Richardson, nay, the Great Magician himself, were frequent guests; for Joanna Baillie, the inmate of that house, was one who stand out conspicuously in Miss Aikin's pages as an object of her love and reverence; and we are the more induced to make allusion to her here be-

cause she happens to furnish us, rather appositely, with a female type of that older cultivation, the cultivation of the Georgian era, or rather of the pre-Waterloo era, at which in our introductory remarks we glanced. Joanna Baillie was one of the numerous poetic nurslings whom "Caledonia, stern and wild," had the merit of fostering at the close of the last century; and though for more than half her life a resident in or near London, and familiar with its best society, she never bated her national prepossessions, nor lost the dialect of her fatherland. Her earliest years were led in all the freedom of Scottish country life. She was a fresh "out-door" maiden, scrambling barefoot over burns and heather, loving to listen to all nature's sounds, and to watch all nature's sights. It was not till her eleventh year that she could learn to read. Then her favorite studies were among the story-tellers and the poets; and her favorite thoughts as she grew up were of the workings and emotions of the human heart. Her first dramas were published in 1798; her last nearly forty years later. The altered taste of the age was evident in the different reception accorded to them. *De Montfort* and its companions ran out five editions within eight years. It was the reviving enthusiasm for Shakspeare and the drama generally that wafted Miss Baillie to notoriety. Her pure and beautiful language, her delicate pathos, her great command over a few chords in the complex harmonies of man's nature, were her well-merited title to the world's applause. Scott, who made her acquaintance in 1806, at once found in her a congenial spirit, and, as time proved, an enduring friend. His letters to her, published in his *Life* by Lockhart, are well known to be among the most charming he ever wrote. Of her genius he was an ardent admirer, and was the means of first introducing her conceptions to the histrionic talent of Siddons in 1810, at Edinburgh, when he writes with delight of the tears and praises called forth by the representation of the *Family Legend*. But as acting pieces her plays were never permanently successful, and the dramas published in 1836, though full of real poetic power, and favored with a good deal of laudatory criticism at the time, created none of the enthusiasm of former

days in a reading public which had then turned to other fashions of literature for amusement. Miss Aikin's recollections of this gifted lady, written when she herself was old, are a very generous and pleasing tribute of friendship.

"It has been my privilege," she says, "to have had more or less of personal acquaintance with almost every literary woman of celebrity who adorned English society from the latter years of the last century nearly to the present time, and there was scarcely one of the number in whose society I did not find much to interest me; but of all these, excepting of course Mrs. Barbauld from the comparison, Joanna Baillie made by far the deepest impression upon me. Her genius was surpassing, her character the most endearing and exalted. . . . She was the only person I have ever known towards whom fifty years of close acquaintance, while they continually deepened my affection, wore away nothing of my reverence.

"So little was she fitted or disposed for intellectual display, that it was seldom that her genius shone out with its full lustre in conversation; but I have seen her powerful eye kindle with all a poet's fire, her language rose for a few moments to the height of some 'great argument.' Her deep knowledge of the human heart also would at times break loose from the habitual cautiousness, and I have then thought that if she was not the most candid and benevolent, she would be one of the most formidable of observers. Nothing escaped her, and there was much humor in her quiet touches. . . .

"No one would ever have taken her for a married woman. An innocent and maiden grace still hovered over her to the end of her old age. It was one of her peculiar charms, and often brought to my mind the line addressed to the vowed Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, 'I hold you for a thing enskied and saintly.' If there were ever human creature 'pure in the last recess of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year,* carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."—pp. 7, 11.

The description is a true one. We remember this sweet lady in her long evening of life. Her heart seemed wrapt in family affection, in household usefulness, in kindly interest for her friends, most tender always for the young and helpless. No picture of her is complete without that of her life-long companion and admiring

elder sister, Agnes, the quaint, clever old lady, whose warm heart, shrewd sense of humor, and rich minds of legendary lore and national anecdote, helped in no small degree to fascinate the favored guests at that fireside. We know nothing more delightful in domestic poetry of the realistic sort, than the *Birthday Lines* which Joanna addressed to this faithful companion when both were advanced down the vale of life:

"Dear Agnes, gleam'd with joy and dash'd with tears,

O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braces were seen
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,

Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop'd to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem;
That dew of morning sheds with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that cross'd our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.
A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy vision'd form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom, changing—how soon!—
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlor hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor,
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye,
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brie' and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been!†

And Hampstead society, five-and-thirty years ago, presents us with another point of contact for the purpose of our present survey: for in a villa a few yards distant from the home of Joanna Baillie, a not unfrequent visitor, about the year 1830, was Caroline Frances Cornwallis,

† Joanna Baillie died in 1851. Agnes survived her sister many years, and was believed to be upwards of a hundred when she died.

* Rather too advanced an estimate, we believe.

whose name, scarcely known to the world of authorship till the recent publication of her *Letters*, stands third on our list. She was daughter of the Rev. W. Cornwallis, rector of Wittersham in the county of Kent, representative of a younger branch of the ancient family which owned the late Marquis Cornwallis as its head. The literary career of this lady, and her expressed opinions, show in a striking manner the effect which the old-fashioned jealousy and distrust of female thinkers tended to produce on one assuredly of the most vigorous female intellects of her time; while she is herself also an eminent example of the increased depth and solidity of which a woman's thought was capable. Too earnest and profoundly sensitive to content herself with merely adapting her powers to the prevailing current of taste, too self-contained and retired in her circumstances, and perhaps in her inclinations, to be borne into public notice by the applauses of a coterie, Miss Cornwallis, in her isolated independence, read, thought, and wrote, with the powers of a masculine mind, on topics which few masculine minds could have handled with clearer logic or more sound information. But it was her firm conviction that a fairer consideration would be secured for her productions by presenting them to the public on their own merits, without confessing the secret of her sex; and of the many who read and profited by the clever manuals entitled *Small Books on Great Subjects*, which appeared on Pickering's counters between the years 1842 and 1854, none, we venture to affirm, save the few chosen friends who were behind the scenes, had a suspicion that the author of nearly the whole series was a woman; and a woman, moreover, of secluded life, feeble health, and no influential literary connection. It was certainly not from any distrust of her own powers either as an individual or as a woman that Miss Cornwallis shrunk from publicity. One main motive of her intellectual exertions, as she always asserted, was to vindicate the natural equality of her sex with the other; to prove, by what she considered irresistible logic, that if woman's intellect was not naturally inferior to that of man, the same rights were due to her in society, law, and pol-

itics; that if education only made the difference, then women ought to cast frivolity away, and be educated up to the level of men. This was indeed the cherished idea of her life; one to which she clung with all the pertinacity of an enthusiast. The "Rights of Women" were not thirty years ago the common battle-cry that they have since become. The few who made a stir about them were women of exceptional notoriety: flighty lecturers, like Frances Wright, or systematic radicals, like Harriet Martineau. Miss Cornwallis was a very different person from either of these. She was by education and taste a conservative in politics, and though, as life went on, her opinions on most subjects assumed a very liberal complexion, she always based them on a philosophic vantage-ground of her own, and to the last disliked the so-called reforming party in the State, and their political connections. How strongly she felt on this subject of woman's intellect and position the whole tenor of her correspondence bespeaks. "Nothing distressed her more," says the editor of the volume before us, "than to be told (as of course she *was* told) that she was an exception, and that her own attainments afforded no argument in support of the opinion she so strenuously held upon the natural equality of intellect in the two sexes. She considered that women were themselves in great measure to blame for the prevalence of a state of opinion which cramped intellectual development and withheld civil rights; and hence she believed that every individual woman who showed herself capable of handling great and important questions, was contributing something towards the future admission of the right of the whole sex to higher culture and greater freedom." Into the general argument on this delicate question it is no part of our business here to thrust ourselves. We would merely allude to one or two considerations which appear to us to have had too little weight in the reflections of Miss Cornwallis, and of others who share her views to their full extent. Even if woman's intellect could be proved, as satisfactorily as she thought it could, equal in natural capacity to that of man—to the triumphant refutation of Archbishop Whately's dic-

tum about the exceptionally creative genius of the Miss Thwaites who invented the soda-water—the question still remains, Would it be desirable, not on grounds of capacity—for capacity has really little to do with it; a clever woman is no doubt a better judge of most things than a stupid man—but on grounds of social harmony and expediency, that the legal fence-work between the sexes should be altogether levelled? For the distinctions upon which that fence-work rests, are not, be it remembered, arbitrary distinctions, as those between man and man; they are distinctions of nature's making, whereby the physical weakness of one sex points out its dependence on the physical strength of the other, and seems to bar the law of competition, save in exceptional cases. Again, to compare the "emancipation" of women with the emancipation of slaves, as an act of justice, is surely a fallacy in another respect. In the sphere of domestic influence women may exercise, and always have exercised, a power of their own, to which slaves can never pretend; and the more highly they cultivate their reasoning powers, and the more widely they extend their knowledge, the more effective and beneficial may that influence become, though, unhappily, history shows that it has not always depended on such creditable causes. Nay, some might be disposed to cite against Miss Cornwallis her own favorite instance in plea of woman's enfranchisement, as proving that if she can do so much as an unobserved, irresponsible agent, there is the less need to drag her forth into the fields of public conflict.

"It is useless," she says, "to inquire what women have *published*, unless you could inquire also what they have *done privately which men have the credit of*. It was a chance that told us who was the composer of Pericles' Oration. She was reproached as the author of his policy also; yet his policy was most able. She raised her second husband to eminence also as an orator and politician: and it is probable that there has been many an Aspasia that the world knows nothing of, who has enjoyed in quiet the fame of him she loved, and cared not for her own."

Much of the peculiarity and independence of Miss Cornwallis's views and character is attributable to the circumstances

of her life. She stood to a very great extent alone in the world. Her only sister married and died young, leaving her to be the sole companion of her parents as long as they lived, and afterwards the last survivor of her race. In after years she gave a touching account of her early trials, and of the way in which they contributed to the formation of her character:

"At the period you talk of, fifteen and sixteen, I was very miserable; a darling sister who, though much older, had been everything to me, married first, and left me lonely, and then, within the year, died; my father broke the tendon of his leg, and was helpless for six months; my mother's health was bad; myself worn with sorrow and fatigue. I learned not to weep, for it vexed my father to see it; but I have been told that the first time we, the survivors, appeared at church together, the parishioners almost wept to see us so pale, and worn, and shadow-like. What was the world to me then? I only thought of that where I should rejoin what I loved; and then I made the vow which long years afterwards I found written down, that I would forsake all the follies of my age, and be to my father all that she whom he had lost had been, for she was his right hand. I toiled patiently over his accounts, walked with him when he could walk, rode with him; sought no amusement, no dress; concealed my own grief under a gay exterior, and lived as if there had been no gaieties in the world. I plunged into books as a resource, and as a fountain whence I could draw refreshment for a weary spirit. . . . Thus bodily and mental suffering combined to make my youth unlike other people's. I think, nevertheless, if I had been thrown a little more into society, that my mind would not have broken down my body so much, and I might have felt less of that unnatural *tedium vite* which at times made it a burden almost too heavy to be borne."—pp. 267, 268.

The mind which, at so early an age, could brace itself to such firm resolves, was assuredly of no common order. The extent and variety of her studies, as recorded in the correspondence for several succeeding years of her life, were something amazing. But while she liked to astonish her friends by the avowal of her multifarious excursions into the realms of knowledge, she protested against too high an estimate being formed of her conquests therein, and warmly deprecated the unenviable notoriety attaching to the character of a "learned lady."

"I believe," she wrote on one occasion

"you, like many more of my friends, over-rate my attainments a good deal, owing to this fancy of mine for smatterings of knowledge. I think they afford more pleasure than swallowing down one great stiff science, horns and all, like the boa-constrictor, and lying choked with it for half one's life; but after all, for *use* they avail but little."—p. 57.

The *tedium vite*, however, was too formidable a ghost to be laid by study. Moreover, ill health interfered with her powers of application. There is something very pathetic in the following description of her mental state:

"When health is only to be preserved by drawing lines of circumvallation past which sorrow is not to be allowed to step, it is hardly worth having. The effort to exclude the enemy wearies more at last than his admission. . . . When I was stronger, I could smother care in extreme application to study: now even that remedy fails me. But why should I pursue such subjects? Bodily pain and mental suffering will some day have an end; and so I hitch up my load again, and proceed on my way."

Miss Cornwallis's devotion to learning, at an age when most girls seek the pleasures of dress and of the ball-room, did not altogether destroy her attractions for the sex of which she seemed likely to prove so formidable a rival on its own ground. It was not long after her sister's death that she received an offer of marriage from one destined afterwards to rank among the distinguished authors of his day, the historian J. C. L. Sismondi. Thirty-six years later, on occasion of his death, she thus mentions the circumstance to one of her correspondents:

"This year is doomed not to be a gay one to me, for I have had the news of my dear old friend Sismondi's death—a friend more than for as long as I can remember, for I do not remember the first seeing him. Such a loss is irreparable, and as such I must feel it. He had greatness of mind to get over what few men do; for when disparity of years and other considerations led me to decline his proffered hand, he continued the same warm friend as ever, and never, to his latest hour, ceased to show me every kindness in his power. Such a friend is not easily replaced, and can never be forgotten. He is one more added to the list of those whose number makes me feel more a denizen of the next world than of this. My only comfort is the trying to make myself worthy of them, that in God's good time I may be found fit to enjoy the society of 'just

men made perfect;' and in this hope I trudge on upon my weary pilgrimage patiently and quietly."—p. 233.

A letter of the rejected suitor's on the occasion, which has been preserved, written in imperfect English, shows how highly he rated the mental excellencies of his beloved:

"Tell her," he wrote to Mrs. Cornwallis, "tell her I will work incessantly till I have reached such a reputation as she may derive some vanity from my past address, while always shall I be proud of having raised my wishes to her, though unsuccessfully. . . . Do not think the wish unreasonable, however. . . . Those dreams are now vanished, but the more ærial was their nature, the more have they left after them a true endearment for yourself and your daughter. She can not be a foreigner to me: it was not *she* who has refused me, it was the war—the distance of seas and lands, the nature itself of things. She has not refused me for a friend, a half-brother, and that I hope to remain."

Disparity of years he does not himself reckon among the causes of her refusal: and seeing he was but thirteen years older than herself, this was probably a very minor consideration. But her resolute devotion to her parents at this time has already been noticed, and no doubt the idea of a foreign connection was altogether repugnant to her feelings. The friendship between Sismondi and herself was kept up by a frequent epistolary correspondence. Her own letters to the historian seem not to be extant; but many of those which he wrote to her are given, as an appendix, in the present volume. They range freely over various topics of literature and sentiment, often expressing opinions very opposite to those she entertained, yet everywhere evincing his profound respect for her character and attainments, and a spirit of tender solicitude for her welfare.

In 1822 Mr. Cornwallis was compelled to leave Wittersham on account of disaffection among his parishioners, which took the shape of personal insult and ill-treatment. He had spent many years of earnest self-denying labor in the parish, and his daughter had seconded his efforts for its welfare with all the zeal of her ardent nature, and had even voluntarily relinquished a considerable portion of the inheritance which would have been eventually hers, in the endowment of a school

for its poorer inhabitants. The removal from Wittersham, and its cause, rankled deeply in her heart, and did not make her more in charity with the growth of democratic principles in the country at large. In after times, when writing to a friend on the subject of certain attacks on the clergy in which the *Examiner* newspaper had been indulging, she thus points with the sting of personal recollection her indignant defence of the class of which her father had been a member :

"There is no man who spends his time in more anxious exertion than a conscientious clergyman. There is no fume, no reward to spur him on, for his preferment comes before his duty. He spends his life in a country village perhaps, or at any rate wherever he may be cast, without a chance or an expectation of any further emolument ; and what he has is generally a modicum which requires economy to live on it and appear like a gentleman. His duties lie among the poor and the sick, whom he has to instruct and comfort ; with the rich he must mix as their equal, and by his example and conduct mend them if he can, and this must be done silently and quietly, or it is unavailing. A man who has thus given up his life to his fellow-creatures hopes, perhaps—it is human to do so—that some approbation, some esteem from his fellow-men as well as his God, may follow his honest and noiseless course ; and he finds himself stigmatized—as indeed his great Master was before him—as a glutton and a wine-bibber, a grasping, avaricious being, who cares not who suffers if he be enriched. Is it not the way to make men worthless if they are allowed no sort of credit for their virtues ? I knew one on whom all this vituperation was heaped till his grey head was bent in sorrow to the grave ; yet his youth had been innocent, his manhood spent in ministering to all the wants and woes of his poor neighbors ; his old age was hunted down by the Cobbettites, and such as Mr. Fonblanque would set on if he could. He was carried to his grave in the place which had been the scene of his quiet and useful life, and then the delusion was over. A weeping population rushed forth to meet the last remains of the man whose worth they then knew, when they had lost him ! I only wish Mr. F. had been there to see it !" —pp. 211, 212.

The mortification and distress she experienced at this epoch, together with other causes, seem to have had a serious effect on her already very delicate health. After struggling with severe illness for some time, she resolved on trying the effect of a winter abroad, and accepted the offer of her faithful friend Sismondi

to place at her disposal a country-house belonging to himself in the neighborhood of Pescia.

Her Italian life was a new experience of existence to Miss Cornwallis. She was now forty years of age ; her mind was cultivated up to the highest pitch ; her memory stored with facts and ideas ; her imagination open to every new impression from without ; her eagerness for knowledge insatiable. To one so circumstanced, the elemental glow of a southern climate—which soothes the fibres and braces the nervous system long depressed by the chill damps of the north, and by the gnawings of mental and bodily pain—works like inspiration itself. Every new object, every unaccustomed sound, the little traits of domestic life, the living accents of a language hitherto only known in books, the realization of scenes viewed as yet only by picture or description, the awaking each morning to the anticipation of unwonted impressions, the reviewing at evening a new treasure of ideas and sympathies,—all this, blended with the unusual sense of physical ease and elasticity, seems to expand the limits of the soul, and endue it with heightened life and power. Long years afterwards Miss Cornwallis used to revert to her Italian life as the happiest period of her existence. Her letters are more genial, more playful, more self-forgetting at this time than at any other ; while her remarks on Italian life and manners evince a spirit of observation singularly keen and discriminating, and a vivid feeling for the picturesque in life and nature. She remained in Italy a year and a half on this occasion. Subsequently, in 1829-30, she spent another winter there.

During Miss Cornwallis's first absence in Italy her father died. Mrs. Cornwallis survived till 1836. She was a woman, to judge from the eulogiums of Sismondi, as well as from the recollections of surviving friends, of considerable personal attractions, and no ordinary powers of mind. But in religious matters she inclined to the strictest sect of the Evangelicals ; and from the views of this party her daughter totally and most emphatically dissented.

Miss Cornwallis continued to reside in her native county of Kent all the remainder of her life, which, in spite of frequent

and alarming attacks of illness and pain, was protracted to the age of seventy-one. She mixed little in general society; but she took delight in forming the minds of younger people, and doing her best to shame her own sex, more especially, out of the frivolities with which the female character is liable to be beset. And her warm and generous interest in the welfare of her self-chosen pupils seems to have been requited with no ordinary strength of attachment on their part. Her older friends and correspondents, with the exception of Sismondi and John Hookham Frere,* were not, as far as we can find, people of high literary note. Her opinions were her own, the fruit of vast reading, close thought, and perhaps, we may add, of too little argument with those who were her equals or superiors in attainment. Her old friend Sismondi, however, was wont to express his dissent from her conclusions pretty freely; and even when the adjustment of woman's true position in the world was the subject of discussion, did not allow his deference for Miss Cornwallis, nor his appreciation of her high capacities, to modify his conclusions as to the female type of character in general.

"The qualities of the heart," he says, "are those by which above all others you have the advantage over us. . . . Called on your part to give being to men, I ascribe very little importance to the truth or falsity of the scientific notions you may implant in them during their first years: I ascribe infinite importance to the sentiments you may develop in them. God preserve the children of mothers who would fain be men! For such there would be no more youth, no more enthusiasm, no more self-devotion, perhaps no more compassion."[†]

Another subject which she had much

* There are no letters in the "Selections" to J. H. Frere himself, but many to his sisters and others of his family, and several references to his conversation and opinions on literary subjects.

[†] "Les qualités du cœur sont celles par lesquelles avant toutes les autres vous l'emportez sur nous. . . . Appelée pour votre part à faire des hommes, je ne mets que fort peu d'importance aux notions vraies ou fausses de science que vous pourriez implanter en eux durant leurs premières années; j'en mets une infinie aux sentimens que vous développez en eux. Dieu garde les enfans de mères qui seroient hommes; il n'y auroit plus de jeunesse pour eux, plus d'enthousiasme, plus de dévouement, peut-être plus de pitié."

at heart, and on which also Sismondi differed from her, was her theory of Christianity. Her grand panacea for remedying the sins and follies of the age was the combination of religion with philosophy, the establishing the conviction that divine relation was simply and solely an authoritative enforcement of those moral truths which reason, under the most favorable circumstances, might discover for itself; of which, at all events, when presented to its contemplation in the teaching of Scripture, it was the sole and sufficient test. All theological dogmas which could not be meted to the requirements of man's natural conscience and understanding, she held to be the aftergrowth of human invention, superinduced upon the pure theology of the first two centuries. For, in the ante-Nicene Fathers and Apologists, in the lives and deaths of a Polycarp, a Justin, a Clement, and a Tertullian, in their simple profession of devotion to the person and example of the Saviour, unaccompanied by any doctrinal statements as to the mode and conditions of salvation, she believed the only reliable interpretations of Christ's mission were to be recognized. She did not admit the supposition that a subsequent necessity for doctrinal statement might arise out of the wayward, often various, misrepresentations of men; that, as the echoes of the first Christian teachers faded from men's ears, and the first love began to wax cold, some safeguards might be needed to prevent religion from degenerating, under the influence of sensual pre-possessions or capricious fancies, into wild superstition or wilder antinomianism.

Sismondi, in replying to his friend's argument on behalf of primitive Christianity, thus eloquently maintains the superior excellence and beauty of some of its later developments, and sees, in its varied adaptation to the requirements of mankind at different periods and under different aspects of civilization, the most convincing proof of its divine authority. He writes in February, 1840:

"I would look for Christianity rather in what it has become than in what it was at its origin. Whatever may have been those revelations and that divinity over which the long course of ages and the influence of human passions have spread a veil, Christianity is the richer by all the pious meditations, all the re-

searches into the human heart, all the purest and most beautiful sentiments with which the love of God has inspired man during successive centuries, and by all the experience afforded by times of prosperity and adversity, of barbarism and of civilization. Such as it is preached in the purest of the Reformed churches, Christianity is the finest embodiment of doctrines and moral teaching which exists. It is there that I love to contemplate it, and that, like all things entrusted to men by God, I hope and believe it will attain still greater development and perfection. While all the endeavors we make to return backwards, to seize hold of it in monuments which themselves have not been exempt from alteration, and which each succeeding age changes more and more by its own interpretations, seem to me to have no other effect than that of diminishing its beauty and its utility.*

Always eager in the pursuit of truth, Miss Cornwallis hailed with vivid interest the first utterances of that school of Biblical Criticism which students of German theology were beginning to extend into England, and of which Dean Milman's *History of the Jews* was, we believe, the earliest sample in a popular style laid before the British public. This certainly implied no small courage, and a very rare spirit of investigation in a woman, and one brought up, be it remembered, not like Miss Aikin in a school of latitudinarian Dissent, but in a strictly evangelical and otherwise orthodox world of opinion, and herself craving for the confirmation and assurance of that religious faith which was often the only

* "Je vais chercher le Christianisme plutôt dans ce qu'il est devenu que dans ce qu'il étoit à son origine. Quelles qu'aient été les révélations et la divinité sur lesquelles le long cours des âges et l'influence des passions humaines ont étendu un voile, le Christianisme s'est enrichi de toutes les méditations pieuses, de toutes les études sur le cœur humain, de tout ce que l'amour de la divinité a inspiré aux hommes de plus beau et de plus pur, pendant une longue suite de siècles, et avec toute l'expérience que donnent des tems de prospérité et d'adversité, de barbarie, et de civilisation. Tel qu'il est prêché dans les églises réformées les plus pures, il est le plus beau corps de doctrines et d'enseignement moral qui existe. C'est là que j'aime à le voir, et que comme toutes les choses confiées aux hommes par la divinité, j'espère et je crois qu'il se développera et se perfectionnera encore. Tandis que tous les efforts qu'on fait pour retourner en arrière, pour le saisir, dans des monumens qui n'ont point été exempts d'altération, et que chaque siècle a changé et change encore par ses interprétations, me semble n'avoir d'autre effet que de lui ôter de sa beauté et de son utilité."—pp. 480, 481.

thing that saved her morbid temperament from despondency. But where truth led, or seemed to lead, she never shrank from following, nor was she one who could ever rest content with half convictions on so momentous a subject. Though her strong belief in the person and character of Christ, as portrayed in the Gospels, rendered her proof against the seductions of Strauss's theory, the conclusions of Ewald and Bunsen met in great measure with her cordial assent; and at a time when they were little talked of in England, we find her already familiar with those aspects of Neology which have since introduced terror and division into the English church; have made old foes draw together in the dread of a common danger, and have been made a cause of opprobrium, often misplaced and excessive, for the impugners, in whatever degree, of traditional orthodoxy. But then, again, with the odd eclecticism which she managed to preserve in her opinions, she combined this latitudinarianism as to doctrine with High Church leanings in ecclesiastical matters, and seems even to have thought there was divine sanction for the doctrine of apostolic succession. "By principle and rational conviction of the advantage," she writes, "I am an Episcopalian. I believe it was the order of government established, if not by Christ himself, at least by his immediate successors; and I do not feel satisfied that we have the same claims to his promises, as attached to the sacraments, when administered by unauthorized persons, save when Episcopal ordination has been unattainable."

She objected to Dissent on moral grounds also, as tending to weaken the sense of brotherhood among Christians; while for the same reason, as we have seen, she would have leveled the outworks of formula which tend to isolate the national church from so large a proportion of the nation itself. It is a little curious, in a correspondence which turns so much upon religious topics, and is carried on through the whole period of the Tractarian movement, to find so little reference to that particular conflict of views which was for many years by far the most striking episode in the history of our church, and of which Miss Aikin's gossiping letters to Dr. Channing are

continually relating, superficially enough, the progress and purport. Miss Cornwallis's discussions, indeed, seem to *fit in* to the polemics of our present time far more than into the prevailing polemics of the days to which they belong. The fact seems to be that the questions as between the Evangelical party and the Puseyites, or between the "high and dry" and the Puseyites, or even as between the "Broad Church" of Arnold and Whately and the Puseyites, had comparatively little interest for her. Her opinions pointed to a different stage of liberalism from that of any parties to this particular strife.

Even those most inclined to condemn her skeptical audacity on doctrinal points, can not deny that her convictions were honest, and her religious feelings very fervent and sincere. "God knows," she said in 1846, when speaking of the series of books she was then publishing, "I never put pen to paper on these momentous subjects without bending in humble prayer that I might be guided myself, and be enabled to guide others, to that true wisdom, without which all learning is but as sounding brass."

There was another subject on which Miss Cornwallis held strong opinions at variance with those commonly received. One of her *Small Books* was on "Man's Power over Himself to Prevent or Control Insanity." So impressed was she with the belief that such control was possible, that she strongly objected to the legislation which is based on the assumption of the madman's irresponsibility; and in the hot arguments which in conversation she would maintain on this point, she used, as we have heard, to adduce herself as an instance of the power of self-restraint. But for the exercise of strong resolution, she said, she was firmly convinced she should more than once have lost the balance of her mind.

The morbid tendency which this confession indicates was no doubt the secret of much of her unhappiness, as well as of her sometimes wayward talent and temper. She is described by those who remember her personal appearance, as tall and largely built, with marked features, a sarcastic expression of countenance, and a decided manner. Her heart was benevolent and quick to feel for suf-

fering and distress, and she concealed beneath a rugged surface a most feminine yearning for sympathy and affection. Generous and warm-hearted, incapable of meanness or hypocrisy herself, impatient of doubt or compromise, she made little allowance for the shortcomings or hesitation of others; nor could she placidly recognize in the moral constitution of the world that interweaving of truth with error, that complexity in the "colors of good and evil," which from of old has baffled the wisest philosophy of man, and which revelation itself does not profess to explain. The struggle to carry reason's powers beyond their allotted province cost her, as she confesses, hours of agony. There is something very touching in her admission of defeat, and in her strong assertion of the religious faith which, whatever its exact texture or hue may have been, kept her from despair; nay, more than that, animated her to the last moment of her life with sincere trust in a world to come, and a longing desire to better the condition of her fellow-creatures in this.

"The childlike confidence with which, when all else that we had thought stable falls us, we throw ourselves on that great power whose existence and attributes become clearer the more all other things appear uncertain. Is surely the frame of mind which our Saviour inculcated, and which is most becoming the creature of his will; and to this frame of mind I truly believe that the most decided skepticism does lead. Human passions are roused in the progress of controversy, and ridicule is resorted to when we are angered by opposition or wearied by folly; but I believe that in the silence of his chamber *the man* becomes again *the creature*, feels his own bounded powers, and throws himself with the utmost prostration of spirit at the feet of that power in whose hands he feels that he is."—p. 168.

"It is easy to write or to say, with our Articles, that God is 'without parts or passions;' but to *feel* it, is, I am well convinced, the most difficult task our nature has; and the way in which my own health sinks under the stretch of mind occasioned by such contemplation, shows that God has been merciful in giving us more tangible objects to lay hold on. So convinced, indeed, am I, that it is impossible to be well with such things always in one's head, that I would abandon these studies if I could, and plunge into active life, satisfied to do my duty as well as I could, and leave the rest to God's mercy. But in utter loneliness the mind turns inward to

search into its own nature and prospects; and this research shakes the mortal case shrewdly. Few can comprehend this, and I who feel it can hardly describe; but I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon. . . . I sometimes doubt if my course of study and thinking affords happiness; gratification of no ordinary kind attends it sometimes, but it is only sometimes, and there are many hours of weariness when the exhausted mind lies prostrate under the painful sense of its own littleness. . . . I am not a bit well; head aching continually, and every breath of wind makes me shiver, but the sword has worn out the scabbard, and it is too late now to mend it, so I must go on as I can. I could find in my heart to do as I did once when a child, and sit down by my bedside and cry, nobody could tell why. I got a dose of physic for my pains then, and it cured me of crying for ever; but I should fancy my brains were none the better for that force done to nature, and I rather envy those who can open their eyelids and let off a little of that 'perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.'—p. 169.

She said herself, that the gloom of the soul was never so deep with her after her experience of life in Italy, as before she "broke prison;" and that the sense of happiness she was then conscious of, as proving to her that happiness was at least a *possibility*, prevented her from being ever again overwhelmed by the sense of present *ennui*. Still, existence had no charms to make her love it; and every access of sickness seems to have been welcomed by her in the hope that it might prove a dismissal from the world and its perplexities.

To one of her friends she begins a letter thus, in 1841:

"The glow is bright in the evening sky,
And the evening star is fair;
The buds are breaking,
The flowers are waking,
And sweet is the fresh spring air.

"But there is a brighter glow to come,
And an hour more fair than this;
When, though friends are weeping,
The body lies sleeping,
And the spirit breathes free in bliss.

"This may be a sort of answer to your inquiries, my dearest Anna, for I would not that you should hear of illness in any other tone. . . . I begin to feel the confident hope that my affairs with this world are drawing to a close. How happy this hope has made me I can not make you comprehend; but at no moment of my life do I recollect to have felt so exhilarated."—p. 228.

And again, a year or two after, when the breaking of an abscess on the lungs had brought her very near the grave:

"I can not, things being as they are, entertain any very great expectation of recovery, though I do not say that it is impossible. Now I am so far revived that I can write, propped up with pillows, in my easy-chair. But, as I have said already, it is in the hands of God; and if an easy mind and pleasure in the thought, rather than dread of death, can keep fever down, and give the constitution a chance of rallying, why, I have that chance.

. . . If death comes, I shall receive it as a boon and a blessing; if not, I shall brace myself again for my pilgrimage, and see how much more I can do that may be useful while I stay here."—p. 246.

Poetical composition was one of her resources, especially in those moods of depression to which she often alludes. The verses printed in this volume are almost all of a sombre, melancholy cast. They have reference chiefly to personal emotion, and evince reflection and sensibility rather than high imaginative power. Among them are many translations from German, a language in which she became a proficient long before it was usual to find English ladies at all acquainted with it. But not only was Miss Cornwallis familiar with what we now call the ordinary modern tongues, she was skilled also in the dead languages, Hebrew as well as Latin and Greek; and not only was she well read in the philosophy, poetry, and history of all cultivated ages, but she was versed likewise in many abstruse sciences. When in Italy she made a study of Medicine and Anatomy. Chemistry, and the phenomena of Electricity, occupied much of her attention. Yet with all this she was an adept in woman's accomplishments too; was a skilful musician, both vocal and instrumental, could paint in water-colors and draw caricatures; could model in wax, and sometimes even, like Mrs. Carter, condescend to make a cap or pudding.* Ignorance, whether in man or woman, was, in her estimation, as she was never tired of enforcing, the great bane of human existence, and intellectual progress the one sure road to moral happiness and improvement.

* We write some of these personal particulars from the recollections of friends, for the published volume of her letters gives but scant information of the biographical sort.

From the time she conceived the idea of publishing the *Small Books*, her reading and writing ardor became hotter than ever. It was indeed no child's play to condense and popularize the lessons of philosophy and science, not into the form of mere manuals for reference, but into treatises calling out and suggesting the higher functions of generalization with reference to the moral and spiritual dispensations of creative wisdom.

"Now I will tell you what I have been about," she writes to one of her coadjutors, in 1843. "In the first place, I got up Chemistry, of which I did not know a great deal before, and wrote the 'Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry;' then came the table of a Lecture on Insanity, . . . and this required no small research; and this is nearly done. And then I have been reading for one tract on Greek Philosophy, and have got through about two sheets of that, at odd times working at the Greek language, and so I have taken an Oration of Demosthenes to put into literal English, and back again into Greek; besides which I have been reading and theorizing about Æschylus' *Prometheus Vincetus* with Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, and Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, and Diogenes Laertius and Athenagoras, for the Orphic Theology. Now, if ever one might be excused for not writing to one's friends under a press of business, I think I have that excuse to offer. . . . In the midst of this I have been quite happy and well; not a moment, even at meal times, was unemployed; my books, paper, and pens were beside me, and I ate with my left hand, and wrote with my right, and never even thought whether I was alone. I think that this is the secret of being happy—the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind."—p. 237.

The works by which Miss Cornwallis has established her claim to a dignified place in the ranks of female authorship, are—"Pericles, a Tale of Athens in the 83d Olympiad," of which Dr. Hawtrey, the late Head Master and Provost of Eton, said he had "never met with any work of fiction on a classical subject which united so much valuable information to so interesting a story;" fifteen entirely, and four more partially, of the *Small Books on Great Subjects*, embracing the topics of Physiology, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Chemistry, Greek Philosophy, Grammar, History, and Social Science; a Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency, published by Smith and Elder in 1853;

five articles contributed to the *Westminster Review*, on social and other subjects; and one or two to *Fraser's Magazine*, on Naval Education.

The *Small Books* were received with great favor at the time of their publication, both in England and in America. Second and third editions were called for; "and," says the editor of Miss Cornwallis's letters, "it was in a spirit of triumph in which no mean or personal feeling had place, that she delighted to remark how 'through the long series no hostile criticism had discovered a misrepresentation or a mistake.'" In those of her books which treated of the history of Christianity, her method was to dwell with emphasis on the simple affirmations to which she firmly held, but not to provoke controversy or shock prejudice by drawing conclusions, which, she nevertheless believed, congenial readers would not fail to discover for themselves. So it was that, with few exceptions, the critics of the press passed by the element of "unsoundness," and united in praising the learning, the impartiality, the good sense, and the liberality of the unknown author. Her own consciousness, however, that many of her convictions were at variance with the opinions of the world around her, on points on which opinion is peculiarly sensitive, and the dislike of giving offence, on the one hand, or of hearing her views scoffed at as a mere woman's notions on the other, kept her firm in the resolution of concealing her authorship as long as she should live. But she left with her editor—one of her attached female disciples, as we believe, and the domestic companion of her later years—the charge of lifting the veil after her death, and making known any particulars of her literary life and correspondence that might have an interest for the public at large. We can not but wish this charge had been carried out a little more fully; that a few more particulars, at least, had been given as to the society in which Miss Cornwallis mixed, and the means which she possessed for acquiring that very wide and varied knowledge which was the cherished delight of her life. In the earlier portion of the correspondence, we hear of mornings spent in reading at the British Museum, but there is no distinct record of any residence in the metropolis.

Her letters are all dated from the country; almost all from her quiet homes in Kent. A slight connection and old hereditary friendship with the family of John Hookham Frere, the accomplished author of *Whistlecraft*, and friend of Canning, afforded her, as it would seem, some of the pleasantest opportunities of enjoying varied intellectual converse. At one time of her life, she was, as we have before said, a not unfrequent guest at Hampstead, where one of Mr. Frere's brothers had his home, and here she met many cultivated and distinguished men; among others S. T. Coleridge, who, as she records, sat by her at dinner on one occasion, and charmed her by his conversation. He talked of the sense of immortality in man, and of its universality, which, in his opinion, caused it to partake of the nature of what we call instinct in animals. "The only time I ever saw Lord Byron," he said, "he pointed to a man in a state of brutal intoxication, and asked if I thought that a proof of an immortal nature." "Your inquiry, my Lord, is," I answered; and so it was; it was the natural instinct shrinking with abhorrence from the degradation of the soul." "Such conversation," adds Miss Cornwallis, "at a dinner party is not common, and I was much pleased with my place." —p. 49.

Miss Cornwallis died in January 1858. The published correspondence ends in November 1856, and we have no record of the concluding period of her life; but from the list of her writings it appears that her pen was active up to within a few months of her decease, and that one of the latest subjects that occupied her was the reform of the laws respecting the property of married women, which she had the satisfaction of seeing carried through both Houses of Parliament the year before she died.

And here we must claim a moment's pause for a comparison, which the recent publication of a supplemental volume of the letters of Eugénie de Guérin has suggested to us, between two female intellects of the nineteenth century, the one of the English Protestant, the other of the French Romanist type. We lay stress upon the first term in this qualification, for it is evident to us that national, as well as ecclesiastical influences, had their

share in the mental development of each of these gifted ladies. In Caroline Cornwallis we see Protestantism resolving itself into Rationalism; in Eugénie de Guérin we see Catholicism tending to Mysticism; yet, even with the uncompromising appeal to reason as the *verifying faculty* which limited Miss Cornwallis's theoretical faith, we still discern the workings of that deep sense of unseen realities which, amid all varieties of belief, and disbelief, has ever been found brooding over the Teutonic mind, and enduing the contemplative, often gloomy intellect of the North, with its highest modes of imagination; while the pious meditations of the French lady are woven over the framework of a refined sentimentality, which, under other inspiration, might have afforded garniture for a novel of Balzac or George Sand. The earthly love and tenderness for friends, brother, home, and nature, in which Eugénie's soul was steeped, mingled with and led on to her devout life-consecration to a Higher Power. She felt the sense of bliss to consist in close-confiding trust and self-abnegation; and for the full contentment of such yearnings as hers, she could find no satisfying object save such as dogmatic Christian doctrine afforded her. She knew no impulse for questioning or searching into the grounds of things. Her gentle marvel at life's mysteries was easily quelled by the dictates of faith; and she was content to accept her Church's view of what religion is, and to see beauty in all its forms, though, with her innate purity and elevation of soul, it was its spirit and not its form to which she really clung. Those portions of Mlle. de Guérin's writings which do not derive their whole interest from the self-communings of her faith and love, charm us chiefly by the minute and graphic touches of life and nature with which they abound. But in her small details there is no attempt at philosophy or generalization, no quickness to probe, no restless desire to remedy the evils of a world immersed in sin and error. She writes of the things and persons around her with the taste and discrimination, but also with something of the gossiping minuteness of a De Sévigné. And her personal appearance, slight, pale, fragile, insignificant but for dark intelligent eyes and a bright smile which sometimes il-

luminated the pensiveness of her countenance,—how different is this too from the outward aspect which we have heard ascribed to the English lady philosopher. Family affections and a sense of duty kept Eugénie de Guérin in the world, but natural inclination would have consigned her to a cloister. Miss Cornwallis, as we have had occasion to remark, was repelled from the amenities of social intercourse by the angularity of her own nature, by dislike of notoriety as a “learned lady,” and by the want of natural objects for her softer affections; certainly not from the sense that the soul’s perfection could best be attained by reclusive meditation. On this subject hear her emphatic protest against the pietism of Wilberforce:

“Wilberforce mistook his road (led away by the speciousness of the religious party he attached himself to), and strove to ‘meditate’ when he ought to have *thought*. He wasted precious time in writing down good resolutions and self-reproaches for doing less than he ought, yet seems to have overlooked the fact that all his writing and meditation was the cause of his doing little. *Thought*, happily for us, is very rapid; and if we were really determined to think when we ought to do so, with the full powers of our reason, five minutes would generally despatch the business, and well too; for the mind, already well stored with knowledge and accustomed to close application, can bring its powers to bear on any given subject at a moment’s notice with thorough effect. To set apart *hours* for thinking is mere indolence, and has much the same effect on the mind that a diet of weak broth would have on the body; it enfeebles and unfits it for any vigorous effort. At fifty-two, Wilberforce complains that his memory is failing. He himself attributes it to having suffered his thoughts to be too desultory, and I have no doubt he was right; his water-gruel ‘meditations’ had taken from him the power of grasping rapidly and firmly the objects brought before him; for I have invariably seen among my acquaintance that the powers of the mind failed the earliest in those who applied the least.”—p. 197.

And here our remarks draw to an end. It so happens that the three clever women with whose memorials we have been occupying ourselves, take up their position respectively in the three departments into which the genius of ages and the genius of individuals are said to be alike distributable. Poetry, Narrative, and Philosophy or Science, have been by turns the favorite forms of human thought since

men began to think. In the present century they would seem to have each come in for their share in giving the prevalent direction to the public taste. The quality of imagination was certainly predominant in the days to which Joanna Baillie properly belonged, the days of the great minstrels—of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey. It was at History’s shrine that Lucy Aikin paid her devotions, in company with, at however respectful a distance, Hallam, Mackintosh, and Sismondi. Philosophy claimed Caroline Cornwallis as her own,—the critical philosophy which the new impulses of the time had brought from the German universities, and which is making its familiar home in the minds of the present generation. All honor be to the triad! They had neither of them cause to be ashamed of the place assigned to their productions on the shelves of contemporary literature. With whatever differences of taste or ability, they each in their several way helped to vindicate woman’s right to the franchise of the human intellect, and have afforded man opportunity to show that the old days of jealousy and derisive compliment are at an end, and that the pretensions of a *précieuse ridicule* would be as unmeaning in this latter half of the nineteenth century as were the fantastic pedantries of La Mancha’s knight among the working-day realities of the age of Cervantes.

St. James’s Magazine.

HOW WE ARE TO GET THROUGH THE ALPS.

HANNIBAL went over them, nobody quite knows by what road: no matter, it was two thousand and eighty-two years ago last November—“Rather late in the year,” says Spriggs, who has been to Switzerland and back with Mr. Cook, and so is well posted in all Alpine matters—“rather late;” but what could a Carthaginian fellow, who had never done anything beyond “the ascent of Mt. Atlas,” and perhaps a sierra or two in Spain, know of “peaks passes, and glaciers?” A pretty mess he got into, by all accounts—all our accounts, by the way, are from one side—but that’s a trifle; who ever cares to read both sides? If half

is true that Livy tells us about snow, and sludge, and drifts, and cliffs, where a track had to be chopped, not by a pair of guides for a single file of some half-dozen tourists, but by a regiment or two of pioneers for a whole army, how he must have regretted that he took the land road, and did not chance meeting the Roman Nelson who was on the look-out for him in the narrow seas! What would Hannibal have done without his vinegar to soften the side of the cliff, "after it had been made almost red-hot by setting fire to a grand heap of timber." You wonder, my non-classical reader, where the vinegar and the timber came from at some 5,000 feet above the sea-level; we used to wonder when we read it years ago in dear old untrustworthy Livy, the Hume of Romans for his inimitable style, but the Froissart, Carlyle, Kingsley for his lively descriptions—the very perfection of narrative. As to timber, it used to grow in many a place which is now quite bare, for the simple reason that it was cut down and never replanted. You may go for miles in the Peak Forest without meeting a tree; and in the Wood of Shillelagh you would hardly find a tolerable pea-stake. *Lucus* is not always so called (it seems) *à non lucendo*. Hannibal's burnings may have helped to bare the peaks near which he passed. Vinegar he had plenty of; as you may have any day by diving into any "*débit de vins*." You know them in French towns by the strong iron railing (green, with gilt spear-heads, when the place is a fashionable one) which bars up all the ground-floor windows, giving the establishment a sort of half wild-beast-show half private-madhouse air; or seeming (if you will be classical) as if the Mænades had planted their thyrsuses (iron, of course, in this iron age) outside, while they went in to offer a libation. Well, if you buy in one of these wine-shops a litre of "*ordinaire*," either the harsh "black strap" called "one franc fifty Burgundy," or the small white wine made near Paris, and, having drunk what you want, leave the rest open or loosely corked, you'll find yourself by next morning the happy possessor of a fluid which certainly seems better fitted to split rocks than to "assimilate" in the human stomach. This was Hannibal's vinegar; only he probably brought it from

Spain, as they didn't grow many vines in Gaul in times so far back as that. In those blessed primitive ages, when rum and absinthe were not, every Roman soldier filled his canteen with "vinegar" of this kind,—*posca* it was called when mixed with water,—*posca*, meat and drink, because they could work so well on what would "shut up" an Englishman in six hours; and it was this same "vinegar" which, mingled with gall, was used at the most solemn moment of the world's history. So don't charge Livy with romancing, because there was no Helvetian Beaufoy at hand to supply the double strong solution of acetic acid which we use with our oysters and our lamb: *Vin-aigre*, the word speaks for itself. By the time it had got as far as the Mont Cenis most even of Hannibal's best wine would probably be very so-so. The marvel is that what Hannibal clumsily effected with sour wine and a strong log fire, M. Sommeiller does easily by the agency of compressed air. Fancy a tunnel through the Alps! why, it is hard to tell whether we gain or lose in romance by such an idea. All we have read of gnomes or genii seems at once brought down to the human level. Here is a work as grand as the Atlantic Telegraph itself;—even more imposing, because it is all done on the spot, and not finished off elsewhere. No one can look at that archway at Modane, at the Savoy end of the tunnel, without feeling that here is an enterprise which will tell on the quarrels and friendships of nations infinitely more than the old court squabbles and royal marriages which used to set Europe by the ears. Count Cavour, a man least of all likely to run off on a false scent, took to the tunnel project from the first, and stuck by it through good and bad report, and amid all the troubles which (since the idea was started some twenty years ago) have befallen Italy. Yes, it is a grand project, one full of the poetry of the nineteenth century—a poetry as yet unsung, which works silently, fulfilling the divine command, "Subdue the earth." But then, on the other side, what a loss of picturesqueness in our tours! Why, the St. Bernard monks may as well shut up at once, advertise the hospice "to let," or offer it to the Alpine Club on an easy lease, and present their dogs to Captain Sherard

Osborn to be naturalized up somewhere near the North Pole, with a view to un-snowing future lost arctic voyagers. "Excelsior," too, will have to find out another mountain and another monastery. And the poor little Savoyards, who used to have such pretty melancholy stories of how "father was killed by an avalanche because he crossed a week too late, and I only just got off because I'd lagged a bit behind," will simply travel third-class from Susa to Moutiers, and be as unromantic and common-place as ordinary English beggars. Think, too, of the rage of vetturinos, and the dismay of guides who had meant their grandchildren to be guides after them, and the delight of postmen and Queen's messengers. There is compensation in everything: one blessing is, the Englishman who goes to Switzerland will always prefer to use his legs, if he has time, so the guides need not despair; if the traveler takes the train at Chambery, he will be pretty sure to have "done" a mountain or two more before he bids adieu to the land of chalets and fleas and batzen.

Though not yet much more than about a third of the way through, the tunnel is to all intents and purposes "an accomplished fact." Many plans have been tried. A. M. Maus, of Liège, in 1846 had a machine like a vast musical box, whose iron fingers touched and forced forward the chisels which were to bore the rock. We have been going back to the old Roman or Saracen plans; and as far as the first stage in the work is concerned, Roger Bacon might just as well never have been born. The Piedmontese took up the idea with enthusiasm; it became a national hobby; poor Charles Albert worked at it, and the people made it a point of loyalty to like what he liked. Of course the '48 stopped it; but it gave M. Menabrea and other scientific men time to draw up their report. Then Count Cavour got quite poetical about the blessings it was to bring to Italy. The cold, calculating statesman brightened up when the seemingly wild scheme was laid before him, and he unhesitatingly undertook the supply of funds. Soon there was a railway up to the foot of Mont Cenis on either side; judicious "concessions" induced a French company to lend their help. A new perforator, invented by

our countryman, Bartlett, was brought out with great *éclat*, but proved quite unfit for the work. It was worked by steam; and in a tunnel of such length, with no possibility of getting air-shafts (about fourteen years would be required to work vertically down and carry away the *débris*,) steam, it was found, vitiated the already not over pure air too much. So the crokers began to pronounce the whole affair a gigantic humbug. "There's a lake," said they, "on the top of the mountain. If you ever do get to the middle you'll all be washed away." "Very well," replied M. Menabrea (he is a friend of Mr. Babbage, the organ-grinder's enemy,) "if the flooding comes, we must just let it run by; it can't run on for ever. Remember, the Romans, ages ago, once made a tunnel for the very purpose of tapping a lake, and took Veni in consequence." In fact, never was seen such a combination of severe science and reckless audacity, save in Mr. Brunel's schemes, over some of which this Italian scheme has the great advantage of promising to be successful. This compressed air which they are using at Mont Cenis was, by the way, a favorite "motive power" with Brunel. All western travelers have noticed between Exeter and Newton Abbott the splendidly built towers at every station, to the top of which water was pumped, to get the necessary hydraulic pressure; these are the sole remains of the atmospheric line." The folks who live near them are divided between regret and admiration. "They cost near upon a quarter of a million; as purely wasted as if it had been thrown into the sea; but they are wonderfully well built, sir; I must say that for them." By the way, does the atmospheric still run between Kingstown and Killiney? and, if so, how is it they can do in Ireland what we had to give up both in Devon and at Croydon? Well, any how, air compressed by hydraulic pressure is the force by which the Alps are now being pierced. For some long time M. Sommeiller, a Savoyard, the inventor of the machine actually in use, employed a simple fall of water: he had plenty of it at the Piedmontese end; but the supply at the Modane was scanty. There was a big river, the Arc, below; but the water must come from up above, and above there was only a

little stream, which froze on the slightest provocation. So the first notion was to make the Arc "run" its own water uphill. This was found too costly; and soon a simple machine was invented, so effectual withal that it has now superseded the Brunellesque water-column even on the Piedmont side. Imagine an inverted siphon with equal legs, like a great flat-bottomed U. Horizontally along the flat base moves a piston, worked by a water-wheel outside (which, of course, needs only a fall of a few feet.) Half up each leg the siphon is filled with water, and the legs are closed at the foot. Of course when the piston moves one way it forces the water up and compresses the air in one leg, leaving a void in the other leg, which is at once filled with the outer air, let in through a valve. The next stroke reverses the motion of the piston, and compresses the air in the other leg. As the air gets compressed it is forced through another valve into a cast-iron chamber, where it is kept for use. By this process it is found that air can be readily compressed to one-sixth of its volume; and though the force is far feeble than that of the hydraulic pressure, it is just as effective, because the motion is so much more rapid. Of course there are a great many of these siphons at work; indeed, the air-compressing works give one the notion of a grove of iron coral—such coral as we may suppose grows in the moon, or wherever our meteorites come from. There are great metal pipes branching and twisting in all sorts of ways; and from the grove an iron snake, sometimes above ground, sometimes buried (to avoid mishaps from land-slips,) pushes on into the tunnel. Then, to keep up the metaphor (which is not ours, good reader—we are not half poetical enough for such a flight of fancy; it is due to M. Munos, whose able paper in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for February 15th details in full what we are only giving in brief summary,) our snake (buried during that parenthesis) shows a strange, uncomfortable-looking head, from the jaws of which dart out, quick as lightning, some score of iron tongues, while at each dart comes out a puff, not of the traditional deadly serpent's breath, but of good fresh air, at high pressure, strong enough to keep up an excellent ventila-

tion. Herein lies the great value of the machine, as contrasted with the steam-engine of which we spoke above; the air at the head of the works is far fresher and purer than it is nearer the mouth. In one or two points theory is found, as far as this machine goes, contradicted by practice. A law of mechanics is, that power can never be multiplied without generating heat. All the croakers, said to Deputy Sommeiller (for he was sent up to the Turin Parliament till the priests, naturally mistrusting a work which the Encyclical would be sure to condemn, turned him out,) "All your tools will get white hot; all your pipes, too,—solder will never hold at the joints." But, strangely enough, the temperature is scarcely raised at all; and though the wear and tear of chisels is enormous, it is solely due to the hardness of the "metamorphic" rock; the "machinery," in contact only with water, never gets worn at all. They rather dread the time when they will get to the still harder "quartzite," which forms the centre of the mountain mass: even now a hundred and fifty chisels are blunted for every yard or so of work.* The other strange fact is, that there is scarcely any appreciable loss of power in transmitting the compressed air through the tunnel. Steam condenses rapidly; but compressed air is found very nearly as good as ever, twenty-four hours after it was made, at a mile and a half from the "generator." The only danger is the bursting of the chambers or conveying pipes. They had several discouraging accidents at first; but now it all seems well under hand; and the number of siphons and chambers stopped off from one another, makes anything like a general blow up impossible.

Now of course our iron snake is not all in one piece. How do they join the *pieces of piping together*? The rough and ready way which answers with gas-pipes won't do. Even there, as your nose will tell you if ever you pass along a street when the pavement is up, there is a constant discharge—enough to lessen the dynamical effect. Besides, the gas-pipes are snug and warm under ground: this

* Since this was written, we see that the centre of the mountain has been reached, and is found to consist not of quartzite, but of soft calcareous deposit; so the work goes on merrily.

air-tube is mostly on the surface, in a climate of great extremes. Every child knows how readily iron expands and contracts. A severe frost might leave an awkward gap in the best constructed iron joint; so the lengths of cast-steel tubing are put together with an "expansion joint," craftily constructed of overlapping lips of strong india-rubber, with an india-rubber jacket over them, and an extra stout canvas wrapping over that. One lip is wider than the other, so that one tube can slide a little way over the next, "like the rings in an elephant's trunk." The work is so perfect that you may pass a light along the whole length, when the air is at high pressure, without making it even flicker.

And now we must walk into the tunnel: it is full eight yards wide, is lighted with gas, and has all along a tunnel a yard deep, to carry off the drainage, and to shelter the men in case any of the rock should give way. As we go along we see at the sides an army of men enlarging by the usual means the little passage (about eight square yards—a very different thing, Miss or Madam, from eight yards square) made by the machine. There they are, perched up on scaffoldings in all sorts of unexpected places; and every now and then, when a man has "picked" out a load, he draws a bolt, and down through a trap tumble the blocks into a wagon below, and get wheeled off along a tramway. But there, where the tunnel grows suddenly narrow, stands "the machine." With its array of chisels and pistons it looks like some strange war chariot. But, hark! that is the signal for the workmen to "take care;" and up rushes a sort of tender, pushes this machine close up to its work;—and then, with a fearful puff, out come the pistons, in dash the chisels, with a scraping and grinding indescribable; and, hurrah! we have pierced as much deeper into the Alps as twenty stout workmen could have done. Puff and stroke number one are followed up by puff and stroke number two; and so on for six hours; in which time they make some hundred holes, about a yard deep and from one to three inches across. Then the air-machine has a rest; the holes are plugged with powder, and exploded in the usual way, the workmen

sheltering behind the tender. The moment the blasting is over, all the strength of the compressed air is turned on to clear the tunnel from sulphurous and carbonic acid. It clears the far end most effectually; but now that the work is getting on, the vapors lodge about the middle, and have to be *pumped out*.

Owing to the number of holes, the rock is broken up into quite small blocks, so that three hours is enough to clear away the rubbish; hence they manage to get three piercings in the twenty-four hours. The "machine" keeps along what is to be the floor of the tunnel; and, as soon as it has passed, workmen begin widening and heightening. But how if the works begun at the two ends should not meet in the middle? There would be a pretty fix. Just try in the first big cheese you get hold of, and you will find it not the easiest thing in the world to make two skewers meet across its breadth. How can these miners be certain of their work? Here trigonometry steps in to make that a matter of certainty which, without it, would be doubly working in the dark. Ah, master schoolboy, you find your Euclid dull, do you? You talk nonsense about the asses' bridge,—so called, remember, on account of those who can not get over it. Let me tell you, that but for that same dull Euclid we should have no surveying, no decent railways, no maps, except such as any black fellow could trace in the sand for Captain Speke or Dr. Livingstone. The first thing was to survey a straight line right over the mountain between the two ends. This was hard work, up a veritable goats' track; but it was done at last; some of the angles being taken sixty times over with the grand theodolite of the French railway engineers' staff. It took a long time: often, just as everything was ready for an observation, a mist came on and hid the "object" for hours, perhaps for days. However, it was well done; and the line of tunnelling being thus fixed once for all, it is easy to keep it true by having a light at the far end, and "observing" it every now and then from the marked positions outside. The level, too, has to be kept, or one half might overshoot the other, for both rise slightly from the outside. Among the minor difficulties was the feeding of the work-

men, two hundred at each end, in a hungry land where nothing indigenous was to be had except a few chamois. All the machinery, too, was made in Belgium, at Seraing, and it was very hard to get it to the Piedmontese side; indeed, all their roads had to be remade before it could be carried to Bardonesche.

And now how long has all this been going on? The work on the Italian side began in good earnest early in January, 1861; that at the Savoy end two years later. A beginning had been made on each side by hand, the works being so long in getting into gear. At first they did very little, working with only one perforator, and then with three or four; now, as we said, a fair day's work gives three yards on each side. The total length will be some eight miles; and in six years more it is calculated that the two colossal graving tools will meet, and the passage to Italy be ready for use.

What a happy thing it is that the supply of air is inexhaustible! The quantity required increases at an enormous rate; for every new gas-light consumes so much more oxygen, and every blasting throws out fresh deleterious matter to be counteracted; so that it is sometimes a question whether the grove of siphons will not have to become a forest.

When we think of the extreme simplicity of the means employed, the result is perfectly marvelous. We are accustomed to the wonders of the hydraulic press; and so M. Sommeiller's former plan, which brought a column of water from a height of fifty yards to bear on the surface of air, seemed straightforward enough; but these siphons with the piston inside—it seems too easy. Yet nevertheless it works; *ça marche*, say the French, for, with "our Gallic neighbors," water never does anything more inanimate than walking. But we are forgetting one main point. A tool worked by hand has three motions impressed on it; it makes the blow, it rotates, and it moves forward. The pistons manage the first, furiously discharging their chisels against the wall of rock. The rotation is most ingeniously managed; the base of the tool is cogged, and by means of a cog-wheel and ratchet—itsself the

piston of a very small subsidiary air-cylinder—it contrives that the chisel moves round one tooth at every stroke. The advance is provided for by a spring, which is released, when needed, by the opening of a valve, and forced back, when it has done its work, by the rush of the air.

"May I be there to see," is what one naturally says when one looks forward to this time six years. What rejoicings there will be in "plucky little Piedmont," which found the courage to begin, and most of the cash to keep it going! what wild delight in Savoy, which found the "inventor;" which actually sent up to Parliament the man who, then and there, made a speech about his tunnel, and got patted on the back by Menabrea and Palescava, and taken by the hand by Cavour! what "felicitations" from the French, whose *Ponts et Chaussées*, apparently a very red-tape office indeed, pronounced it as wild a scheme as squaring the circle! France would very probably have let it drop had not Piedmont made the carrying out of the plan a special clause in the treaty by which Savoy was ceded.

When Cavour took a man by the hand he seldom dropped him. "This makes us independent of England and her coals," said he. Possibly he believed in the "grand future" which some people hold to be reserved for "compressed air;" and looked to see it "laid on," like the water or gas, all through manufacturing towns, a blessed, smokeless, heatless "motive power." Doubtless he took up M. Sommeiller all the more strongly because the priests, who care not a jot for Alp-piercing or anything else, in comparison with due subservience to "mother Church," tried to keep him down. And so, in 1856, the "tunnel bill" passed the Turin Parliament (alas, for that good little Parliament!—may they make as good a hand of things at Florence or Rome), and commissioners were appointed to "report," who, by the way, went to work so lazily that Cavour took them to task in pretty severe style.

Poor man, to him we owe both Italian unity and the tunnel that is to unite Italy with the rest of Europe. He lived to see neither; but he certainly gave the

impulse to both. This day six years, let us hope that both will be "accomplished facts:" that Rome and Venice will be very different from what they are now; and that, under the old highway by the Cottian Alp, the fire-carriage will pass and the electric message flash, "annihilating," as the newspapers say, not only space and time, but also the mighty barrier of the everlasting hills.

It is a grand thought that so simple a principle, the principle of the intermittent spring, observed ages ago by Hero of Alexandria, and used by him in his high-pressure fountain, should be found effective in such a gigantic work—that the air-wrought tunnel is well on in *cours de scavazione*.

One consolation we may glean from M. Sommeiller's success: when our coal shows signs of failing (as the *Spectator* lately told us it will in a few hundred years), we need not shut up our workshops for want of "motive power." All we shall need will be a little more patience than we have hitherto shown in working the "atmospheric."

Fortnightly Review.

THORVALDSEN AND HIS ENGLISH CRITICS.

THERE is something very charming in the respect which the Danes pay to their literary and artistic heroes. Oehlenschläger has his monument in the most public square of Copenhagen,—his eyes of stone look quietly on every traveler who passes up from the quay to the Hotel d'Angleterre; Thorvaldsen has his museum on a site immediately adjoining the royal palace; and when Hans Christian Andersen, immortal in nurseryland as the author of the "Ugly Duckling," walks through the capital, gentle and simple take off their hats to him. A successful Danish writer or artist, resident in Copenhagen, occupies much the same position as the local luminary of an English town or the accepted genius of a Scottish weaving village. He is a big man there, though he might be a very little one if he ventured out into the great world. We would not suggest, indeed, that, to use the Baconian phrase, he is a figure among

ciphers; but it is certain that he is not measuring himself with giants. Danish art is barren enough. Danish literature is not *very* strong; since, from the period of the national ballads downwards, it has contented itself, perhaps wisely, with a narrow range of thought and feeling. The marked notabilities might be counted on one's fingers. Oehlenschläger, with his strong Scandinavian vigor, struck some powerful notes out of the national harp, and was, in a limited way, a man of dramatic instincts; and young Björnsterne Bjørnsen (who is, however, at least half a Norwegian) possesses a fine poetic vein, sombered with Lutheran piety. But in our opinion, the national power culminated in Thorvaldsen, who, besides being a fine sculptor, was a thoroughly representative man. He was a genuine Dane, warm-hearted, excitable, obstinate, courageous, yet with an undercurrent of luxurious laziness; worked best when his blood was up, and worst when he was thoroughly comfortable; had a kind of sea-salt in his composition, which naturally gave his conceptions a tinge of that vigor which is apt to thicken into coarseness. He was a great artist with all a great artist's little-nesses—a thorough-going specimen of the *genus irritabile*. His countrymen, conscious of his greatness, have done him those honors in which, more than most people, they delight; his Museum is one of the sights of the world, and loving hands daily strew flowers on the tomb which lies in the centre thereof. That, as a sculptor, he has been overrated by many, we are not disposed to deny; it is a fact very vehemently insisted upon by a small section of the art-public—that exquisitely fastidious section which places so much stress upon mere technicalities. His work abounds in faults; what more natural, seeing the man's education was so imperfect? Had he known a score of languages, and penetrated deep into many mines of learning, he would never have worked off the roughness contracted in a Copenhagen hovel and ship-yard. Nevertheless, he did much for the world; his "Christ and the Apostles" alone forming an important point in the history of sacred art. But of what he has done for that little nation from which he sprung we feel it difficult to make too high an estimate. He represents in art the cour-

age, the energy, and Christian sincerity, as well as the narrow-mindedness, of his countrymen; and has gone as high as any Dane could go, still preserving all the precious traits of nationality. Shut out from the rest of Europe, so to speak, and fettered by the exigencies of a barren soil and a scattered population, the Danes can not hope to furnish, and do not wish to furnish, cosmopolitan contributions to art and literature; they must be local and individual, or nothing. Thorvaldsen, then, suggests all this. It was with no mere feeling of friendship that Oehlenschläger, in stirring and complimentary verse, welcomed him back to fatherland, and continued to sing of him while there; and it is with a sentiment of patriotism rather than of hero-worship that the Danes strew flowers over the grave in the Thorvaldsen Museum.

It is no part of our present task to attempt an examination of Thorvaldsen's contributions to Art, though we agree neither with those who would raise him to the hierarchies, nor with others who, like the friends of Canova, would hurl him to the region of the groundlings. A far more difficult question has been raised, one reflecting darkly enough on the sculptor's conduct as a man; and we have no hesitation in affirming that it has been raised by persons indelicate enough to carry the vehemence of artistic predilection into a discussion concerning moral right and wrong. The statue of Lord Byron may be very bad, but is *that* any reason for telling everybody that the sculptor had a very bad temper? The drapery of the "Christ may not lap quite perfectly in one or two places, but why fly from that statement to the assertion that the sculptor's morals were, to use a very mild word, uneven? The art-critic has one taste, the biographer another; and it is a pity that the one should so often appropriate the other's material. The enemies of Thorvaldsen discuss him something in the style of a person familiarly chatting in loose conversation. "You like Thorvaldsen, and he was undoubtedly a very clever fellow, but as an artist, bah! His 'Night,' I confess, is a pretty sort of thing, and there is a good deal of bold stuff in his 'Jason,' but he is shamefully overrated. You've heard of course what a brute he was to his father,

and how shamefully he broke his engagements." This is bad enough to tell very well with the profane vulgar; but of course the tone is one intolerable to cultivated people. It is a tone familiar to lady novelists, who have, by the way, carried much of the "goody goody" feeling into biography, and in whose eyes a hero must be perfect. Obediently to the spirit which exaggerates trifles, we have whole scores of biographies crammed with good principles but destitute of a gleam of human nature; for it is a fatal mistake to imagine that, to understand a man, we must examine him *in bits*. Instead of finding out pretty actions or hunting for flaws, a true biographer takes a man as a whole, nor separates him from the background of the events and personages among which he lived and moved. Goethe did and said a great many small things, and has suffered to some extent from pigmy biographers; but we know well enough by this time that Goethe was a great man—albeit by no means (and thank heaven for that!) a "John Halifax." In biography, as in many other departments of art, we want a little more power of considering affairs dramatically. To get at a man's character rightly, we must put ourselves into the movement of his life; and when once we do this, we shall soon feel whether he be great, or mediocre, or small. Mr. Carlyle has his faults, but want of dramatic force is not one of them; and his short biographies, taken in the mass, are perhaps the best we possess. His manner of working is right, if his conclusions frequently be wrong; for while he never loses sight of his leading character, he takes care that all the minor parts are well supported. He carries us into the heart of a man's actual life, and if he has not previously converted us to hero-worship, we are at liberty to form our own impressions.

The son of a Copenhagen woodcarver and a Jutland peasant girl, Thorvaldsen very early began a struggle out of which only a strong man could come victorious, and in the course of which the very strength of a man would be sure to breed numberless weaknesses. His parents resided in a poor house in the immediate neighborhood of the docks, the occupation of Gotskalk, his father, being to carve wooden decorations for the vessels.

It will be admitted, by all acquainted with the locality, that the chief characteristics of the Copenhagen Wapping are dirt and dogs, which latter [we are assured by Andersen in his "At være eller ikke at være"] make day and night hideous by perpetual howling. The home where Bertel was reared was by no means a clean or picturesque "interior," and even in childhood the boy appears to have been left to much solitary meditation in his cradle—surrounded by poverty and serenaded by curs of all degrees. Gotskalk Thorvaldsen loved the bottle; doubtless, being a man of caustic wit and very Scotch shrewdness, he was in request among pot-house politicians. Fru Thorvaldsen was a little fat woman, with no more marked peculiarity than a certain plump prettiness which captivated the laborers when she took her husband's coffee to the ship-yard. Thus it would seem as if Bertel had to fight his own way from the cradle upward. He grew up into a sharp boy, given to practical joking, and at a very early age began to draw, as Spenser's shepherd began to sing, "to please himself." There being no mistake about his artistic talent, his father soon found work for it, by getting him to draw the designs which were afterwards to be carved and copied in wood. This was the beginning of Bertel's apprenticeship to art; by no means a bad beginning, and none the less good because it was necessarily accompanied by rough discipline. Nothing further need be said to show that Bertel Thorvaldsen was an artist, as it were, to the manner born. Until he was eleven years old he received no education, save that which he picked up at home, but at that age he had the good fortune to be admitted into the Arts Academy School, where he presently distinguished himself in a small way. The turning point in his life, however, took place in August 19th, 1793, when he was twenty-three years old, and when the great gold medal of the Academy was awarded to him for a bas-relief—"Peter healing the lame man." He was then entitled to a traveling stipend for three years; but instead of at once taking advantage of his good luck, he delayed in Copenhagen, painting portraits, which were much sought after and brought him in a small competence. He was now, in

early manhood, beginning to show that undercurrent of luxurious laziness for which we have given him credit. Like our own Thackeray, he could work hard when he liked, but hated to be bored. He *had* worked hard to win his early honors; but after he had once gained the great gold medal, he seems to have yawned and idled as much as possible. It was no use in saying, "Thorvaldsen, why miss the most precious springtime of life, and delay hurrying to Rome?" It was no use saying, as some said, "Why not begin to study hard, since in Rome an ignoramus is at a disadvantage?" He was not in a hurry; and, moreover, such pressure merely made him evince another distinguishing Danish quality—that of stubbornness. In Copenhagen he could easily make a little money; and a little money, just then, meant a little beer, a few merry friends, and a sweetheart. Another bond, too, kept him dawdling in his native city. His parents had begun to see that they had begotten a genius, and poor little Fru Thorvaldsen stormed and fretted at the thought of parting from her son. So Bertel Thorvaldsen delayed and delayed—first, because he was lazy, and had earned a little repose; next, because he was stubborn, and liked to move at his own sweet will; and last and best, because he was good-natured, and wished to humor the old people as much as possible.

At last, in 1796, he set sail for the Mediterranean, leaving behind him a cultivated circle which had formed high hopes of his future. His lazy fit not having quite passed away, he spent the voyage in total idleness—eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping. "Thorvaldsen is still here," wrote the captain of the vessel from Malta, "but at length begins to talk of going to Rome. Heaven only knows how he will get on there! He is so desperately idle that he has never even cared about writing a letter to his friends all the time he has been on board, nor evinced any desire to learn the language. He seems only to think about what there is to be for dinner, and to look after cakes. But everybody on board loves him; he is such a good-natured fellow." In 1797 he did reach Rome. Very strange must he have felt on his first entrance into the society of the elegant city, for lamentable

was his lack of education. "Though he (Thorvaldsen) is an artist of great promise," wrote the learned Zoëga, who was then settled in Rome, "he is deplorably ignorant of all that does not immediately concern his profession. In my opinion, it is positively wrong of the Academy to send out uneducated persons to Italy, where they must necessarily lose a great deal of time in learning things the knowledge of which ought to have been acquired before they left home. How is it possible for an artist to get on here, when he is totally ignorant of French and Italian?" Only those who have been lonely in the midst of a great city, and who know how the very loneliness and lack of sympathy inflames the creative fire of aspiration, will think that Zoëga talked nonsense. Cold water was the very thing the lazy young sculptor wanted: it got his blood into a glow, and fired him to work in good earnest; it made him feel his ignorance, and labor to remove it. One can imagine how strange he felt in his new residence, and how small he may have sometimes fancied himself until he put out his power. However, he had not been long in Rome ere he had an attack of fever, and he had not long recovered from that when he had an attack of love. The latter attack was much the more serious, and has formed the basis of certain imputations made since his death. While visiting at the house an acquaintance, he formed an attachment for a handsome Italian domestic, Anna Maria Magnani, who shortly afterwards married, quitted her husband, and threw herself on the "protection" of the sculptor. From this affair, and certain others that followed, it appears that Thorvaldsen was very susceptible; but his antagonists go so far as to translate "susceptible" into "unprincipled."

The charge against Thorvaldsen seems to amount to this. He formed an improper connection with Anna Maria Magnani, thereby at once violating the rules of society; not content with going so far, he was deliberately false to Anna Maria, inasmuch as he frequently admired and made love to other women; and once at least he violated a sacred engagement to a lady, a certain Miss Mackenzie, who admired him far beyond his deserts. In the first place he did not violate the

laws of society, because the social life of Rome in those days freely admitted of his connection with Anna Maria, and was in the habit of tolerating and condoning cases infinitely worse. In the second place, Thorvaldsen never intended the connection to be a permanent one; but meaning sooner or later to marry respectably, thought himself fully at liberty to look out for a partner among superior women. The imputation that he jilted Miss Mackenzie involves more delicate questions. All absolutely known of the matter is, that Thorvaldsen had some love-passages with the lady, and eventually thought that she would not be a congenial partner. It is neither safe nor delicate to rip up a matter which it is totally impossible for third parties to understand. The love relations of full-grown men and women are cabalistic enigmas to all not immediately concerned; and we have no more right to call a man unprincipled because he parts from a lady whom he has courted, than to do so because he turns Catholic. The man or the woman has a right to speak out and proclaim a wrong; but if neither do so, if neither wishes to make the most holy of private passions a public question, the affair remains entirely a matter of conscience.

The charge, then, resolves itself into the statement that Thorvaldsen, when in Rome, did as Rome did. Abstractedly he did wrong. However, there is a medium between affirming that a man is not perfect, and that he is a rascal. Lonely, in the midst of a great city, ignorant in the midst of the cultivated and refined, the Dane, in a moment of passion, stooped to the sympathy of an Italian woman, and when afterwards, that woman threw herself into his arms, he had not the cruelty to thrust her from him, albeit, he determined at the same time, to free himself as speedily as he could—to spare her pain, and to procure himself moral independence. Like many great men, he yielded to strong temptation, and it is more than possible that his stubbornness, allied to his good-nature, made him persist in a course which his ignorance may have persuaded him was right, or venial.

It was none the worse for Thorvaldsen that Anna Maria was of a jealous disposition. His was a nature which required

to be excited in some way, and the domestic stimulant did him good. Quietly ambitious, he worked hard, until the light of his genius began to dawn upon Rome. In 1803 he completed his model of "Jason with the Golden Fleece." "Quest' opera di giovani danese," cried Canova; "è fatto in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso." From that time Thorvaldsen rose and rose by swift flights. Commissions soon began to shower upon him, and he labored hard indeed to fulfil them. More than once he was struck down by fever, more than once he had a fit of laziness, but the smallness of his means, and the costliness of the material for his art, compelled him to be busy. In 1807 he completed his statue of Adonis, a work which Canova called "bella, nobile, piena di sentimento." While mentioning Canova, it may be well to quote Thorvaldsen's opinion of that great Italian. "Canova," said the Dane, "was not straightforward with me. Whenever he had modelled any new work, he would send for me to come and see it, to learn what I thought of it. If I remarked, for instance, that this or that fold in the drapery would look better if it were arranged rather differently, he would concur in my opinion and embrace me cordially, but he would never alter it after all. And when I in turn asked him to come and see any work of mine, he would make no other remark than that everything was exactly as it should be." The Adonis was sold to the crown prince of Bavaria, but was not sent off to its destination until years afterwards. This was one of the cases in which Thorvaldsen, after breaking an engagement, is said to have evinced a certain adroitness in apologizing. Because he could not always fulfill his promises, and because when he could not do so he said he was sorry, he has been much censured and sneered at. To prove that he was utterly unreliable, half a dozen instances of delay have been picked out of a laborious lifetime. If our merchants, traders, and speculators were judged in this manner, how many would be esteemed safe? In the matter of the broken engagements, the English critics have chosen to regard the question from a purely business point of view, placing totally out of sight those uncertainties and changes which

beset the artistic mind at every turn; and starting thence, a few have laboriously tried to prove that Thorvaldsen was not a man of business, in the midst of an argument affirming that he was not a great artist; quite forgetting that the lesser proof may go far to upset the greater affirmation. Art has undoubtedly a method of its own, but it is not the common method, and must not be confounded with the ordinary "business" one.

Byron and Thorvaldsen were antitheses in art. The former was quick and brilliant; the latter was slow, and frequently coarse. Their only point in common was a tendency to indolence, corrected in the one case by intense stubbornness and excitability, and in the other by fiery pride and irritation. Very interesting, therefore, is the account given by Andersen of the meeting of the two men, which took place in 1817. The poet sat to the sculptor for his bust. "While Thorvaldsen was modeling Lord Byron's bust," says Andersen, "his lordship sat so uneasily on his chair, and kept changing the expression of his countenance to such a degree, that he was at length obliged to request him 'to keep his face still, and not to look so unhappy.' On Byron's making answer that such was the usual expression of his countenance, Thorvaldsen merely replied, 'Indeed!' and went on with his work as well as circumstances would permit." Everybody but Byron himself thought the bust an excellent likeness; "he would look so miserable," said the sculptor.

The story of Thorvaldsen's life in Rome is merely a history of his creations, and bears no further on the questions mooted in this paper. It need only be remarked that, as he grew older, he grew excessively irritable, and lost by slow degrees the characteristics of the good-natured fellow; but irritability naturally took the place of indolence subdued by hard toil. Not until 1829 did he return to his native city, and even then his visit was merely temporary. He had been absent twenty-three years, and Denmark was full of his fame. The first face he recognized was an old porter's at the Charlottenburg. "Beutzen!" he cried, and flung his arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him. His stay in Copen-

hagen was short, and the whole time was occupied in the decoration of the "Frue Kirke," on the front of which he proposed to place figures of Christ and the twelve apostles. In June, 1831, he was again in Rome, busy on the Frue Kirke group. He had never hitherto dealt with sacred subjects, and serious doubts were entertained as to his fitness for the new task. Some one observing that his genius was more alive to the ideal beauty of Christianity than to any profound religious feeling, he cried, "Neither do I believe in the gods of the Greeks, and yet for all that I can represent them." While entrusting the less important work to his pupils, and merely putting the finishing touches to their copies of his sketches, he himself labored with especial care at the figure of Christ. The result is known to all students of Art. His "Christ" would be nearly perfect, were it not a little too *fine*—fineness being the very error a coarse man would be likely to stumble on in dealing with Christianity.

When we call Thorvaldsen coarse, we mean neither more nor less than that his moral education was imperfect. As for his general culture, that improved yearly, insomuch that, at middle age, he was far from being an ignoramus. He mixed in good society, had the benefit of the best advice, was petted by not a few rich amateurs. Yet he was still a Bohemian at heart—a plain-living, busy, somewhat snappish Bohemian, who would willingly have lain in the sunshine, yet who knew that he had a duty to perform, and did it with a hate of Sham. All the gilt of Rome could not convert him into a fine gentleman, so long as the atmosphere of the ship-yard still clung about him. He worked in as stubbornly practical a way as a dock-laborer; that is to say, he exercised his divine faculty silently, and when he dreamed of his creations, discarded Byronism and kept the process to himself. In 1829 he made his will, bequeathing "all his collections of paintings, coins, books, &c., &c., to Denmark, to form a separate Museum, which was to bear his name, and which was not to be added to or suffer any diminution." On July, 1838, he quitted Italy for the last time. The news of his approach spread through the Danish capi-

tal like a conflagration; for "he had become a Name." A vast crowd gathered on the shore to welcome him; and his carriage was dragged in triumph to his apartments in the Charlottenburg—a proceeding which elicited from him the characteristic observation that he did not approve "of human beings converting themselves into horses." When the first flush of gratulation was over, he settled down to work again in the city where he had begun life by wood-carving. Both his parents were dead, and he was growing old; but the precious pursuit of his lifetime preserved him from stagnating, like Coleridge, into a Moralism on departed days. He had perspired freely for many a long year, and all his indolence had eventually oozed out of him. A large sum was placed in his hands, wherewith to carry out the decoration of the Frue Kirke, which was to contain his collected works in Christian art. The decoration of the principal church of his native country had been the great dream of his existence: and when his countrymen offered him every facility for carrying out the beloved project, "this," he exclaimed, "this is the way an artist should be honored.

Thorvaldsen was now settled down for good; Anna Maria, poor dear, had disappeared; and the great sculptor belonged, not to Bohemia, but to the world. His manner of living was plain to indigence, and, like our countryman Turner, he looked smartly after the pennies. In a summer retreat of Nisö, he worked at a frieze for the chief entrance of the Frue Kirke—the subject, "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," and "Progress from Pilate's House to Golgotha;" and thereby hangs a tale told by Andersen. One morning, the children-loving Professor found Thorvaldsen in his studio occupied with the figure of Pilate, and rather undecided as to what costume he should give the Roman governor. The Baroness Stumpe stood by admiringly. "Tell me," said Thorvaldsen to Andersen, "whether you think Pilate's dress in keeping?" "You must not say anything," cried the lady quickly, as she turned aside to Andersen, and then added aloud, "it is quite right; it is excellent!" But Thorvaldsen was dissatisfied, and repeated the question, upon which

the Professor replied, "I must confess that it appears to me that you have made Pilate look more like an Egyptian than a Roman." "And that is my opinion, too!" exclaimed the sculptor, instantly demolishing the whole figure. "Andersen!" screamed the Baroness, "you are the cause of this, and through you, Thorvaldsen has destroyed a work that would have been immortal." "But I can soon make another immortal work!" Thorvaldsen dryly interposed. In this anecdote we see at once the man who hated shams and the man of irritable phlegm. From the first to the last of his career, Thorvaldsen was a practical man, as distinguished from a visionary theorist. Perhaps it would have been better had he dreamed a little more; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that he reserved all his ideality for his works, and was in private life a somewhat common-place person, apt to get out of temper at trifles. He could be generous at times, but he valued money. Though he had a passion for card-playing, and though he played only for copper stakes, he could never bear to lose. Very little things made his tongue bitter with gall. He was totally destitute of personal pride, neglected his dress, and insisted on sitting down to dinner with his servants. "He had no desire," he said on one occasion, "to be dragged about Europe as a prodigy." The last days of his life passed very quietly. He had become a popular idol, looked at reverently whenever he passed through Copenhagen streets, though his irritation was very great when he found himself publicly stared at. His death took place in the theatre. "The curtain was not yet raised when he took his seat. Suddenly he was observed to stoop down, as if in the act of picking something up. A few moments afterwards his lifeless body was raised and conveyed home. When his body was opened a few days after, it was found that the immediate cause of death was an organic disease of the heart."

We have thus briefly sketched the merits and shortcomings of a man to whom English critics have chosen to apply the epithets, "unprincipled," "sordid," "ill-natured," "mean," with the ostensible view, as we have suggested,

of showing that he has been over-estimated as a sculptor. We can do little justice to a man in whom we are determinedly bent on finding flaws; but let us concede that in his love affairs, as in the more prosy transactions of his life, Thorvaldsen was outwardly excitable and inwardly tough; that his nature was reticent, the reverse of liberal; and that, although he was a merry companion when excited, he grew colder as he grew older, and much underlying phlegm asserted itself. Now, if Thorvaldsen was a true artist, it strikes us that our concessions imply, not blame, but praise; for they show that he was consistently true to himself from the first to the last of a long career. His natural weakness may be described to have been a love of *lounging*; and this he fairly conquered—by what means? By firmly and deliberately working out a noble mission. Is such a work done without some loss—without the contraction of some weaknesses? Can a man mew himself in a workshop without showing signs of his trade when he steps outside of it? To procure materials for his costly art, Thorvaldsen was compelled, in the most liberal flush of life, to pinch and calculate very closely; and the habit naturally clung to him towards his life's setting. With the single exception of his *tiaison*, all the charges against Thorvaldsen are raked out of the period of his age. "Sordid," "ill-natured," "mean," therefore imply simply that the sculptor did not grow into an angel when he passed the meridian. Suppose Burns had lived to sixty, and Gigadibs had been his biographer? Old Mr. Burns would in all probability have sunk down into a very respectable person, shaking a white head gravely over the follies of his youth and Tam o' Shanter, going to church, and scrapping up the pennies; and on the strength of these facts it would have been proved, not only that he had been a tippler, but that he was by nature hypocritical and mean. Fancy Keats as *Paterfamilias*, at forty-five! and remember Goethe in the grand climacteric! It is too bad to put utterly out of sight the change which even physical conditions must make in a man. A hundred chances to one, Keats at forty-five would not have been extravagant of anything, even im-

agery; but if he had held to the first principles of art, discipline and hard work, as firmly as Thorvaldsen did, and had kept his rare moral perception intact, albeit clarified and chilled, he would still have been Keats, the high-minded man of genius.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones," says Shakspeare's epitaph, furnishing our Laureate with the keynote of a justly indignant protest:

"For now the poet can not die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show;
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Poet, painter, sculptor, have suffered far, far too much in this way; and strong enough stress has not been laid upon the sin committed by the literary resurrection-men. An artist's private life is *not* public property. And should not be exhumed, except in very particular instances. Certainly, few biographers set to work with the deliberate intention of lowering the character of the person whose doings they describe; but it is the silly bunglers, with good intentions, that do the most harm. They misrepresent the facts, because they can not understand the men. Some artists, of course, are public men—such as he who created Captain Gulliver, and broke at least two hearts; and men there are who, like Byron, parade their persons before the eyes of the ignorant. But what have we gained by listening to a word-war concerning Shelley's connection with Harriet Westbrook? Nothing but pain, since the tale of that boyish marriage and parting, has not the remotest bearing on the manly intellect that animated a new Prometheus, and made Beatrice Cenci vibrate again in flesh and blood.

Of course, it is in vain to protest against the public hunger for biographies of men of genius. The Monster will be curious, luckless as its curiosity generally proves. Well, the public can gain nothing but good if the writers of its biographies be competent and reverent-minded; but how many such writers have written books of the kind? When a great man dies, poet, painter, sculptor

—hundreds of small men are ready to avow themselves able to narrate the tale of his life; for of all vulgar fallacies there is none more current than that biography is a very easy branch of art. A dead man's sister or friend, or even the clergyman of the district, is accepted at once in the capacity of story-teller. It is enough to have known the deceased slightly, or to know his friends, and to possess a small literary faculty. And the result of this? Weaknesses are paraded as symptoms of strength, a man of genius is represented as a performing automaton, and readers, thoroughly bewildered, become impressed with a painful conviction that their hero is very common clay after all. The profound inner nature of the man is entirely lost sight of, and his motives are thoroughly misunderstood. This is more especially the case with biographies written by relations; and the cause is clear, if we acknowledge the painful truth that, in ordinary life, our most intimate ties are most frequently born and nourished by our weaknesses, and not our strength. It is often the case that those who have been closest to the deceased understand him least, from no fault of their own, but because they are too near to take a general and liberal view of his character.

The sooner that the public perceives the odious cruelty of bad biography, the better for the living and the dead. Let him who would portray a great or good man in his habit as he lived, first measure carefully his own qualifications for the task, bearing in mind the sacredness of his office, and having in view the punishment which should await a blundering iconoclast. If he succeed, if he heighten our appreciation and purify our affection for a memory which we love, let him receive every honor that Literature can confer upon him. If he fail, let there be no mercy for him—no mercy, in the name of those who slumber too deeply to be awakened by the slanderer. Our literary *lares* and *penates* are too scanty and too holy to be destroyed without a protest. Keep them lofty, keep them pure; permit the gentle hand to put a halo of fresh dignity and loveliness around them; but suffer no monkey to play his pranks in that inner chamber where they are enshrined!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FOREST-BROTHER.

A BRETON LEGEND

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

[Varieties of this subject occur in almost every language, and the story of a return from the dead is popular in all countries; the famous ballad of L'Anor being perhaps the most so, as the best told. The date of this is early in the middle ages, as the chivalric devotion of the knight proves.]

I.

THE fairest maids of gentle race
Around the country know,
To lovely Gwennola gave place,
When eighteen years were flown.

The good old lord was dead and gone,
Mother and sisters fair—
Alas! all taken—she alone
Left to her stepdame's care.

Pity it was to see the child
Mourning and weeping sore,
Seated, so lovely and so mild!
Beside the manor-door

Gazing ever on the wave,
With hope that would not fail,
For that one comfort that might save—
Her foster-brother's sail.

Watching afar the deep wide sea,
And gazing o'er and o'er,
The same for six long years, since he
Had left his native shore.

"Hence from my path—rise up, I say!
To fetch the cattle go—
I feed thee not to sit all day
Idle and useless so!"

In winter's snow she broke her sleep
Two hours before the light,
To kindle fire, the house to sweep—
No comfort day or night!

She sent her to the fairies' cave
To draw the water cold;
The picher and the pail she gave
Were batter'd, crack'd and old.

Dreary and dismal looked the cell,
Turbid the waters fair—
Behold! a knight beside the well,
Whose horse was drinking there.

"Good eve," the courteous warrior said:
"Tell me, are you betroth'd fair maid?"
And she, at once confused and shy,
"I can not answer," made reply.

"Speak to my question, yes or no?"
"Gentle knight, I am not so."

"Then, maiden, take this ring of gold,
Go to your stepdame, firm and free,
And say a knight from Nantes has told
That you his bride shall be.
Say, there has been a deadly fray—

My squire was kill'd this fatal day:
And I was sorely wounded too—
The sword was sharp that pierced me through!

"But in three weeks and three days' space
I shall be healed: bid her provide,
For gaily to the Manor-place
I shall arrive to fetch my bride."

Then Gwennola ran home with speed,
Look'd at her ring, and knew indeed
It was the same that long of yore
On his right hand her brother bore.

II.

One, two, three weeks had fled away—
Why does the young knight still delay?
"You would be wed?—nor shall refuse
The man I name, 'tis my decree."
"Forgive me, stepmother, I choose
My foster-brother, none but he."

"He gave this wedding-ring of gold,
His promise he will not forget;
Gaily and soon you will behold
My husband come to fetch me yet."

"Be silent! out upon thy ring!
Answer me not, or thou shalt find
This staff, which I shall use, can bring
A minion to her proper mind."

"Say'st thou yes, or say'st thou no,
Strive or not, it shall be so.
Our young stable-boy instead,
Job Alloadec, you straight shall wed."

"Jobik! oh, the dire disgrace!
Ah! my own sweet mother dear,
Wert thou in this stepdame's place!
Oh! if thou my prayers couldst hear!"

"Weep without, if thou must weep,
But 'tis vain this coil to keep,
In three days, spite of thy pride,
Thou shalt be young Jobik's bride."

'Twas at that time the country round
The bell of death gave forth a sound,
The aged gravedigger came by,
And thus was heard his dismal cry:

"Pray for the soul, each Christian wight,
Of one who was a gentle knight,
Who fought in Nantes' late battle dread,
And of his wounds to-day is dead."

To-morrow, at the close of day,
Come all good Christians watch and pray,
In the White Church his corpse will lie,
And there be buried piously.

III.

"You have left the feast in haste!"
"Yet too slowly for my taste;
Not half the revels yet are done,
And the evening scarce begun."

"But no more could I contain
Pity for the sweet bride's pain,

And disgust that cowherd's face
To behold in such a place.

"Weeping all around her stood,
And her tears flowed like a flood;
All were dismal, all distressed,
Even the rector like the rest.

"In the church this morning all
Wept and sorrowed, great and small,
In the village not a smile—
But her stepdame laugh'd the while.

"The louder rang the music clear
When to the Manor back they hied,
Alas! the more they strove to cheer,
Her tears flowed in a stronger tide.

"Placed at the board when supper came,
She ate not, but she wept the same.
And when at last arrived the hour
To lead her to the bridal bower,
She tore the wreath her head that bound,
And dash'd her ring upon the ground,
Broke from the throng and rushed away,
And where she fled no man can say."

IV.

Now at the Manor shines no light,
They all are sleeping through the night,
And the lost bride is free from harm,
In the next village, at the farm.

"Who knocks?—what accents do I hear?"
"Nola, thy foster-brother dear."
"Ha! is it true? thou dear one, tell—
Thou Nola—whom I love so well!"

Yes, 'tis Nola. At a bound
On his steed as white as snow
She is seated, clasps him round,
And away—away they go!

"How well we ride, how quick we scour—
It seems a hundred leagues an hour;
Oh! to be thine! to know thee near—
I ne'er knew happiness before!
Say, is thy mother's dwelling near—
I long to reach thy mother's door."

"Hold me well and clasp me strong,
We shall reach her home ere long."

The owls sail'd shrieking and afraid,
The wild beasts hid them in the shade,
Scared at the fearful din they made!

"Thy arms how bright, thy horse how fleet!
I find thee grown, my Nola sweet,
So tall, so comely, and so dear—
Oh, tell me, is thy mansion near?"

"Hold me, sister, clasp me well,
We shall soon be where I dwell."

"Alas! how chill the hand I hold,
Thy hair is damp, thy heart is cold;
I fear the night air is too chill!"

"Hold me, sister, clasp me still!

We are close—and dost thou hear
All the minstrels singing clear?"

Scarce he spoke, the courser proud
Trembling stopp'd and neighed aloud.

They have reached a flow'ry isle,
Where gay crowds expectant smile,
Youths and maidens in a ring
Full of pleasure dance and sing,
Trees with apples red and bright
Glow amidst the sunny light,
Verdant mountains fill the space
Circling round the happy place.

There springs a fountain clear and blue—
Souls drink there and life renew.
And Gwennola her mother sees,
Her sisters too among the trees,
Song and words of joy alone
In that world of bliss are known.

London Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF WALTER
SAVAGE LANDOR.*

NEVER did church bells ring in a more eventful year, than that which was heralded by the midnight peal of December 31st, 1774. Before the New Year was three weeks old, Lord North, yielding reluctantly to the obstinacy of George III., had announced that the government intended to proceed to extremities with the American colonies. In spite of Burke's magnificent defence of the colonies eight months before, in spite of Lord Chatham's eloquent protest then just delivered, the ministry had determined to violate the first principle of constitutional government, that taxation and representation should go together. By sixty-eight votes against eighteen, the House of Lords had decided to force the rebellious subjects of the king into obedience. While Benjamin Franklin was sitting entranced by the eloquence of the great peer, and was listening with sorrow to the ministerial statement, which he knew full well was the announcement of a long and bloody war, George Washington had just presided over a meeting of the men of Fair-

* 1. *The Works of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR*. In Two Volumes. London: Moxon. 1846.

2. *The last Fruit off an Old Tree*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. London: Moxon. 1853.

3. *Dry Sticks Fayoted*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edinburgh: Nichol. 1858.

4. *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*. By R. R. MADDEN. Vol. II. London: Newby. 1855.

fax County, Virginia; and had formed an association to defend their religion, laws, and rights. The days were fast hastening to that bloody and terrible drama in many acts, which began on Lexington Common at dawn of April 19th, 1775, and did not close until the sun went down over Waterloo, on June 18th, 1815. But, as yet, few men in England had the dimmest foresight of the events that were before them. A week after Chatham's memorable speech, James Boswell wrote to Johnson as follows:

"I am ashamed to say I have read and thought little on the subject of America. I will be much obliged to you if you will direct me where I shall find the best information of what is to be said on both sides. . . . The imperfect hints which now float in my mind, tend rather to the formation of an opinion, that our government has been precipitant and severe in the resolution taken against the Bostonians. Well do you know that I have no kindness for that race. But nations or bodies of men should, as well as individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned on character alone. Have we not express contracts with our colonies, which afford a more certain foundation of judgment, than general political speculations on the mutual rights of states and their provinces or colonies? Pray let me know immediately what to read, and I shall diligently endeavor to gather for you any thing that I can find. Is Burke's speech on American taxation published by himself? Is it authentic? I remember to have heard you say that you had never considered East Indian affairs, though surely they are of much importance to Great Britain. Under the recollection of this, I shelter myself from the reproach of ignorance about American affairs."

To this letter Johnson did not reply directly, but published his pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyranny*, in which he took the extremest Georgian view of the rebellion, and urged "an insulted nation to pour out its vengeance."

It was while Boswell's letter was on its way through the post from Edinburgh to London, that there was born in the town of Warwick an infant, who lived to see the revolted colonies grow up into a colossal empire; and the descendants of Washington and Franklin, ninety years after the commencement of their own War of Independence, engaged in repressing the attempt of one portion of those colonies to establish their separate independence as a new Confed-

erate Republic, with slavery for its "corner-stone." As we write, he who was laid in his cradle during the first year of the war of American Independence, has but a few days been laid in the grave, in this the fourth year of the war of American Secession. Between the cradle that rocked, and the grave in which now sleeps, Walter Savage Landor, there lies a history of countless revolutions, of the rise and fall of kingdoms and governments in every quarter of the world, of the most astonishing national progress that the world has ever seen, of the most bloody wars that history has known. When Landor was born, the first Napoleon had not been heard of. Yet Landor lived to see the son of the third Napoleon, and to offer a pension to the widow of Orsini. At Landor's birth, the loathsome corpse of Louis XV. had but a few weeks been placed in the royal sepulchre at St. Denis, amid the jeers of the populace; and the new king was but a youth of one-and-twenty, though five years wedded to the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Wellington, Napoleon, Robespierre, were children of five years old. Pitt was an under-graduate at Cambridge. It was on the eve of the most stirring epoch of modern times that Landor saw the light; and he had passed his forty-first year, before England had emerged from that tremendous struggle on which she was then about to enter.

The literary times were not so stirring. It was not till more than twenty-five years later that the two rival schools of poetry arose, and that the modern essay and critique had its birth in the pages of the two quarterlies. Johnson was indeed playing the autocrat of the supper table. Goldsmith had died only nine months before, bewept by the beggars of Brick Court. Mason was editing his departed friend Gray's works. Beattie had just brought out the second part of his *Minstrel*. Poor Cowper had not yet written his best poetry. Fergusson, the "Laureate of Edinburgh," had just drunk himself to madness and to death, and had been buried in Canongate church-yard. "Junius" had but lately ceased to write the letters which were the terror of political culprits. Chatterton's untimely death had lately made manifest, what had before been more than suspected, that

"Rowley's" poems were forgeries. Thirteen days before Landor's birth, Sheridan had brought out the *Rivals* at Covent Garden. But the subjects of greatest interest at that time were the dispute respecting the authenticity of "Ossian's" poems, and Lord Monboddo's attempt (in which he forestalled some modern philosophers) to prove that man was a developed monkey. One really great and permanent work there was which appeared about this time. A year after Landor's birth, Edward Gibbon brought out the first volume of his *Decline and Fall*, and everybody was reading it, from the don in the University to the fine lady in the boudoir. But on January 30th, 1775, the men who, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, enriched our literature, were either in the school-room or nursery, or were yet unborn. Crabbe was the only one who had attained to man's estate. Rogers was twelve years old, Wordsworth five, Walter Scott four, Coleridge three, Southey one. Lamb was born eleven days after Landor, Campbell two years and a half, Moore four years, while Byron was Landor's junior by fourteen years, and Shelley by seventeen. Burns was sixteen years older than Landor, but he had not yet begun to win for Scottish bards an imperishable renown; nor had Gifford begun to win for English reviewers an unenviable name. How far away this time and these men seem now! The youngest of them died forty-two years before Landor. Lamb, who was born before Landor's monthly nurse had resigned her charge, was laid to rest in Edmonton churchyard thirty years before Landor breathed his last in a bye street under the walls of Florence. Byron died forty years before Landor; and the man who remembers the shock of grief which thrilled England at his sad and sudden death, can not be much less than fifty years old. Yet Landor, as we have seen, was fourteen years Byron's senior. Some few of Landor's associates outlived their three score years and ten; and it is but nine years since Samuel Rogers slept his last sleep at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. But of all of them there is none save Wordsworth who has written during the past twenty years, while it is not twenty months since Landor was writing tersest

English and purest Latin. But, after all, that which will most clearly convey the idea of Landor's longevity is the fact that he was the contemporary of both Paoli and Garibaldi, of both George Washington and "Stonewall" Jackson; that he saw the first installed lieutenant-general of his native Corsica, the second enter Naples in triumph, the third presiding at that meeting at Fairfax, of which we have spoken, and the fourth dying at Chancellorsville, within a few miles of the same place.

There is no doubt that the circumstances of Landor's position tended to this longevity. A literary man who has enough of this world's goods to make him indifferent on the matter of copyright, is likely to survive his colleague who is compelled by poverty to serve the publishers and the public. The first may choose his own path, and walk at his own pace. The second has to toil in haste on roads that are wearisome and fatiguing. Rogers, the banker poet, and Landor, the country gentleman, lived to be nonagenarians; and the liberality of the Calverts and the Beaumonts kept Wordsworth from want, and enabled him to lengthen out his serene and tranquil life to his eighty-first year. On the other hand Goldsmith's career was no doubt shortened by his bondage to Griffiths in the early part of it; Scott worked himself into a paralysis in endeavoring to pay his creditors; Burns's fate was still more hapless. Kirke White and Keats were cut off in their spring-time by the frosty winds of poverty. Certainly Rogers's poetry would never have brought him in a sufficient income, and he did wisely to stick to the banking, and to his luxurious bachelor's quarters in St. James's Place. Wordsworth's admirers were audience fit, no doubt, but too few to have enabled him to dream for thirty years on the banks of Rydal Water. Neither Landor's Latin, nor his English, would have furnished him with the money that he spent in buying pictures of every school, from Fra Angelico to J. M. W. Turner.

We have not dwelt upon the length of Landor's career because of any participation in the popular admiration of longevity for its own sake. As a rule, the statesmanship of the politician, the writings of the man of letters, the theology

of the divine, are less worthy of esteem when their authors have passed their grand climacteric than before; and it is only a very vulgar love of novelty which secures the octogenarian an audience which he would not have had twenty years earlier. But Landor was noticeable for the intensity with which he gave himself to the study of current events. He was a keen politician, not as Parliamentary whips would understand the word, but in the far higher sense of the critic of men and things. As a young man, he fought for the Spaniards, in their War of Independence; and, when too old to fight, he used his pen, a more effective weapon than his sword, in behalf of Italian independence. In him were combined the rarely united characteristics of the student and the politician. A constant reader and imitator of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, he was also the censor of contemporary ministers and diplomatists. Porson and Bentley might have envied his scholarship; "Junius" might have wished to be the author of some of his political strictures. Few men who have so imbued themselves with the spirit of the ancients have devoted themselves so ardently to the study of contemporaneous events. So far as the subjects of them go, his writings might have passed for the works of two very different men. Yet there was no division in his career. He was a politician when he wrote the *Letters of Pericles and Aspasia*; he was a scholar when he wrote epigrams on the third Napoleon. The Marquis of Wellesley and Mr. Canning in the past generation, and Sir George Lewis and Mr. Gladstone in this, have shown that it is as possible to combine the profession of politics with literary recreations, as it is to combine the profession of literature with political recreations. Judging from experience, we are bound to admit that the first combination is more satisfactory than the second. Landor's political writings are deformed by extravagance and bitterness, while no one can, *per contra*, accuse the eminent statesmen we have named of inaccuracy or inelegance. Literary graces may be acquired in the study. Political amenities can be acquired only in the forum. It needs the actual conflict with men and parties to "rub down" the "angles," which, however "pictur-

esque," are very prejudicial. Landor never entered Parliament, much less took office. Had he done so, he might have learned to mitigate his animosities, and to bring his ideas, borrowed from the days when Harmodius and Aristogeiton were deified, more into accordance with these times when Greco is sent to the galleys, and Orsini to the guillotine.

Walter Savage Landor was the son of Walter Landor and Elizabeth Savage his wife; and was born in Warwick, January 30th, 1775, in an old house, the best in the town, surrounded by venerable chestnuts and elms. The father was the descendant of an old county family that had resided in Staffordshire for some centuries. The Landors claim descent from the Norman De la Laundes. A Landor or Launders held a captain's commission in the army of Charles I.; and the great grandfather of the subject of this article was High Sheriff of Staffordshire in the reign of William and Mary. The mother of Walter Savage Landor was the daughter of Charles Savage of Tachbrooke, in the county of Warwick; and from him inherited considerable property.

Of Landor's childhood we have no account. At an early age he went to Rugby. Laurence Sheriff's school was then becoming favorably known. The long and inglorious master-ship of Mr. Burrough had ended two years after Landor's birth; and the new regulations had attracted to the school Dr. Thomas James, a Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge; of whom King George III. said, in his usual tautological manner, "Good scholar, Dr. James, very good scholar." Among Landor's schoolfellows were the late Lord Lyttelton, most inveterate of practical jokers; Charles Appleby better known as Nimrod; and Butler, the wonderful scholar who never seemed to work, but who knew more Greek, perhaps, than all the rest of the sixty-four put together, except one boy. That boy was Walter Savage Landor himself, who would beat even Butler in Latin versification. But this was not his only claim to schoolboy fame. He was the most expert boxer, the boldest rider, the most adventurous despiser of school bounds, of whom the Rugbeians of that day boasted. He, in turns, astonished

masters, schoolboys, and the towns-people. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has described him as,

"Without a rival in boxing, leaping, and all sports allowed or forbidden; now seen on horseback out of bounds, galloping beyond the reach of pedestrian authorities; and now, after the fashion of a Roman *retiarius*, throwing his casting net over the head of the miller who had demanded possession of that illegal implement, and reducing his enemy to abject submission under those helpless circumstances; and when good Dr. James, (on whom he was always writing squibs, Latin and English,) with the intention of offering serious remonstrance, knocks for admission at his study door,—the recognized castle of every Rugbeian, which no master dreams of entering without leave,—affecting to discredit the reality of the visit, or the voice, and devoutly ejaculating from within his bolted fortress, 'Avant, Satan!'"

There was a rebellion in Landor's time, not the great one under Dr. Ingles, which did not take place till 1797, but the lesser one of 1786. We can only make a shrewd guess that Landor the boxer took an active part in it, for we have no proof thereof. His tutor, the learned Bentell, seeing his ability, endeavored, but in vain, to make him compete for a prize Latin poem. From Rugby he went to Trinity College, Oxford. There he made no long stay. His contempt for dons and decorum led him into a difficulty. One day, during chapel, he fired a gun across the quadrangle, to the no small alarm of all that heard it; from the principal down to the bed-makers. The offence was not mortal, yet not sufficiently venial for the offender to escape the penalty of rustication. The place for repentance given to him did not avail him. He did not return to the university; and thus Oxford has small claim to any part of the reputation which the scholarship of her erratic *alumnus* might have claimed for her; while Landor himself lost the opportunities of distinguishing himself which Oxford offers to the student. It is possible that theology had as much to do with this rapture as his shooting exploit. All through life, Landor was the foe of formulas, the enemy of creeds. The satire upon dons and dignitaries, in which he dealt long afterwards, when unprovoked by immediate contact with them, shows how bitter must have been his antipathies

when he was surrounded by them. High Church and High Tory Oxford could have no charms for a youth who was at the same time a pagan and a republican. The signing of articles, the enforced attendance at chapel, must have been a galling bondage to him, even though the first was a mere formality, and the second a piece of mere routine. Oxford was not the place for him any more than it was, five and twenty years later, for the author of *Queen Mab*, and *The Revolt of Islam*. To Oxford, therefore, Landor did not return; but, instead, wrote a volume of poems. At this time, Landor was looking out for a profession. His godfather, General Powell, promised that if the young republican would keep his sentiments to himself, he, the general, would obtain for his godson a commission in the army. But Landor replied that he would suppress his opinions for no man; and he declined the offer. His father then promised him £400 a year if he would study for the law, and only £150 a year if he adopted any other profession. The law was less to Landor's taste than the army; and so, after a brief residence in London, he put the Severn sea between him and his friends, and retired into Wales. Here he studied Italian and the classics; and it was here that the only four years of his life which, as he himself tells us in one of the *Imaginary Conversations*, he gave up to study, were passed. Even at this time, he adds, he debarred himself from no pleasure; and seldom read or wrote within doors, excepting during a few hours at night. He had read Pindar and the great tragedians more than once, before he had read half the plays of Shakspeare. "My prejudices," he says, in favor of ancient literature began to wear away on *Paradise Lost*, and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had recited aloud, in my solitary walks on the seashore, the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of Eve." It was apparently while Landor was at Swansea, that he wrote his first important and, perhaps, his best poem. "Never," he says in a letter to Lady Blessington, "were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year when I wrote *Gebir*, and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed by copper works,

and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with box roses and thousands of nameless flowers and plants trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless." That he did not cultivate the Graces so much as the Muses we gather from another letter. Writing from Florence in 1833, he laments in a humorous way over his son's indisposition to learn. "I can hardly bring him to construe a little Greek with me; and, what is worse, he is not always disposed to fence with me. I foresee he will be a worse dancer than I am, if possible. In vain I tell him what is very true, that I have suffered more from my bad dancing than from all the other misfortunes and miseries of my life put together." *Gebir* seems to have had a narrow escape from an untimely end. Taking his manuscripts with him on a shooting expedition to North Wales, he left them in his game bag, forgot them, and did not recover them for some months. Thus sixty years later he told the tale.

"Sixty the years since Fidler bore
My grouse-bag up the Bala Moor;
Above the lake, along the lea,
Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee;
Thro' crags, o'er clefts, I carried there
My verses with paternal care;
But left them and went home again,
To wing the birds upon the plain—
With heavier luggage half forgot,
For many months they followed not:
When over Towey's sands they came,
Brighter flew up my winter flame;
And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come unhurt."

This portion of Landor's career has been most inaccurately related in the biographical notices which appeared after his death, as well as in the biographical dictionaries, and in the notice of him appended to Mr. Madden's *Memoir and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*. It was said that he sold hereditary estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire which had been in the possession of the Landor family for seven hundred years, and with the money thus obtained he bought an estate in Wales. The Warwickshire estate, where it was erroneously stated that he was born, was neither sold by him, nor had it belonged to his family for any long period. His father was the first of the Landors to own it; it was strictly entailed, and it has descended

to his son. It was not until about ten years after Landor went to Wales that his father died, and that he inherited the entailed property. This was not of any great extent, and it was so encumbered that the outgoings were larger than the income. Previously to that he passed some years at Swansea, Bath, and Clifton, and, when his allowance had run short, would pay a visit to his home, where he always had a friendly reception. The Staffordshire estate which descended to him, when on his father's death he became the head of the family, and which was of small value, he sold. The price paid for it he expended in the purchase of Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire. Llanthony was a place well fitted to attract a young man and a poet. It lay among the Hatterell Hills in the Vale of the Givias, thirteen miles from Brecknock, and was surrounded by scenery of great beauty. It was this place which, according to tradition, David, the patron saint of Wales, and uncle of King Arthur, chose for his retreat from the world. The name embodies the tradition; for Llanthony is a contraction for Llan-Devi-Nant-Honddy, four words signifying David's church in the vale of the Hondy. Here in more recent times Walter Lacy, having received a grant of land from William, Earl of Hereford, erected a "puri of blake chanons," to use Leland's words. "This puri was fair," he adds, "and stoot betwixt ii great hills." These hills from their chair-like shape were called Mienith Cader. Of the Abbey itself there were but few remains, but of the conventual church attached to it there were some fine ruins in the early pointed style. The ruins combined with the romantic situation attracted many tourists and artists thither. They had reason to regret Landor's exchange of his Staffordshire estate for Llanthony Abbey. Although a poet, he took a utilitarian view of his new purchase, and proceeded to make it habitable. "Its artificial beauties are nearly destroyed," lament the Rev. J. Evans and John Britton in their *Beauties of England and Wales*, "as the present proprietor of the estate has directed many alterations to be made in the ruins, and fitted up some parts for habitation." This was written in 1810, when Landor was thirty-

five years of age, and when he had been about five years in possession of Llanthony. Though so far utilitarian, he was by no means prudent in the management of his affairs. On this estate he spent an inordinate sum of money. He employed scores of laborers in planting and making new roads. He built a house which is said to have cost him £8,000, and which it is to be lamented he did not build before he adapted the priory chapel. He set his heart on game preserving, and was infinitely disgusted, when, in spite of his twenty keepers, the peasants poached and left him never a grouse on all his twelve thousand acres of land. Greatly enraged he left England; and finding subsequently that his steward and tenants had combined to cheat him, he pulled down his new house, out of consideration, as he said, for his son's future ease and convenience, which would be best preserved by being quit of so vexatious a property. All through life, indeed, Landor was most imprudent in pecuniary matters. Before he inherited his mother's property, he had got rid of the patrimony left him by his father. When more advanced in years, he looked back with kinder feeling upon these days. During his residence at the villa at Fiesoli, which he had bought of the Count Gherardesce, he wrote in these strains:

"Llanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rocket thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love the more:
For never is the heart so true,
As bidding what we love adieu."

While nursing his wrath against the Welsh thieves who proved so ungrateful, an opportunity presented itself of offering his presence and assistance to those who it might be hoped would better appreciate their value. Just at the time, the scandals of the Spanish Court had excited the inhabitants of Madrid into insurrection. They vented their chief anger on Godoy, "Prince of Peace," and paramour of the queen. But the weak and wretched Charles IV. was also involved in these discreditable affairs, and that miserable sovereign was compelled to abdicate. The prince of Asturias then became the popular idol, and ascended

the throne as Ferdinand VII. But he had a long and weary struggle to go through before he became *de facto* King of Spain. Napoleon had set his covetous eyes on the South Western peninsula, and had determined that the Escorial should be occupied by a Bonaparte. The recent disturbances had been fostered by the French; and Murat, though France and Spain were on friendly terms, had most treacherously seized upon the chief Spanish fortresses. Joseph Bonaparte was set upon the Spanish throne: the people rose against their new king; and then followed that famous war, which has been chronicled, as no other war has ever been chronicled, by one who took part in it. One of the most distinguished of the Spanish leaders was General Blake, the descendant of an Irish family which had settled in Malaga. He was appointed to the chief command of the army in Galicia, and to him Landor joined himself, having raised a small troop at his own expense. He was the first Englishman to land in Spain and take part in the long struggle that followed. The ten thousand men lying at Cork waiting their orders to set sail for South America, whither a mad expedition had been planned by the Grenville and Fox administration, had not then received instructions to place themselves under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley for work on this side of the Atlantic. But Landor, though he thus early went to the help of the Spaniards, did not take part in any engagement. He was not present at Blake's disaster at Rio Seco, which the obstinacy of the Galician Junta and of Cuesta brought about. Nevertheless, for the aid which he offered, in the shape of his little troop, and of a considerable sum of money, he was rewarded with the thanks of the Supreme Junta, and with a colonelcy in the Spanish army. This he continued to hold until Ferdinand, like a true Bourbon, forgot his oath, suppressed the Constitution, persecuted the Liberals, and restored the Jesuits. Full of indignation Landor returned his commission, and wrote to the king, that though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the great enemy of Europe, he "would have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor." How great Lan-

dor's disappointment was may be gathered from the ardent aspirations which he thus breathed forth in behalf of a regenerated Spain:—

"Thou whom the wandering comets guide,
O turn awhile to Virtue's side,
Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising Spain.
No secret pang my bosom wrings
For prostrate lords and captive kings;
I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid.
To valor crost and faith betray'd.
O leave the marshall'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car,
When hearts so generous, arms so brave,
Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,
And striking home for equal laws,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er
The crescent and the crafty Moor;
No tears for virgin honor flow,
No father calls the avenging foe;
Napoleon leads no faithless host,
Nor tears the heart that trusts him most;
A rescued son, a prince restored,
Against his country draws the sword,
And wily priests in vengeful mood
Surround their fires with dykes of blood;
Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
The cause of Freedom and of Spain."

In 1811, Landor was married to Mdle. Julia Thuillier de Malaperte, the beautiful daughter of the Baron de Nieuveville, a descendant of the nobleman of that name, who had been first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles VIII. of France. Of his married life there is unhappily little that is satisfactory to be said. We shall not revert to it, and, therefore, will anticipate the course of events in this our only reference to it. After his marriage he went to Tours, Pisa, and Florence, and resided there many years. He had three children born to him, two sons and a daughter. A domestic difference, arising, we believe, from his impetuous temper, led him to separate himself from his family. He left them in the full enjoyment of the luxuries with which he had surrounded himself and them, and came to England alone. A reunion with his family was followed by another separation. It was during his first absence in England, and apparently shortly before his return to Italy, that he wrote the following lines:

— "TO MY DAUGHTER.

"By that dejected city Arno runs,
Where Ugolino clasp'd his famisht sons;
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes

Returned as bright a blue to vernal skies;
And thence, sweet infant wanderer! when the
Spring

Advanced, the Hours brought thee on silent wing,
Brought (while anemones were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground)
Where stands fair Florence: there thy voice first
blest

My ears, and sank like balm into my breast.
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten were in store.
But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face
And all that rumor has announced of grace!
I urge with fevered breast the coming day.
O could I sleep and wake again in May!"

For a short period after his marriage Landor resided at Tours. From thence he moved to Pisa. It was in the city of Busketus's wonderful achievement, and in the year 1820, that he brought out his *Idyllia Heroica*, with a dissertation on the reasons which make modern Latin poets so little read. It was at Pisa that a touching incident took place which he himself relates. He says, "My children were playing on the truly English turf, before the Campo Santo, in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the the dead, and whose house is in one corner, came up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more, such pretty little ones. He opened the door of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained several dead bodies, stark-naked; in the smaller were two infants with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the Foundling Hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, "Teusa, who shut up these *minimi*? I will tell papa. Why do not they come out and play till bed-time?" The "*mimmi*" had been out poor little souls! and had played till bed-time." From Pisa he went to Florence, and for more than seven years he resided in a palace which, in past times, belonged to the Medici. Between 1824 and 1829 appeared many of his *Imaginary Conversations*. Two complete volumes were published in 1823, and the *Edinburgh* of March, 1824, contained Jeffrey's famous article which described the *Conversations* as "an edifying example of the spirit of

Jacobinism, flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with his own." A paradox both startles and offends, and Landor delighted in paradoxes. He defended Tiberius and Nero, spoke scornfully of Pitt and Fox, and denounced all kings as crowned traitors. It was not surprising that even Jeffrey was shocked by opinions so extravagant; and Landor may reckon among his other achievements, that he made the *Edinburgh* for once Conservative.

One of the Conversations, written probably in the year 1824, gives us a pleasant insight into Landor's opinions and mode of life, and presents us with a lively picture of Florentine society under the then just deceased Grand Duke, (Granduke, Landor wrote it). In the Conversation entitled "Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine Visitor," he represents himself as descending the staircase of Palazzo Medici, which he inhabited, when a venerable old gentleman, a Marchese, and the proprietor of the Palace, appears with tears running down his cheeks. Landor asks how the "Granduke" is; and the Marquis, taking Landor's hand, lifted it between his on a level with his heart, and said, "He is in his last agonies." The streets were silent. Not a song was to be heard. "It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague, or under the Duke of Athens, that you could have heard none, for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers." Landor then questioned the porter at the gate. "Sir," he replied, "I hope you do not think me wanting in respect; I can hardly tell you." "Let us hope, then, he is better." "He is with God." It was so. The good Ferdinand III., the only one of the Italian dukes who, on their restoration after the Treaty of Vienna, did not give way to a brutal reaction, the kind and generous sovereign and friend of his people, had departed, though Napoleon still lived. While Landor was still feeling the first shock of regret, friends came, an Englishman and a Florentine, and they fell into conversation about the dead man, and, indeed, *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*. The Englishman rallies Landor up-

on his regard for Ferdinand, and tells him that he will live to become a "king's friend." Landor, after some further converse, says that he himself was the only Englishman at Florence who neglected to attend the ducal court, and the only one the "Granduke" ever omitted to salute. The cause of this slight is explained. Meeting in a church at Pisa one day, Ferdinand bowed to Landor; the latter, through inadvertence, did not return the courtesy; and though he afterwards endeavored to atone for the unintended incivility, Ferdinand thenceforth saluted Mrs. Landor and the children only. But if he was thus strict in matters of etiquette, the Duke was prompt to forgive other offences which other men would have remembered longer. On one occasion he was watching some workmen at the Poggio Imperiale, when one of them emptied a basketfull of rubbish on the "Granduke's" head. "Something of pain," says Landor, "was added to his surprise, and, uttering an exclamation, he walked toward the palace door on the side of the garden." The laborer, hearing a voice and seeing a hat on the ground, was prompted by curiosity to see who the owner was. When he discovered that he had just been shooting rubbish at his sovereign, he fell on his knees and implored forgiveness. "It is well it was I," replied the good man in the midst of this, and, still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves, he added, "Say nothing about it." Had it been one of the ministers, the unlucky mason would have been dismissed. Subsequently the "Granduke" made special inquiries to ascertain if the man were still at work. Ferdinand discountenanced the flattering poetasters. He was not, indeed, a patron of literature at all. He was accused of parsimony, but apparently only by would-be leeches, for his praises were constantly on the lips of the poor. His last hours were worthy of a man who always thought of others before himself. He suffered much, but was so calm and collected that on the day before he died he sent for his family, and talked with each member of it privately. On the last day he desired that all would come together. "He alone was calm; he alone could utter one word; he consoled them in few. He told them that

his Maker had called him, that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road. 'Leopold, take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people.' Then, after a pause, 'On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time; many live by them; shorten the period.' Leopold fell upon the floor. The women were carried from the apartment. . . . He, so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one. . . . He opened his eyes again, and said, 'I have yet one duty; call my physicians.' They entered. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'three nights of watchfulness at my bedside, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips how certain I am that everything you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you.' Yet he knew it was by their mismanagement he was dying." Well might Landor say, with reference to Ferdinand's last delirious words, in which he said, "I have now seen all my friends," "Beloved Ferdinand, thou hast not seen them half, even in vision; but thou shalt see them hereafter; they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages." This was perhaps the only crowned head of whom republican Landor spake thus kindly. Perhaps if he had seen others as closely as he saw this one, he would have been less harsh in his invective.

Of the Florentines Landor held no high opinion. "Parsimony," he says, "is the vice of the country. The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans." He then goes on to tell how Prince Corsini married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he had several children, and how he took a mistress, and the wife languished and died; how thereupon the Prince had an auction in the palace of his wife's old clothes, which fetched fourteen pounds, and how she had been only "seven days in her grave when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters." Of the Tuscans out of Florence Landor speaks more favorably;

and at a distance of twenty miles from the capital, he says, "I have met with some of the best persons I have ever conversed with." But the specimen he gives of their conversation does not redound to a reputation for modesty. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, Florence was always a favorite city with Landor. When he separated from his wife and family, and left them in the enjoyment of the works of art which he had collected, he chose Bath as his residence because of its resemblance to Florence. And when he was compelled to quit England, he once more returned to the Tuscan capital, though it was not then, as in the days of the good Ferdinand, free and happy, but was smarting beneath the yoke of the last of the "Grandukes" and his Austrian mercenaries. He lived to see Florence more free than ever, and two days before his death that Convention was signed by which Florence became the capital of Italy.

Florence was always much frequented by English travelers, and thus Landor maintained constant intercourse with his own countrymen. The Blessingtons, the Hares, the Gells, were among those with whom he became intimate. Between the Countess of Blessington and himself there was an attachment of the warmest kind, which a man of letters may honorably entertain for a beautiful and accomplished woman. The correspondence which passed between them, and which Mr. Madden has published in his *Life of the Countess*, are eminently characteristic of the writers. Landor's letters are vigorous criticisms on men and things, set off with graceful praises of his correspondent. Lady Blessington's are clever pictures of the society in which she held a most conspicuous place. Landor made the Countess the *confidante* of all his literary schemes, and sent her early copies of all his works. She, when the sudden death of her husband deprived her of a considerable portion of the income she had enjoyed, and compelled her to write in order to maintain the boundless hospitality which made her house one of the most famous resorts in London, constantly asked Landor to write in her annual, the *Book of Beauty*, and Landor never refused. It was in these once popular publications, that several of his lighter compositions first ap-

peared. The intimacy was increased when Landor came to England. He was often a visitor at Gore House, whither the wit and beauty of the hostess, and the great popularity of her clever son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, attracted all the rising men of the day—men like Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, the younger, John Forster, Fonblanque, and many others, who have since obtained more or less renown. In April, 1841, at the time that Sir Robert Peel came into office, Landor wrote playfully to his friend: "Perhaps you have interest enough with the Tories, now they are coming into place, and I am growing old, to obtain me the appointment of road-sweeper from Gore House across to Hyde Park. You can present them a proof in print that I avowed myself a Conservative." Unhappily, neither Lady Blessington nor Count D'Orsay had any idea of the value of money. Both lived far beyond their means. The first wrote novels and other works, the second occasionally took to painting; but neither pen nor brush could prevent the final crash. Creditors pressed; the splendid furniture of Gore House, with its costly plate, pictures, and wines, was announced for sale. Count D'Orsay had to escape to the Continent. Lady Blessington went to Paris shortly afterwards; and a few weeks later she was stricken with the same illness, at the same place, which had proved fatal to her husband just twenty years before. It proved fatal to her also; and she had no sincerer mourner than Landor. He wrote the following epitaph upon her originally in Latin, afterwards in English:

"To the Memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington. Underneath is buried all that *could* be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she imposed she could conceal. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris, in April, and there she breathed her last on June 4th, 1849."

How thoroughly Lady Blessington reciprocated Landor's admiration, we have ample proofs in her letters to him; but better than these is the following tribute from her *Idler in France*:

"He has one of the most original minds that I have ever encountered, and it is joined to one of the finest natures. Living in the de-

lightful solitude that he has chosen near Florence, his time is passed in reading, reflecting, and writing: a life so blameless and so happy, that the philosophers of old, with whose thoughts his mind is so richly imbued, might entertain envy towards him, if envy could enter their hearts."

In the Hares they had common friends. In January, 1837, Lady Blessington wrote to Landor, "Have you seen poor Augustus Hare's Sermons? I got them a few days ago with a pencil note written on his death-bed." With Julius Charles Hare, Landor maintained a long friendship, terminated only by the death of the former. He was Hare's guest at West Woodhay, and afterwards at Hurstmonceaux, where his host's wonderful memory with respect to the exact place for every book of his immense library used to astonish and amuse Landor.

Between Landor and Southey there was an intimacy in many respects remarkable. Byron made the alliance between the Republican and somewhat Pagan censor of bishops, and the high Tory staunch churchman, a matter for jest. But, though so different in their opinions, the friendship was not the less sincere. Southey, indeed, formed the very highest opinion of Landor's works. Thus he wrote in a letter to Landor, dated February 12th, 1811, "I am not disappointed in *Count Julian*. It is too Greek for representation in these times; but it is altogether worthy of you. . . . Never was a character more finely conceived than that of *Julian*. The image of his seizing his horse is in the very first rank of sublimity. It is the grandest image of power that ever poet produced." Again, on July 15th of the same year, Southey wrote: "I look upon *Gebir*, as I do upon Dante's long poem in the Italian, not as a good poem, but as containing the finest poetry in the language. So it is with *Count Julian*, and so it was no doubt with the play you so provokingly destroyed." Two years later, writing in reference to another of Landor's poems, he compared them, oddly enough, with Jeremy Taylor's writings. The friendship was long continued. In 1817, Southey visited Landor at Como. They were but three days together, yet the remembrance of the meeting was strongly impressed on the minds of both. Southey

frequently referred to it in his letters. Landor has perpetuated the event in his *Imaginary Conversations*. The admiration that Southey felt and expressed for his more masculine-minded friend, is one of the most pleasing instances of the friendship of authors. There was but one thing to lessen Southey's admiration, Landor's predilection for Latin. He frequently lamented that the man whose English was perfect, should resort to a dead language. Of this fault, as Southey deemed it, Landor was not to be cured. With the other poets of the Lake school, Landor was less intimate, and of them he had a less favorable opinion. Wordsworth he parodied at one time, and praised at another. Such pieces as the "Idiot Boy," and "Peter Bell," were in his eyes, fit subject for laughter and satire; and he made mock of this kind of poetry in some lines entitled "New Style," of which the last verse may serve for a specimen, premising that "Peggy" had been newly married to a miller.

"I told my sister and our maid
(Anne Waddlewell: how long I stayed
With Peggy: 't was until her
Dinner time; we expect, before
Eight, or at most nine, months are o'er,
Another little miller."

Wordsworth's nobler poems Landor fully appreciated; and Southey, in one of his letters to Landor, thanks him for the kind things he had said of the chief of the Lake-ists. Subsequently, in writing to Lady Blessington, he said: "The surface of Wordsworth's mind, the poetry, has a good deal of staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse intractable dangling threads, is fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part, had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency." With Coleridge's hazy metaphysics, Landor's mind was not likely to sympathize; yet he was moved to deepest indignation by the manner in which that "old man eloquent" was treated by the British Government. Writing to Lady Blessington in 1833, he said: "I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend

at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a year; enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day! Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to show William that his brother was not the vilest, by dashing the half egg and the three turnips from the plate of Coleridge." For the author of the most classical poem in the English language, *Hyperion*, Landor naturally felt a warm admiration. "There are passages in the *Endymion*," he wrote, "in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country, in the poet's most noble attributes." For Shelley he had a similar admiration. It was to his lasting regret that through "a false story about Shelley's former wife, related by Mackintosh," he had refused to visit Shelley at Pisa. "I blush in anguish at my prejudice," said Landor, in mentioning the fact. And in another place he says: "If any thing could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her sacred and awful ruins telling their stories on the ground, in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley." Of another of these contemporaries, Landor writes on hearing of his death: "Poor Charles Lamb! What a tender, good, joyous heart had he! What playfulness! What purity of style and thought! His sister is yet living, much older than himself. One of her tales is, with the exception of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern. . . . Did you ever imagine that a fresh source of the pathetic would burst forth before us in this trodden and hardened world? I never did; and when I found myself upon it, I pressed my temples with both hands, and tears ran down to my elbows." It is pleasant to read such hearty admiration of his more successful rivals, from

one who received far less praise himself than he deserved, and who felt the injustice.

It was in the summer of 1835 that Landor returned from Italy to reside in England. He did not remain in London, but went on to the West. For some time he stayed at Clifton and Bath; and from thence he made frequent excursions. He visited Plymouth in 1837 and 1838, and made the acquaintance of the well known Colonel Hamilton Smith. He went also to Torquay, Oxford, and to his friend Julius Hare's, in Berkshire. More than once he visited Lady Blessington in London. In July, 1841, he writes to Lady Blessington from Bath, that he had been to see his brother Robert in Worcestershire, and says: "He possesses a most delightful place at Berlingham. All the money he receives from his benefice, he spends on the education and comforts of the poor." Between the two brothers there was much affection. Robert Eyres Landor, the author of the *Fountain of Arethusa*, and the *Fallen of Sertorius*, was very proud of the better known author of the *Imaginary Conversations*; and, with singular modesty, apologized to his brother, when his own books were attributed to Walter. What the elder brother thought of the younger, we may gather from the following lines addressed to the latter:

"We two, alike in studies, we have toil'd
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,
Not without Honor: Honor may defer
His hour of audience, but he comes at last.

Thine is the care to keep our native springs
Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine
Are also graver cares, with fortune blest—
Not above competence, with duties changed,
Which with more zeal and prudence now perform.
There are who guide the erring, tend the sick,
Nor frown the starving from the half closed door;
But none beside my brother, none beside,
In stall thick litter'd, or on mitred throne,
Gives the more needy all the church gives him.
Unaided, though years press, and health declines,
By aught of clerical or human aid,
Thou servest God, and God's poor guests alone."

Some time after his return to England Landor took up his settled residence in Bath, the only city, he used to say, except Edinburgh, which was tolerable after Florence. Bath, soon after that time, was at the lowest ebb of its pros-

perity. Formerly the most popular of watering places, and the resort of the *crème de la crème* of society, it had suffered much through younger rivals, Cheltenham, Leamington, Buxton, and Harrogate. It had ceased in great measure to be the temporary resort of the gay and the wealthy, while it had not then become, as it is now yearly becoming, the settled abode of those who seek for quiet, natural scenery, and cheap living. Since then lodging-houses have become private houses, and handsome villas have sprung up in the neighborhood, especially on the steep heights of Lansdowne. Nevertheless, even at the time of which we speak, Bath used often to be the winter abode of men of mark. The late Earl of Ellesmere, the late Duke of Northumberland, the late Earl De Grey, and other notabilities, used to reside for four or five months in the Royal Crescent, or the Circus which will hand down the fame of Wood to many a generation. Bath too possessed a permanent resident of royal blood,—James O'Brien, Marquis of Thomond, the heir to the throne of Ireland, had Ireland still been ruled by her old race of kings. There was another visitor at this time, not much thought of then; a foreigner by no means handsome, somewhat heavy, decidedly needy, and in the opinion of some persons half mad. He had perpetrated some extraordinary escapades, and had been sent to gaol for them. He used to take up his quarters at the Pulteney or Sidney Hotel, as it was indifferently called. That Hotel is now a proprietary college, and its former inmate now resides at Compiègne, Biarritz, Fontainebleau, or the Tuileries, as the humor suits him. His name is Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French. In a boarding-school twelve miles off, on the Clifton downs, there was at about the same time a pretty girl, receiving what was no doubt a good education. She was the grand-niece of a Miss Kirkpatrick, a maiden lady living in a very small house at Dumfries. The grand-niece is now supreme arbitress of fashion, and Empress of France. William Beckford died in Bath in 1844, and connoisseurs from all parts of Europe came to purchase the paintings and the china which the author of *Fathek* had stored up in his tower at

Lansdowne, built after the model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, and which now serves as a chapel to the cemetery, in which he lies entombed in a massive granite sarcophagus. Of *Vathek* Landor spoke in his usual extravagant style of eulogy, and of its author he said, "I doubt whether any man, except Shakspeare, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it." Other less noted celebrities still paraded Milsom street, or sauntered through the Victoria Park, and avoided the pump-room and the baths. To such societies Landor was a welcome acquisition, and he generally made himself agreeable to it. But he could say a rude thing when he pleased. The Literary Club invited him to become a member, and he replied by asking who the Literary Club were, and by asserting that there were not three literary men besides himself in Bath.

To those who saw Landor as he climbed the Bath streets, it would not have occurred that he was the rich *Signor Inglese*, who had inhabited the palace of the Medici, and purchased Michael Angelo's famous villa at Fiesole. It was not, as Beau Brummell used to say, that he did not dress well, but that he did not dress at all. Clad, indeed, he was; but as regards dress in its highest sense, he, the artist, the worshiper of all beauty, knew nothing. He would wear a hat whose black had become brown, a coat whose surface had become shining, trousers that were certainly meant by their maker for legs of lesser length and girth than those of the well-proportioned "Gebir Landor," as Coleridge used to call him. He carried at all seasons a gingham umbrella, (alpaca had not then learned to flatter its owner that it looked like silk,) and thus he would toil sturdily up the steep streets somewhat slowly, with back somewhat bent, but still with gait wonderfully steady for a man who would never again see his seventieth year. One attendant he had, a native of Florence, the most faithful, the most cherished attendant that ever poet and scholar was blessed with. This was a black-eyed, sharp-faced, long-haired Pomeranian dog of purest breed. The affection between "Pomero" and his master was beautiful to see. Landor

would break off in the middle of some witty criticism, some extravagant political heresy, to say a few words of caressing Italian to the little animal that lay beneath his chair with front paws stretched out, and sharp face resting upon them, and small ears restlessly moving to catch the first signal that the visit was at an end. But on hearing these kind words he would rush out to leap into his master's lap, barking madly in the ecstasy of his joy. "I shall never survive thee, *cariissimo*," Landor would say; and while Pomero barked out a similar promise, his master would turn to those around him, and say: "I do not intend to live after him. If he dies, I shall take poison." Alas! it was Pomero who was poisoned, by some malignant rascal. Landor felt the loss acutely, and it was not until after he returned to Florence that he would console himself by getting another Pomero.

His morning calls used to be events to the friends he visited. His favorite subjects of conversation were politics and literature, and the former was a more frequent topic than the latter. He used to enounce the most *outré* opinions; and when some sentiment more extravagant than the rest had excited the laughter of his audience, he would sit silent until they had finished laughing, then he would begin to shake, then to laugh aloud, *piano* at first, but with *crescendo* steadily advancing to the loudest *fortissimo*; whereupon Pomero would spring out from his lair, leap into his master's lap, add his bark to Landor's roar, until the mingled volume of sounds would swell from the room into the sleepy streets, and astonish, if not scandalize, the somewhat torpid Bathonians who might be passing by. To those who knew Landor, Dickens's portrait of him as Mr. Boythorn in *Bleak House* would seem a more faithful, and at the same time more friendly, likeness than the same author's portrait of Leigh Hunt in the same book, who is there represented under the character of Harold Skimpole.

Landor was a republican, but, in spite of his denunciation of kings and queens, he was no democrat. "I would cut off the head of every sovereign in Europe," he would say, "except Queen Victoria; and I would spare her, because she is a

lady." Yet he was no admirer of mob rule. His republicanism was of the Miltonic and the Platonic type. He thought highly of the Venetian Republic. He composed pæans in English, Latin, and Greek, upon Louis Napoleon when he became President of the Republic. After the *coup d'état*, there was no invective too fierce, no denunciation too tremendous, for his old Bath friend. So that the new made emperor himself expressed concern and astonishment at the bitterness of Landor's wrath. There was one old resident of Bath, gone to his rest now these fourteen years, with whom Landor was accustomed especially to debate on the perjury of their common friend. Worthy disciples of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whom they both admired, they would say the one to the other, "Why did we not kill him when he was here?" and Landor would add, "I wish to God we had!" He greatly scandalized even those who knew him best, and made allowances for his exaggerations, when he published in a newspaper his proposal to pension the widow of the man who should assassinate Napoleon, and might suffer death in consequence. What sort of language he used of his wished-for victim in the *Examiner* and some other papers which used to insert his most outrageous effusions, may be gathered from the following specimen:

"Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile
Than he who clung to Helen's isle,
Rather than fall among the brave?
Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful might
Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy grave?
Forgotten the chain'd eagle borne,
Shaken by ridicule and scorn,
Up Boulogne's proud columnar hill?
Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust
Raised thee a third time from the dust
For what?—To be a traitor still."

After this it will scarcely be believed that Landor came to address Napoleon as one of the wisest and greatest of sovereigns. The Anglo-French alliance in 1854 completely altered his ideas. The revolution of 1848 had raised up idols for Landor's homage; some of whom, like Pio Nono, he afterwards trampled under foot with every mark of ignominy. The Russian war gave him new heroes to reverence, and new wretches to execrate. With Landor, all men were either angels

or devils. Every one was bad or good in the superlative degree. He was madly enthusiastic about the war. He considered Nicholas, the "Tzar," as he used to call him, a fiend incarnate. He swallowed all the huge canards of the *Morning Advertiser* about the Prince Consort, and was quite ready to send His Royal Highness to the Tower, and from thence to the scaffold. For Lord Aberdeen he had the utmost contempt. It was a Parliament of mediocrities, he declared; "and," he added, "I doubt whether in the last three centuries the world ever contained so few eminent men as at present, literary or political. 'The vales shall be exalted, and the hills laid low,' is come to pass. There is a wide and verdant surface of well irrigated plain, but not a cedar nor an oak in sight." He made, however, two exceptions to his strictures; one in favor of Mr. Gladstone, of whom he said, "Never had England so able and so honest a Chancellor of the Exchequer;" and the other in favor of the man whom, but a few months before, he had vilified in the above quoted lines. Now he says of the latter that he is "the wisest and most consistent of rulers, who may acquire a far more glorious name in history than the proudest and mightiest of his predecessors. His title may be the Napoleon of Peace." Landor had forgotten all about December 2nd, 1851: he remembered only March 12th, 1854, and that Napoleon had allied himself with Victoria to annihilate Russia, and to rescue the Turks, whom he declared to be the finest gentlemen in Europe. "Neither of us can expect to see the termination of the present war; I should rather say, of the series of wars inevitably coming,"—he makes Jonas Pottinger write to Ephraim Maplebury, in the *Letters of an American*. If Landor had had the conduct of the war, his presentiment would probably have been fulfilled. He declared that Russia must be deprived of all that she had taken; that a Kingdom of Poland, stretching from the Baltic to the Euxine, from the Vistula to the Dnieper, must be established; that Austria must be despoiled of Hungary and Lombardy, and be left with only "a dinner-table, a whist-table, and a billiard-table." He deemed all this work not only practicable, but

easy. He had a truly British contempt for an enemy; and when the news came that Nicholas was suffering from erysipelas, Landor descended for once, to a pun, and declared that the disease might be only a violent rash. He little foresaw the long and obstinate resistance which the genius of Todleben would enable the Russian emperor to make; still less did he expect to see the successor of Nicholas returning insulting answers to the ministers of England and France, when they protested against the extermination of the Poles.

It may be readily imagined that Landor took a warm interest in the affairs of Italy. No politician so keen as he could have failed to do so. Moreover, his long residence of about thirty years in that country made him feel himself half an Italian. "It is worth all that remains of life to have lived one year in Italy," is the sentiment which he puts in the mouth of one of his conversationalists, and which, at the time he wrote, expressed his own ideas. He had not, indeed, that high opinion of the Italians which he had of the Poles. He did not suppose that Italy would ever play such a part in Europe as he assigned to Poland. The latter he described as "the natural barrier of civilization against barbarism, of freedom against despotism." All that ever was Poland must again be Poland, and much more. Power, predominating power, is necessary to her for the advantage of Europe. She must be looked up to as an impregnable outwork, protecting the nascent liberties of the world. To Italy he ascribed no such high position. Perhaps it was long residence in Italy which made him less hopeful of her future. If so, a much shorter residence in Poland would have dispelled his dream of a great Polish kingdom "extending from the Euxine to the Baltic, from the Vistula to the Dnieper." However that may be, Landor does not seem to have ever contemplated the possibility of an Italian kingdom. Italy was, to his mind, a geographical expression only. He had passed the greater part of his life in the little Florentine capital, or in towns like Pisa, Lucca, Venice, with occasional visits to Rome and to Naples; and he had not noticed the small sub-Alpine kingdom of Piedmont, that "little horn" of

these latter days, "waxing exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land." He did not know that there was a statesman quietly tilling his rice fields, and waiting for the time when his dream would be fulfilled, and he should become the minister of a united Italy. He little thought that the heir to one of the most ancient and one of the smallest kingdoms of Europe would become the sovereign of the newest, and well nigh the noblest. It was Italy that felt the first shock of the revolution which, seventeen years ago, made every throne in Europe vibrate; and Landor, on hearing of it, at once took his pen in hand, and wrote for the pecuniary benefit of the widows and orphans of the insurgents who had fallen at Masina his "Imaginary Conversations of King Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgiojoso, on the affairs and prospects of Italy." Extravagant as Landor's dreams generally were, they fell very far short of the reality in this instance. He had little faith in Carlo Alberto, he had a hundred times more in Pio Nono. He describe the Princess Belgiojoso (that admirable woman who raised a troop of two hundred horse, and led them herself against the Austrians, and to whom he addressed some spirited lines) as urging the King of Piedmont to take a decisive step. "Italians," she says, "are superior to all the nations round about. It is supposed that your majesty is ambitious of being King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich and noble and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese?" How well Landor understood the local jealousies which hitherto had prevented common action among the States of Italy! How little he foresaw that astonishing revolution which would suppress all these jealousies; and for the love of a common Italy induce the Piedmontese themselves in their own chief city to vote for its degradation, and for the removal of the seat of government from the capital where, from time immemorial, the kings of the ancient house of Savoy had held their court! Twelve years ago, Landor wrote of Italy in January, 1853:

"Gloomy as droops the present day,
And hope is chilled, and shrinks away,
Another age, perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy."

It must have eased his bed of death to know that "dead Italy" had been raised to newness of life.

About the year 1849, Landor moved from St. James's Square, Bath, to No. 3, River Street, in the same city, and there he remained during the rest of his residence in the Queen of the West. It was a somewhat dingy abode for one who had been accustomed to reside in the palace of the Medici, and among the groves that Horace frequented. It overlooked a sort of square, in whose roadway the grass grew thick among the stones. He did not rent the whole house; but every room that he occupied, and the staircase, was covered from floor to roof with paintings. In these, as in his much larger collection at Florence, he took great delight. He endeavored to find in the gilt frames a substitute for the sunlight of Italy; and he used to say that English artists would never be able to do without such frames, by reason of the absence of that sunlight. As with most other collectors, one way to win his favor was to praise his pictures. It is probable that he was often deceived when he made a purchase. It would be more correct to say, that he deceived himself. He would enter a picture dealer's shop, and if he saw anything which pleased him, he would order it, and often find an illustrious parentage for it to which the seller had not aspired. He cared not to know the history of the work. It was enough for him that he believed it to be a master's, and he was ready to place his own judgment against that of all the world. "That is a Paul Veronese, that a Gaspar Poussin, and this is a Nicholas Poussin," he would say to his visitors. They had but his word for it. He deemed this quite sufficient. It is probable that Landor thought more highly of his taste as a connoisseur than of his ability as an author. To question the authenticity of his pictures was to incur his abiding displeasure. He himself was the first to speak about his unpopularity as a writer. "I suppose there are some half dozen persons in England who possess my books, and, perhaps, three are capable of

understanding them." And yet Landor did not despise fame. He never forgot a compliment, and he generally returned it with compound interest. It was generally possible to find the origin of his panegyrics in the flattery of those whom he eulogized. He was seriously angry when some one in his presence spoke slightly of the works of G. P. R. James; and he extolled that novelist to an extent that would have been suitable only for Scott. James he had probably known at Venice; at all events James had praised Landor, and Landor repaid him a thousand per cent. Bulwer, who spoke of him in his *Last Days of Pompeii* as his learned friend, and Dickens, who dedicated one of his novels to him, were remembered in like manner. He remembered his literary detractors equally well. The flippant N. P. Willis, with whom he had a personal quarrel about the loss of some manuscripts which the American wished the Englishman to read, took his revenge by speaking of Landor, in one of his poems describing London society, as

"Savage Landor, wanting soap and sand."

And Savage Landor fulfilled his patronymic, or matronymic, rather. Byron spoke of him as "deep-mouthed Bæotian Savage Landor;" and Landor gave Byron a good deal more than he brought.

"Byron was not *all* Byron; one small part
Bore the impression of a human heart."

And again, and, sharper still, the following lines sent with a copy of his own poems:

"Little volume, warm with wishes,
Fear not brows that never frown!
After Byron's peppery dishes
Matho's mild skim-milk goes down.

Change she wants not, self-conceit'd,
She whom Attic graces please,
She whose genius never enter'd
Literature's gin-places."

Landor's praise, however, was not always given in exchange. He often gave it as a free gift to men to whom the gift was very valuable. There is nothing more generous in the annals of modern criticism than his review in the *Morning Advertiser* of a volume of poems written by a then unknown mechanic, but whose works have now, probably, thousands of

readers who never heard of *Gebir* or *Count Julian*. The critique is well worth quoting.

"I purpose to review the works of no ordinary poet—Gerald Massey. It appears that his station in life is obscure, and his fortunes far from prosperous. Such also was the condition of Keats, to whom he bears in many features of his genius a marvelous resemblance. Keats has found patrons now he is in his grave. May Massey find them on this side of it! I have not the honor (for honor I should think it) to know him personally; and, therefore, if I should err in my judgment of his merits, the cause of my blindness will not be attributed to an over-heated partiality.

. . . I am thought to be more addicted to the ancients than to the moderns—wrongfully; for I never, since I was able to compare, preferred the best of them to Shakspeare and Milton. And at the present time I am trying to recollect any ode, Latin or Greek, more graceful than one in page 24." (This was, "Ah, 'tis like a tale of olden!" which Landor did not know was very similar to a poem by L. E. L.) "The reader of this criticism will, I hope, test its accuracy by the perusal of a duodecimo which contains a larger quantity of good poetry than threescore ostentatious volumes by 'eminent hands.' I feel almost as much of pleasure in bringing it farther out into public notice, as I should of pride if I had written one of its pages. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation, as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces with despair. Can anything more or better be said for it?"

This last sentence is thoroughly Landor's; for he had not forgotten the strictures of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* thirty years before.

He was always generous to the new race of poets and writers who were rising around him. He did not believe that the former days were altogether better than these. While he praised Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Campbell, and the other men who were young when he was young, he could see something admirable in writers so different from each other as Ebenezer Elliott, Aubrey De Vere, Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, Eliot Warburton, Eliza Lynn, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Dickens, and "Festus" Bailey. To all of these, verses more or less flattering, but all sincere, are to be found addressed in the *Last Fruit of an Old Tree*. For Alfred Tennyson he felt something more than admiration; with him he had

such intimate friendship as the following lines imply:

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 't is only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within;
And, as sure as I'm a rhymier,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson!"

At the time that Landor wrote so generously of Gerald Massey, he was in his eightieth year. He was still hale and hearty, but an octogenarian must *respicere finem*, and he hoped to end his days in Bath. He wrote the following lines, addressed "To Bath."

"The snows have fallen since my eyes were closed
Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath!
In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,
Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my path.
The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,
Alas! on few with heavier cares oppress:
My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,
Wilt thou entwine one for my last long rest?"

There seemed no reason why the residue of his days should not be spent in his favorite English city. He had gathered round him a circle of friends, who, if their names have "not been heard of half a mile from home," were able to appreciate his published writings, and his clever talk. Even for those who were not able he had a liking. He delighted to scandalize them by his political or religious extravagances; and, next best to seeing the kindling eye of an intelligent listener, was seeing the lengthening face of a horrified one. From time to time he would run up to London, from which Bath is but three hours distant. Here he would spend a few weeks among his literary friends, the men of the present generation, who were babes or unborn when he was marching under Blake; or the friends of his own age, Rogers, Kenyon, Crabbe, Robinson, whom he declared to be the best talker that ever lived, and who, of that generation, alas! alone survives him, to tell of the time when he and Goethe used to discourse together. When at home in Bath, Landor received visits from men he loved and honored,—John Forster, Charles Dickens, Sir William Napier, who had a seat in the neighborhood,—

and friends whom he had made in Italy. When left alone, his pen was not idle. The *Examiner* constantly appeared with some Latin epigram, bearing the well known name. The *Athenæum* frequently contained some Imaginary Conversations, many of them afterwards republished as *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*. Now he wrote a pamphlet on *Popery, British and Foreign*. Now he indited a series of ten letters to Cardinal Wiseman. Now he wrote *Essays on Theocritus and Catullus*, and now on Francesco Petrarca. Classical literature, mediæval poetry, modern rhymes, were all a part of his study. Social questions, politics, and polemics, were all themes for his pen. Religious questions, except so far as they assumed a political aspect, he avoided. He was sarcastic on the wealth of the bishops, and found room for satire in the Gorham controversy; but questions of doctrine he shunned. "I hope to be always a Christian, never a theologian," is the sentiment he puts in the mouth of "Jonas Pottinger." Then, with one of those hits which he was for ever dealing at the ceremonies and regulations of Rome, he continues: "There are things which I believe, things which I disbelieve, things which I doubt. Among the latter is this, that I can ever be carried to Heaven on the shoulders of a cod-fish, or get forward a good part of the journey on a smooth and level road, on a couple of eggs for rollers."

These Miscellanies he republished in one volume, which he dedicated to one of the noblest of Italians, the Marchese di Azeglio. To it he gave the name of *The Last Fruit off an old Tree*; and for *Envoi* the following lines:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Both title and epigraph were touching, and kindled a regret in many more hearts than Landor supposed, that this was in all probability the last work of one who had been writing for more than half a century. Unfortunately for Landor's fame and happiness, this was not to be his "last" writing. Unfortunately he did "strive," and with those who were not "worth his strife." A miserable squabble arose between two residents of Bath

about a governess. The squabble came into that most undignified of all tribunals, the County Court. Landor had to give evidence; and in January, 1857, in spite of the medical certificate of his physician that his state of health did not permit him to appear, he did appear, and gave his evidence in such a manner, that the present Recorder of Bath, one of the attorneys in the case, was compelled to make some painful observations as to the unsoundness of Mr. Landor's mind. The case aroused the greatest interest in Bath; and in Landor, unfortunately, it led to such disorder of the brain, that for several days his life was despaired of. It was during this period of cerebral excitement, that he issued abusive and foul publications against several persons; and, in spite of his promise that he would abstain from all allusions of any kind to the objects of his aversion, he republished the libels in a collection of short pieces; which, carrying out the metaphor involved in the title of his last preceding work, he called *A Bundle of Dry Sticks Fagoted*, by W. S. Landor. One short piece in the book, which we believe his usual publisher, Mr. Moxon, declined to bring out, was so grossly insulting to a lady who had been the plaintiff in the County Court case mentioned above, and whose witness Landor had been, that an action was brought against him at the Bristol assizes. One of his most intimate friends has stated that on his recovery from his mental infirmity, he refused to make any defence at the Assizes, believing that his tongue had been tied by the solemn promises, which before, in his illness, he had omitted to keep. A verdict was therefore found against him, with a thousand pounds damages. This he resolved not to pay; and he thereupon sold the whole of his paintings at Rivers Street, and in his eighty-third year became a self-banished exile from his native country. It is understood that his friends afterwards made a pecuniary arrangement with the lady whom Landor had libelled.

After these unhappy events Landor returned to Florence, and for a time lived with his family at his own residence, the Villa Gherardesca, Fiesole. He did not continue there, but took apartments in the city itself. The year after his arrival in Italy, began that glorious drama which

far exceeded the very highest aspirations that he had ever entertained. Ever impetuous, it is easy to imagine how he would laud to the skies, as the greatest of all sovereigns, Napoleon, when he announced his programme of a free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, and proceeded to fulfill it in person; and how Landor's praise would be converted into scorn when he heard of the peace of Villafranca. The events that followed stirred to their depths the hearts of Englishmen who had never crossed the Alps, much more the large and generous heart of him who had twice made Italy his adopted country. What he thought of the chief actor we may gather from the following eulogy written after Garibaldi's return to Caprera in 1860:

"Garibaldus terrâ marique præclarus, miles strenuus, acer, impiger; dux identidem sagax atque audax, pericula providens pedibus subiecit. Sanguinis coram hostium parcus, profusus sui, imperator clemens, dictator modestus, titulis ipsique gloriæ virtutem prætulit, imperaverat novit obtemperare. Quum alli per dolos ac perjuriam regiones externas et vicinorum domos occupaverant, suam 'egregius exul,' sero rediturus, dereliquit. Neque hoc sæculorum neque vetus, quod assuefacti sumus magis admirari, parem Garibaldi tulit: multos Roma, plures Græcia, celebravit; at vos, O Itali, propius vidistis clariorem. Adulationis vocabula ea trita, levia, virum adeo excelsum non attigerunt; laudes vel proborum, pariterque eloquentium, defecere. Sed fama non silebit. Ad insulam suam reversus est, parvâ Ithacæ dimidio minorem, ibi terræ sterilis incolas agriculturam exemplo docet. Abiit desideratus omnibus, abiit inter fletus fortissimorum."

But Landor had discovered Garibaldi to be a hero long before he was "accredited" in this country. The following lines were addressed to the children of Garibaldi, and were published in 1858, and probably written nine years before that:

"Children, be not too proud, altho' the man
Whom ocean smiles on with parental love,
And earth from every coast with loud applause
Hails a deliverer, children, is your sire.
O what vast empire have ye to defend!
A name so high, so inaccessible,
Virtues so pure, and courage so humane,
All are your heritage."

To the last year of his life Landor maintained his intellectual powers. Surrounded by his books and papers and some

paintings in his house with "four habitable rooms, and a terrace overlooking two gardens," as he himself described his residence, 93, Via della Chiesa, with another sharp-witted Pomeranian dog to supply the place of the lamented Pomer, he often remembered the friends he had left behind him in England, and would write to them from time to time on the chief events of the day. He took a deep interest in the American struggle. Seven years before the great struggle began, he made "Jonas Pottinger," the fictitious writer of the *Letters of an American*, write, "I have sometimes heard Englishmen say, and apparently not without satisfaction, that our States would split; probably they will. Pomegranates split when they are perfectly mature, and not before. The beautiful seeds fall only to germinate, while the seeds of the flower pots in the close court yard are fit only to manure the exhausted soil they sprang from." Far otherwise was the "split" that actually took place. Landor had small sympathy with the North. He held that the Northerners had violated the constitution, by which slaves were as much a property as house or land. He considered that the only way to settle the slave question was to decree, that all slaves should, after fourteen years' work, become free, and that no families should be separated and no slaves sold. He adds, "I hope our rulers will continue pacific in spite of provocations. We never had wiser men at the head of affairs." He then goes on to express his belief, that sooner or later the United States will attack Canada, and that it would be wise to declare our North American colonies independent States.

A year after the letter was written in which he expressed these opinions, Landor lay upon his death-bed. To the end he had enjoyed robust health, and to the verge of ninety years his sight remained good, his digestion perfect, his intellect almost unimpaired. Though he had lived separately from his family, he was constantly visited by members of it. He died on Saturday, September 17th, 1864, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, close to where lies England's greatest poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He is survived by two brothers, both of them past fourscore years; and the younger of them is the Rev. Robert Eyres Lan-

dor, author of the *Fawn of Sertorius*, and the *Fountain of Arethusa*, already referred to.

Of Landor's writings incidental mention has been made in the course of this article, and there is little space left for further notice of them. It is probable that they will be hereafter more highly esteemed than they have been by Landor's contemporaries. That he had many admirers, intimate friends like Lady Blessington and Southey told him frequently, and they did not deceive him. But that he was a general favorite no one could pretend to say. This absence of popularity was due to the severely classical style which he adopted, and to the bitterness with which he often spoke of men whom the rest of the world respected. The irritation excited by this second cause will no longer be produced when a generation has arisen to whom the events and the actors of the present day will be historical. If Mr. Landor's works are read in the twentieth century, it will not be his pungent epigrams upon, or his fierce invectives against, a Pitt, a Castlereagh, a Pius, a Nicholas, a Napoleon, that will be studied, but those masterpieces of English, the *Imaginary Conversations*; those revivals of the purest classic literature, the *Letters of Pericles and Aspasia*. These, the ripest fruits of seventy years of cultivation, will show how noble was the stock of the "old tree" which continued bearing "fruit" far into the winter of age, into a season when other trees have either dried up and withered, or fallen upon the ground, as they have fallen to lie.

We have already pointed out one remarkable feature of Landor's writings, the classical mould in which they are shaped, and the modern elements of which they are composed. Imbued with the style of the ancients, he was the keenest observer of contemporaneous events. His writings combine the learning of Porson with the wit of "Pasquin." His studies of the dead languages seemed but to give fresh life to his own. Although extravagant in his opinions, he was rarely betrayed into extravagance of style. Another characteristic, often absent when wit and vigor abound, was not wanting in Landor. There was a grace and tenderness in him, which showed that there

were times when this knight, so ready to do battle on all occasions against all comers, was not proof against gentler feelings. When writing of women, his whole nature seemed to soften. Lady Blessington told him that he was "the most genuinely polite man" she ever knew; and Landor's politeness was most genuine, for it was of the heart. It was something more than a compliment to the gentler and, as Landor considered, better sex, when he reproved the present writer for saying that he had been in the company of a lady, and remarked, "We are in the company of men, but in the presence of angels and women." Milton's Eve, Shakspeare's Cordelia, were not more perfect creations than Landor's Jane Grey and Vittoria Colonna. His reverence for womanly purity was fitly associated with his admiration of manly heroism. With Hofer, Kosciusko, Kossuth, Garibaldi, for his theme, he kindled to enthusiasm; just as their opposites, Haynau, Görgey, Ferdinand of Naples, Talleyrand, men destitute of heart or destitute of conscience, awoke his most indignant wrath or his most trenchant sarcasm. The patriot had the first place in his Pantheon; and it was his only fault that he did not admit men who, while they differed from him as to the mode, agreed with him in the desire to serve their country. Satire and humor do not always go together, still more rarely satire and pathos. All these qualities existed in Landor. He could appreciate real comedy, and help others to enjoy it. His *Conversation between the Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti* is most humorous; his "Five Scenes" are most tragical. Taking him altogether, there have been few men at once so many-sided and so crotchety, so much admired and yet so little read, as Walter Savage Landor.

Saturday Review.

MISS COBBE'S ETHICAL AND SOCIAL STUDIES.*

THE critic who attempts to give an estimate of Miss Cobbe's new work must

* *Studies on Ethical and Social Subjects.* By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.

do so under a strong sense of responsibility. For he will find his duties laid down with much precision and energy by the lady whose labors he is to criticise. The critic, she tells us, "is the medium between the producer and consumer, and is bound to act fairly towards both parties." He is a jurymen, sworn to bring in a true verdict. He is bound to give a "just expression of his impression." He is, in short, to behave with judicial impartiality and gravity. And Miss Cobbe allows that much improvement is manifest in the general tone of critics at the present day. They generally show at least the consideration of a gentleman for an enemy or an inferior. But it notwithstanding happens that we always know beforehand that a given book will be praised in such or such a review, and pulled to pieces in such another. There is, she thinks, a traditional natural history current, in which the Tory, the Free-thinker, the Strong-minded Woman, and so on, occur in recognized forms "like the heraldic two-headed eagle, the fork-tailed lion, the pelican wounding itself, to feed the young with its blood," and sundry other animals which are treated by a conventional art. The critic paints the luckless author, not from a patient observation of his or her merits, but by drawing upon the portraits which he keeps in stock of these conventional forms. No one ought to undertake the office who has not candor, self-denial, and intelligence enough to rise above these methods, fairly to understand the book before him, and then, if he chooses, to refute and expose its fallacies. We need not say whether our conception of the ideal critic is exactly set forth in this description; but we hope that we have given some proof of candor in referring to it. If our account of Miss Cobbe's performance does not satisfy all the requisite conditions of impartiality and judicial calmness, we have at least referred to the code by which our shortcomings may be judged.

The "expression of our impression" may be given pretty simply. Miss Cobbe's work is a collection of nine essays, of which six have lately appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. They take a wide range, from the tenets of Zoroaster down to the work-houses of the present day. Indeed, the title of "Ethical and Social Subjects,"

though a tolerably wide one, seems to be scarcely wide enough. An essay upon the "Hierarchy of Art" would have justified the insertion of another epithet, such as "Æsthetic." They are, however, composed, in varying proportions, of the same intellectual materials. There is in each essay a certain quantity of philosophical disquisition and a certain quantity of critical remark upon a great variety of matters. The criticism seems to us to be generally good; it is written in a pointed and lively style, and sometimes conveys really valuable information. We can not say so much for the speculative discussions by which it is diluted. They were no doubt intended to raise the general tone, and give elevation to the less ethereal remarks imbedded in them. As, however, we can not but think that Miss Cobbe's philosophy is of a somewhat vague and flimsy texture, and is conveyed in rather finer sentences than it deserves, we do not consider the mixture a successful one. The merit of the essays seems to us to be in inverse proportion to the volume of the philosophical element. The essay on the Poor Laws, where fortunately the practical good sense has undergone little or no adulteration, seems to us to be decidedly the best; and that on "Self-Development and Self-Abnegation," which is chiefly made up of the adulterating matter, to be decidedly the worst in the book. The quality of Miss Cobbe's metaphysics may be judged of by her going out of her way to patronize the Socratic argument that, "as we can only think of a dead body and not of a dead soul, therefore the soul can not die," and sheltering it under the doctrine that a fact of which "we can not even imagine the reversal is a necessary truth." We can not imagine a dead soul, but we can surely imagine the death of a soul, just as we can imagine the extinction of a fire without imagining a fire that is not burning. We may leave Miss Cobbe to settle this with Mr. Mill and Mr. Mansell, and congratulate ourselves that she does not often venture upon quite such dangerous topics. She takes flights, however, quite far enough above the ground trodden by the unmetaphysical mind to damage, to our taste at least, the effect of some of her essays. For example, she writes a very sensible and very kindly

defence of the wretched victims of Parisian vivisection. It is a horribly brutal thing, and a disgrace to the men of science who suffer it, that students should be allowed to torture miserable horses for many hours together, for the sake of practice, without even the mercy of giving them chloroform. It is not easy to give sufficient expression, either within or without the conventional limits of decent language, to our disgust at the scientific brute who tried an *expérience morale* upon his dog—torturing the poor beast for days with his own hand to see whether it would, as it did, retain an affection for him. Miss Cobbe also makes some interesting remarks upon the reflex action of the treatment of dumb beasts upon the human actors. She recalls the curious story of the desperate convict, who was of necessity locked up by himself between the hours of labor, until he accidentally became humanized by the original reformatory process of taming a rat. This beast lived in the prisoner's shirt, and had such a beneficial effect upon his moral character that the man ultimately ripened from a convict into a "trusted assistant of the jailers," and was killed in defending them from a conspiracy. Nothing can be truer (not excepting the story of the rat) nor more forcible than her remarks. But why should she think it necessary to fortify them by answering "the fundamental question, What is cruelty to animals?" or by searching Bishop Butler for "a primary ground of obligation for mercy and kindness" (which ground appears to be that beasts feel)? That we ought not to inflict pain is, we are told, "an ultimate canon of natural law—a necessary moral law (in metaphysical parlance)—since we can not even conceive the contrary," &c. Surely it does not want this formidable apparatus to prove that we ought not to torture a miserable horse by cutting him up alive for ten hours together. Or why should we be perplexed about a conflict, such as Kant would have called "an antinomy of duties," as to whether it can be right to torture a thousand frogs to obtain a single scientific truth? All this argumentation, besides that it seems to us to be very unsound, considerably dilutes the force of the indignation which is the one thing requisite. French philosophers evidently require some stronger

stimulus than a discussion rambling into Kant's antinomies to make them decently humane. In another essay, to which we have referred, about self-development, there are some acute remarks about a common form of petty social tyranny. We are told how a father often torments his children out of a selfishness which he mistakes for a high sense of Christian duty; how he prevents his daughter studying, because he dislikes a learned woman; how he checks her acquaintance with other women, because "he disapproves of female friendship," and spoils her chances "of the natural ties of human existence," because he wants her at home; and how, when he falls into ill health, he insists upon a constant attendance in close and heated rooms, because he likes his daughter's service. Nothing can be more true, and Miss Cobbe's apology for the length of her description is quite unnecessary, for it is the best point in an essay of which the rest is constructed of feeble ethical disquisitions. Thus, for example, we are led into the discussion of the interesting casuistical question "whether a man, in case of shipwreck, ought to save his own father or the greatest benefactor to mankind." Miss Cobbe decides in this case for the father, but the decision is not quite satisfactory. Suppose that, instead of a father, it was an uncle, or a first cousin once removed, or a gentleman who had married the first cousin of your father's second wife. It would certainly be possible to hit upon some point at which the two bundles of hay would be exactly balanced, and the unfortunate shipwrecked man be left to the mercy of the elements. This, however, is a necessary vice of moral philosophy of Miss Cobbe's favorite school. When you lay down a grand moral law of which the contrary is inconceivable, it works very nicely within its own sphere, but at some point it comes into conflict with another irrefragable moral law, and you are forced to slink out of the difficulty by a daring act of casuistry.

Perhaps it is rather hard to complain of this kind of matter. Every one in composing a magazine article is tempted to flavor it with some dignifying ingredient. The lower class of authors mix in an offensive amount of fine writing. Miss Cobbe is quite superior to this; her phi-

losophical speculations, however, answer the same purpose, and the choice is not a bad one, as a very few metaphysical terms go a very long way. In the essay on the Philosophy of the Poor Laws (rather a big word to express the practical arrangement of workhouses) we fortunately have all the philosophy collected in the first two or three pages. We are treated to Grotius's *Justitia expletrix* and *Justitia attributrix*, and to sundry profound reflections in order to prove the very harmless truth that the State ought to repress pauperism and to prevent paupers being starved. We then make a rapid transition to the practical evils of workhouses, upon which Miss Cobbe dilates with great force. Every large workhouse, according to her, consists of twenty-two distinct institutions, of which every one more or less interferes with others. Besides the workhouse considered as a place of labor for the able-bodied, there are jumbled together a hospital for the sick and incurable, a blind asylum, a deaf-and-dumb asylum, a lunatic asylum, a lying-in hospital, boys' and girls' schools, and sundry other subsidiary institutions. The consequences of this arrangement are easy to foresee. The board have not only to manage the internal working of each of these, including the nursing of babies, but to provide for the complications produced in each by the neighborhood of the others. Miss Cobbe quotes with approbation the great principle that there never yet existed a gentleman, or a board of gentlemen, whom the "matron of an institution could not perfectly bamboozle respecting every department under her charge." It is not surprising that the sick are mixed up with the insane, that an epidemic which breaks out in the hospitals goes through the schools, that a ruined tradesman has to spend his last years with drunkards and profligates, and that the young grow up with examples of vice and utter idleness constantly before their eyes. Miss Cobbe speaks with great feeling of the evils produced in the hospitals—of patients who, from false economy, are fed so badly that they linger on for years when they might have been cured in a few days—and contrasts the regulations of the workhouse hospital with those of the hospitals supported by voluntary subscription. Yet she seems to

admit a doubt whether free hospitals can be in any cases desirable, because they diminish the disposition of the working-classes to make provision for themselves in case of illness. This would probably be a mistaken piece of political economy, for the hospital more than counterbalances any evil in this direction by the gain due to its superior facilities for organization. The doubt, however, has more validity against the whole system of the Poor Laws. If the idea of ending life in the workhouse has, as Miss Cobbe tells us, become so familiar to the English laborer that he considers it a right rather than a degradation, the Poor Laws are certainly defeating their presumed object. They are not repressing, but directly encouraging, pauperism. And this, as Miss Cobbe sensibly points out, is the great difficulty in the way of improving the condition of the workhouses. It is not desirable to make the aged poor comfortable, as they are quite sufficiently inclined to come without. Consequently the system from which all the bad arrangements and discomforts noticed by Miss Cobbe naturally result is not to be prematurely condemned. The discomforts are, within certain limits, an actual recommendation. The worst part of the system is probably its effect upon the children, in whom pauperism is rendered, as it were, a chronic instead of a temporary ailment.

Miss Cobbe tells us, in one of these essays, of a little girl who asks, "Auntie, don't you think I am good enough to be put in a tract?" If she had scrutinized a little more closely the claims of her own reflections to be put in an essay, she might have made a shorter and a better book. As it is, we do not feel disposed to complain seriously of the excess of bad philosophy which wraps up a considerable amount of common sense and acute remark.

Victoria Magazine.

A HISTORY OF LACE.

Mrs. BURY PALLISER has recently published such a complete book* upon a subject so full of interest to ladies, that we intend in the present article to give

*History of Lace. By Mrs. Bury Palliser. [Sampson Low & Son & Marston.]

our readers the benefit of some of the descriptions which the author has so industriously collected from various inventories, histories of discoveries, and all the stories referring to the manufacture of lace. In the first place we are informed that the art of lace-making has been always mixed up with that of needlework, and that it is from the open-work embroidery which, in the sixteenth century, came into such general use, that we derive the origin of lace. In the Renaissance period a close union existed between the arts and manufactories, and the most trifling objects of luxury, instead of being consigned to the mechanic, received from artists their best inspiration. Books of design for embroidery formed the great employment of the women of the day. In 1585 Catharine de Medicis granted to the Venetian Vinciolo the exclusive privilege of making and selling the *colerettes gaudronnées* she had herself introduced. Lace is defined as a plain or ornamental network, wrought of fine threads of gold, silver, silk, flax or cotton interwoven. In our own country the earlier laces were defined by the word "passament," a term alike applied to gimps, braids, or laces. In the reign of Richard III. the word lace first appears in the accounts of the royal wardrobe. Queen Anne at the coronation wore a white cloth of gold mantle, garnished with "a mantel of lace of white silk and Venys gold."

It appears to be a peculiarity of lace, "that it is always terminated by two edges, the pearl, *picot*, or *couronne*, and the footing or *engrèture*, a narrow lace which serves to keep the stitches of the ground firm, and to sew the lace to the garment upon which it is to be worn. Lace is divided into point and pillow."

To furnish a general notion of the relative ages of lace, we quote Mrs. Palliser's list of the kinds known when Colbert, by his establishment of the Points de France in 1665, caused a general development of the manufacture.

"1. POINT.—Principally made at Venice, Genoa, Brussels, and in Spain.

"2. BISETTE.—A narrow, coarse thread pillow lace of three qualities, made in the environs of Paris, by the peasant women, principally for their own use. Though proverbially of little value—*Ce n'est que de la bisette*

—it formed an article of traffic with the merchants and *lingères* of the day.

"3. GUEUSE.—A thread lace, which owed to its simplicity the name it bore. The ground was network, the flowers a loose, thick thread, worked in on the pillow. Gueuse was formerly an article of extensive consumption in France, but, from the beginning of the last century, little used, save by the lower classes. Many old persons may still remember the term 'beggars' lace.'

"4. CAMPANE.—A white, narrow, fine, thread pillow edging, used to sew upon other laces, either to widen them, or to replace a worn out picot or pearl.

"Campane lace was also made of gold, and of colored silks, for trimming mantles, scarfs, &c. We find, in the Great Wardrobe Accounts of George I., 1714, an entry of 'Gold Campagne buttons.'

"Evelyn, in his 'Fop's Dictionary,' 1690, gives 'Campane, a kind of narrow pricked lace;' and in the 'Ladies' Dictionary,' 1694, it is described as 'a kind of narrow lace, picked or scalloped.'

"In the Great Wardrobe Account of William III., 1688-9, we have *le poynt companie tania*,

"5. MIGNONETTE.—A light, fine, pillow lace, called blonde de fil, also point de tulle, from the ground resembling that fabric. It was made of Lille thread, bleached at Antwerp, of different widths, never exceeding two to three inches. The localities where it was manufactured were the environs of Paris, Lorraine, Auvergne, and Normandy. It was also fabricated at Arras, and in Switzerland.

"This lace was an article of considerable export, and at times in high favor, from its lightness and clear ground, for head-dresses and other trimmings.

"It frequently appears in the advertisements of the last century. In the *Scottish Advertiser*, 1769, we find enumerated among the stock in trade, 'mennuet and blonde lace.'

"6. POINT DOUBLE, also called Point de Paris, and Point des Champs; point double because it required double the number of threads used in the single ground; des champs from its being made in the country.

"7. VALENCIENNES.

"8. MECHLIN.—All the laces of Flanders, with the exception of those of Brussels and the point double, were known in commerce at this period under the general name of Mechlin.

"9. GOLD LACE.

"10. GUIPURE."

Guipure appears to have been much worn by Mary Stuart. Sir Robert Melville is related to have delivered to her, at Lochleven, a pair of white satin sleeves, edged with a double border of silver gui-

pure; and in the inventory of her clothes, taken at the Abbey of Lillebourg, 1561-2, we find numerous velvet and satin gowns, trimmed with "gumpeures" of gold and silver. The term, "parchment lace," seems to have been applied to guipure in England. "Parchment lace of watchett and sylver, at 7s. 8d. the ounce," appears among the laces of Queen Elizabeth. Charles I. had his carpet-bag trimmed with "broad parchment gold lace;" his satin nightcaps with gold and silver parchment laces, and even the bag and comb-case for His Majesty's barber was decorated with "silver, purl, and parchment."

We shall follow Mrs. Palliser's separate history of the manufacture of lace in each country, commencing with Italy, by whom is claimed, a claim equally made by Flanders, the invention of point, or needle-made, lace. It was mostly made by nuns, for the service of the Church; Venice being celebrated for her points; Genoa producing, almost exclusively, pillow lace. A very pretty tale is told us as the origin of the *point de Venise*. A sailor brought home to his betrothed a bunch of that pretty coralline known as the mermaids' lace. The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the seaweed, with its small white knots united, as it were, by a "bride," imitated it with her needle, and, after several trials, produced that delicate guipure which before long became the taste of all Europe.

The earliest records of Italian lace belong to Milan, and are to be found in an instrument of partition between the sisters Angela and Ippolita Sforza Visconti, 1493; a document of great interest, giving an inventory of an Italian wardrobe of the fifteenth century. Lace was made in many parts of the Romagna; Genoa first imitated the gold threads of Cyprus; but it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the points of Genoa were in general use in Europe. Handkerchiefs, aprons, and collars seemed in greater request than lace made by the yard. Spanish point, in its day, was as celebrated as that of Flanders and Italy, though less known to Europe, for the home demand so much exceeded the supply. The oldest banner—that of Valadolid—of the Inquisition is described

as bordered with real *point d'Espagne*, of a curious Gothic design.

At the *Autos-da-fé*, the grandees of Spain and the officers of the Holy Office, marched in cloaks, with black and white crosses, edged with this gold lace. Silver *point d'Espagne* was worn as the uniform of the Maestranza, a body of nobility formed into an order of chivalry at Seville, Ronda, Valencia, and Granada. It was introduced into France by one Simon Châtelain, a Huguenot, about 1596. The national mantilla is, of course, the principal piece manufactured; this consists of three kinds, the first is composed of white blonde (a most unbecoming contrast, in Mrs. Palliser's opinion, to their olive complexions), which is only used on birthdays, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays. The second is black blonde, trimmed with a deep lace; the third is the *mantilla de tiro* for ordinary wear, made of black silk, trimmed with velvet. A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred and can not be seized for debt. In Belgium, lace-making forms a part of female education. Charles V. commanded it to be taught in all the schools and convents. There are now nearly 900 lace schools either in the convents or founded by private charity. At the age of five, girls commence their apprenticeship, and by ten, earn their maintenance. The finest Brussels lace can only be made in the city itself; Antwerp and Ghent have in vain tried to compete with it. Mechlin is the prettiest of laces, fine, transparent, and effective; its distinguishing feature is the flat thread which forms the flower and gives to the lace the character of embroidery; but it has been long on the decline; in 1834, there were but eight houses where it was fabricated, and the manufacture has since died out. We read of this fabric in France as early as Anne of Austria, and Mechlin lace became the fashion in England in 1699. Queen Anne purchased it largely, and George I. indulged in a "Macklin" cravat. The most important branch of the pillow lace in Belgium is the Valenciennes.

France owes the fashion for *point coupé* and lace to the Italian influence of the sixteenth century. It was under the Valois and Medicis that the *point coupé* was as much worn as were subsequently

the points of Italy and Flanders. By 1579, the ruffs of the French court were such an outrageous size that the wearers could hardly turn their heads. It is told how "Reine Margot" one day when seated at dinner was compelled to send for a spoon with a handle two feet in length wherewith to eat her soup, and Rubens' picture of Mary de Medicis with the huge *colerette* rising behind her head like a fan, with its edging of fine lace, is familiar to us all. Of the half-million lace-makers in Europe, nearly a quarter are estimated as belonging to France, which produces the costly point d'Alençon, the white blonds of Caen, and the black lace of Chantilly. The laces of Holland were overshadowed by the richer products of their Flemish neighbors; in Denmark lace-making has never been used as a means of livelihood, and only in the province of North Schleswig has a regular manufacture been established. In Sweden, says tradition, the art was introduced by St. Bridget on her return from Italy to the convent at Wadstena, and though no other lace manufactory exists, much lace is made by the peasantry for home use; but the Russians, while excelling in needlework, have never had any established lace manufactory. Up to the reign of Elizabeth, the mention of lace in the statues and Royal wardrobe accounts is but scanty, but in her time they "overflow with notices of passaments, drawn work, cut work, crown lace, bone lace for ruffs, Spanish chain, byas, Villament, and diamond lace." She wore her ruff higher and stiffer than any one in Europe, save the Queen of Navarre. In James I.'s time, according to the wardrobe accounts, "25 yards of figure bone lace" was required to edge a ruff, without counting the ground, composed either of lace squares or cut work. The lace of Flanders, with the costly points and cut works of Italy, became the rage, and continued so for nearly two centuries, so that Ben Jonson speaks of the "ruffs" of Flanders, while Lord Bacon, indignant at the female caprice of the day, writes to Sir George Villiers—"Our English dames are much given to the wearing of costly laces, and if they be brought from Italy, or France, or Flanders, they are in much esteem; whereas, if like laces were made by the

English, so much thread would make a yard of lace, being put into that manufacture would be five times, or perhaps ten or twenty times the value." Ruffs went out with James I.; in the four and five years of Charles I.'s reign, we see him represented on the coins with the ruff unstarched falling down on his shoulders; and afterwards, the falling band was generally adopted by all except the judges, who kept to the ruff as a mark of dignity and decorum until superseded by the peruke. The change does not appear to have diminished the extravagance of the age, for the bills which, in 1625, for the King's lace and linen, amounted to £1,000, in course of time rose to £15,000. The rule of the Puritan was a sad one for lace-makers, as regarded the lower and middle classes; the festival and bride laces were all put down. The Puritan ladies and the men of birth, however, had no inclination for the dress of the Roundheads, but with the restoration of the Stuarts the taste for luxuries burst out in fresh vigor. The laced cravat succeeded the falling collar, and lace handkerchiefs and gloves were all the fashion; laced aprons were even patronized by the Anglican clergy, and we find James II. dying at Saint Germain in a laced nightcap. Lace-making is supposed to have been introduced to the peasants of Bedfordshire as a means of subsistence by Catharine of Arragon, and to this very day the 25th of November is kept as the holiday of their craft, in memory of the good Queen Catharine, under the name of "Cattern's day." In Buckinghamshire at Great Marlow the trade flourished, and all English and even French authors, cited its manufactures "*de dentelles au fuseau*," as the staple produce of the town and its neighboring villages; which said lace, however, they pronounce as "*inférieure à celle de Flandres*." In the Jurors' Report of the International Exhibition of 1862, the number of lace-makers in the counties of Northampton, Bedford, and Oxford is estimated at 25,000. Dorset and Devon also rank high in the annals of lace-making, the points of Lyme Regis rivaling those of Honiton, in Devonshire, famed for "bone-lace, and cyder." Prizes were given by the Anti-Gallican Society to Miss Mary Channon, and Miss Mary

Ben, of Lyme Regis, for ruffles of needle, point, and bone lace. When Queen Charlotte first set foot in England, she gave great satisfaction by wearing a "head dress and lappets of Dorset lace."

Lace was early introduced into Scotland, through the constant intercourse she had with France, but it was not until the arrival of Mary Stuart that it appeared in all its varieties. The word does not seem to exist in the Scotch language; "pearlin," is the term used in the old documents, and is defined by the dictionary to be a species of lace made with thread; thus a "pearlin keck," signifies a cap with a lace border. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the Duchess of Hamilton, known by tradition as "one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings," brought over women from France to teach the girls in her Scotch schools how to make "bunt lace." But with all her efforts she only succeeded in producing a very coarse fabric. In Ireland, needlework was always had in great repute, and so early as the year 1743, the annual value of the bone lace, manufactured by the children of the Dublin work-houses, amounted to £164 14s. 10^d. Swift was among the first to try and rouse a patriotic feeling about the "home manufactures," and at a public meeting proposed a resolution to that effect. The Irish club of young gentlemen refused by unanimous consent to toast, or consider beautiful, any lady who should wear French or foreign lace; and Lady Arabella Denny busied herself in awarding prizes, and encouraging the home production in every possible manner. In the Exhibition of 1851, there was a flounce of Point d'Alençon, valued at 22,000 francs; and in 1859, a dress valued at 200,000 francs (£8,000), was presented by the Emperor to his wife, and by her given to the Pope as a trimming to his *rochet*. Honiton is the only English lace which ever attained a very general reputation, and was introduced into Devonshire by the Flemings, and long retained a Flemish origin in its patterns. The Queen's wedding-dress was made at Honiton, and cost £1,000, and the bridal dresses of the Princess Royal and Princess Alice were of Honiton point, the patterns consisting of the national flowers with the Prince's feath-

ers intermixed with ferns. Mrs. Paliser's book will be welcomed by all who care to understand the differences and histories of lace, and therefore can not fail to be popular with the readers of the VICTORIA. The information is given in a pleasing way, and the numerous illustrations render the book one to be purchased rather than obtained through the medium of a lending library.

Bentley's Miscellany.

NAPOLEON III. AND QUEEN HORTENSE.

As we have seen in a previous paper on the Boyhood of Napoleon III., the quiet little city of Constance was no permanent asylum for the Napoleonides, Queen Hortense and her son Louis Napoleon. Diplomacy would not leave her at peace even here; the retired life of the queen, who was almost entirely cut off from the outer world, did not prevent false reports being constantly spread about her. She was begrudged a residence in a city which almost resembled a place of banishment, and as no reasonable excuse could be found in the queen's conduct to remove her, they proceeded very simply to the employment of force. It was intimated to the Grand-Duke, Charles of Baden, that he must banish his relations from his state. Ere long arrived a member of his household, Herr von Frank, who had orders to express to the queen the grand-duke's deep regret that he found himself under the sad necessity of begging her to leave his territory. The Grand-Duchess Stephanie felt it most deeply that her consort had been forced by the great powers to expel Hortense. A visit was not even possible, because M. de Talleyrand saw in a meeting of the two royal ladies a conspiracy against the Bourbon monarchy. Hortense endured this persecution, as she endured everything, with calmness, resignation, and dignity, and promised Herr von Frank to leave, so soon as the weather and her delicate health permitted.

Pressed on all sides, she at length purchased, on February 10, 1817, for thirty thousand florins, the Arenenberg, situated in the canton of Thurgau, on the lower

lake of Constance, and had the house fitted up according to her taste.

The queen very unwillingly quitted her town residence, which had afforded her peace after the storm. The education of the prince had been here her first and most special care and principal employment, as her affection for him was her liveliest feeling. She herself gave him lessons in drawing and dancing, because no masters in those branches were to be had. On the Saturday of each week he belonged entirely to his mother; he then repeated everything he had learned in the preceding five days, no matter whether Latin or other matters unfamiliar to the queen. She wished to prove to her son, by the attention she devoted to the slightest details, that she took the deepest interest in his progress. As Louis was so quick, and his intellect was so prematurely developed, it was more difficult to watch over than to instruct him. The worthy Abbé Bertrand employed all his efforts, but the prince frequently slipped from him. The queen consequently felt that firmer hands were needed to guide this independent character. What rendered the poor abbé's attempts the more difficult was his pupil's quickness, which found an answer at once, and which always expected a reason for the things demanded of him.

On one occasion the abbé had repeatedly demanded obedience to a rule, against which his pupil obstinately resisted. When the former, however, insisted on obedience, the prince ran away and seized his sabre. Bertrand complained to his mother, who determined to punish and humiliate her son in a solemn manner. He was sent for next morning to the queen's room, where he was obliged to kneel down and listen to an earnest lecture in the presence of his governor. After a valet had broken his sabre and laid the pieces before him, he was compelled to beg the abbé's pardon.

The queen generally spent her morning hours in her sleeping-room, engaged in writing her memoirs. The necessity of answering the falsehoods and calumnies published about her during the last two years, gave her the idea of writing her memoirs. She did so under the impression of the moment—and it was to a certain extent a moral want—triumphant-

ly refute the numerous calumnious accusations to which the banished emperor was exposed. These memoirs, which were commenced in 1816, appeared after her death, and possess considerable value for the historian.

The queen's brother, Eugène Beauharnois, who visited her several times in Constance, and soon convinced himself that it was not possible for his sister to remain there, made every effort to draw her to Bavaria. This proposal was agreeable for both; but Hortense did not wish to be the slightest obstacle to her brother's happiness, and refused to accede to his solicitation until King Maximilian gave his adhesion to Eugène's plan, and himself invited her to Bavaria.

As she did not wish to reside in Munich, Eugène proposed to her the ancient city of Augsburg, which was not a great distance from the capital, and offered them facilities for meeting. Moreover, there was an excellent school there, which in the eyes of the queen was an immense advantage. On May 6, 1817, therefore, Hortense quitted Constance, to the great regret of the inhabitants, whose universal affection she had gained through her affability and large benevolence. Before she left, she drove out to her new property at Arenenberg, in order to tell her steward, Rousseau, that he was to stop there, and have some requisite building done. The queen lived four years in Augsburg. The prince attended the schools there, and obtained prizes for his industry, one of which is in the possession of Herr Keller, the former owner of Arenenberg. In the vacations, the prince visited with his mother either the new estate in Thurgau, or else traveled in Italy.

After the queen had purchased Arenenberg, the building was pressed on, and the whole place was utterly changed. From drawings still existing, we find that the old château bore a considerable resemblance to a mediæval castle. The main building had battlements, and a small bell turret; a wall with four round towers ran round the entire estate, which contained several farm-houses and other buildings. When the masons set to work in carrying out the plans of the Constance architect, this wall was pulled down, as well as the farm-buildings, with the ex-

ception of one, and the château lost its battlements and belfry. On the leveled ground rose a straggling one-storied edifice, with stables, outhouses, a small theatre, and a conservatory. In addition, a chapel was built for holding private divine service.

After the queen went to occupy her new residence, about the year 1822, she set apart the main building for herself and the ladies of her small court, as well as any female visitors. In the adjoining building were rooms on the ground floor for the male attendants, and the prince occupied two small rooms on the first floor. The other six were set apart for the higher officials and guests. In the main building, which was enlarged by an *annexe* looking southward, there is a hall, from which a winding stair leads to the first floor. From this hall you pass into the salon, the reception-room, the summer salon, the billiard-room and library, and a dining-room. On the first floor we enter the queen's bedroom, which has only two windows looking north and east, and a very small cabinet attached to it. The queen's bed stood in an alcove. In addition, there are a small salon with a library, two sleeping apartments, and a room for a lady's maid on the same floor. The second story contains five bedrooms.

In this small château the queen resided till her death. As in Constance, she devoted herself in her new asylum to her favorite amusements: drawing, music, and reading. The prince continued his studies under the guidance of his tutors. But he did not neglect corporeal exercises, and though he was at first weak and delicate, he acquired great strength and agility by continued training and exercise. When staying with the Duke of Leuchtenberg at Munich, he had the best opportunity for learning the art of riding, in which he made great progress. After dinner, his recreation frequently consisted in a display of horsemanship, by which he caused his mother great pleasure. Easily and gracefully he leaped off and on his horse while it was going at gallop. He was also a very skilful lancer. Though he never risked his neck, he was, as a rider, bold and steady. The distance from Arenenberg to Constance was at least five miles, but he regularly did it in a quarter of an hour, on the Andalusian

barb which had been given him by his deceased brother. When the gatekeeper of Constance, on one occasion, considered that he was riding too hard, and demanded the fine for contravention of the law, the prince threw him double the amount, and laughingly cried: "There's the fine for the return journey as well." When the Thurgau militia turned out to exercise with blank cartridge, he mounted a savage horse, which would not let anybody but him mount its back. Although it reared and bucked, he mastered it at last, and made it perfectly quiet and obedient.

He grew so fond of out-of-door sports, that he ordered up all the young men from the neighboring village of Salenstein, and practised them in running and leaping. On some occasions he gave prizes to the victors. In winter, he proved himself a first-rate skater on the almost annually frozen lower lake. He might frequently be seen pushing his mother or her friends in a sleigh over the ice. In summer, swimming was a great treat to him. Accompanied by a boatman, he often swam, without resting, to the well-known island of Reichenau, and at times enjoyed this pleasure in the cold weather, when he returned from shooting.

Once he caused his cousins, the daughters of the Grand-Duchess Stephanie of Baden, when they were crossing the Neckar bridge in Mannheim, no slight terror. Unfortunately, it occurred to one of them to ask him whether he had the courage to leap into the river at this spot. No sooner said than done; he swung himself on the parapet and leaped into the stream. He returned to the palace with dripping clothes, and laughing, though it was a cold March day.

He managed a boat as well as he swam. When no breeze rippled the smooth surface of the lake on lovely warm summer evenings, he would invite his mother and the never-absent guests to have a sail. The queen frequently took her guitar with her, and sang as merrily as if no storms had ever troubled her life. But even at times when the lake was agitated by dangerous waves, the prince retained his coolness. Thus, on one occasion, he sailed with a friend from Zürich to Seefeld, and, on the return, the boat was driven out into the raging lake by the

violent wind. He struggled for two long hours in darkness against the waves, and did not stop until he reached once more the spot from which he had set out.

The prince had also acquired great readiness in the use of the rapier. He probably received his first lessons from a certain artist of the name of Burkart, in Rome, who is at present residing with Agassiz at Boston. As the prince made strategies his chief study, he must necessarily know how to use weapons. By constant practice he acquired almost perfection in pistol and rifle practice. He learned it on the shooting-ground at Ermatingen, as a member of the Thurgau Cantonal Rifle Society, to which he presented a handsome flag. This flag he carried once himself as leader of the Thurgau riflemen at a federal shooting festival.

It would be an error to suppose that a luxurious and extravagant life was led at Arenenberg. The queen devoted but very little time to dress and the table. Hence the meals were so modest, that she alone drank foreign wine, while the prince and the others contented themselves with country wine. She found greater pleasure in cheerful and clever conversation in which her son, on the other hand, took but little part, for salon life possessed but slight attractions for him. He would sit for entire evenings silent and absorbed in thought: only now and then throwing a word into the conversation. If the latter became animated, he never made any long speeches, but expressed his opinion in short, sharp sentences.

Not the slightest hesitation was ever observed in his language or manners; in his answers he always expressed a clear and sharply-marked idea. If the conversation turned on his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, whom he venerated like a god, and if it appeared that any one took a false view of any of his sentiments or actions, the prince uttered his contradiction of the statement sharply and rapidly. He was just as decided and persevering in his attachments and dislikes, and never made foolish remarks. Anything he had once determined on he followed up quietly, silently, and firmly, and for this reason his mother christened him *Le Douc Entêté*.

He had but little feeling for art. When the musical performances commenced in the salon, he would pull his guests by the coat, and say, "Let us go out" (to his house, which was separate from the château.) Similarly the *belles lettres* affected him but very slightly. When Buchon and others tried to enchain the company by some poetical recitation, the prince began to yawn. On the other hand, he took great interest in trade questions, especially in mechanics. It was his delight to ponder over experiments and improvements, especially when he imagined he could apply them to artillery.

The beauties of nature produced no marked impression on him, and yet it is so lovely on the solitary Arenenberg! From the terrace behind the château there is an exquisite view of a silent, idyllic landscape. At the foot of the hill lies the calm lake, on which rises, as on a floating island, the old and once so celebrated Abbey of Reichenau, with its most interesting churches. Opposite to it, on the mainland, stands solitary and desolate the Château of Heyne, formerly the residence of the prince-bishops of Constance, which once saw merry days. At no great distance stands the old Allensbach and the town of St. Radolf, with the peninsula of Metnau, said formerly to have been connected with the island by a roadway.

To the west and north of Radolfzell rise from the plain the extinct volcanoes of the Hegau, as rich in natural curiosities as in ruins, which in the middle ages crown these peaks as stately castles. The most remarkable of all is Hohentwiel, formerly the abode of the Alemannic dukes, afterwards a monastery, and finally a Würtemberg fortalice, dismantled in 1800. Near it rises gracefully and boldly the ex-robber eyrie of Hohenkräken, while the triple-peaked Hohenstoffeln, with its three ruined castles, commands the landscape.

Westward, the forest-clad Ichieneberg thrusts itself, like a mighty wedge, between the Radolfzeller and Bernanger lakes. The peninsula upon which Berlingen stands closes the landscape on the west. Several tongues of land jut out into the placid lake, and the village of Mammerbach is picturesquely situated in a sequestered nook. The view from the

château eastward is intercepted by forests. A pavilion but a short distance from it, however, affords a most extensive prospect of Constance and the glistening lake, and beyond these of the Tyrolean and Bavarian Alps, which dissolve in the bluish mist. Here the queen frequently drank tea on fine afternoons, amused herself with music or singing, or listening to a select band stationed in an adjoining wood.

The Arenenberg family were on very friendly terms with the surrounding gentry, and the higher class society were visited as kindly as they were received. This was more especially the case with the Ammann family at Ermatingen, with whom the château was very intimate, as the sons were nearly the same age as the prince. At the present time, Herr Frederick Ammann is steward at Arenenberg, and keeps up a regular correspondence with the emperor.

There was never any lack of visitors and guests at the hospitable château. The Dowager Grand-Duchess Stephanie of Baden, the Princess of Sigmaringen, the old and amiable uncle, the Marquis de Beauharnois, their relative, Count Tascher de la Pagerie, ex-aide-de-camp of Napoleon I., as well as the queen's school friends, the Duchess of Ragusa and the widows of Marshals Duroc and Ney, were constantly at Arenenberg, and always found the kindest reception. Madame Campan, too, in whose school the queen had been educated, visited shortly before her death her dear foster-daughter, who had proved the faithful protectress of her desolate old age. On festal occasions little theatrical performances were got up, to which the queen's neighbors were invited, and in which she herself, with harmless merriment and *entrain*, performed parts drawn from the life of the people. One of Hortense's most valued and valuable friends was the noble Baron Henry von Wessenberg, who was a frequent and ever welcome guest at the château.

As Hortense, even in exile, never forgot fair France, she was familiar with the literary productions of the country. She was especially attached to poetry. Hence it was not surprising that poets and artists always found a cordial reception. Among them, the most remarka-

ble were Chateaubriand and Casimir de la Vigne. The latter, a thoroughly independent man, who had spurned a pension and the Cross of the Legion at the hands of the Bourbons, spent a summer at Arenenberg, and took thence as his wife the lady in waiting, Mademoiselle Eliza de Courtin.

As the winter was too lonely at Arenenberg, Hortense for several years took a trip to Rome, on which her son always accompanied her. In Florence, where the ex-King of Holland had taken up his residence, a week or a fortnight was spent, and Louis was then enabled to associate with his brother. On one occasion the king went to Marienbad, in Bohemia, and Louis was allowed to accompany him, while his elder brother remained, in the mean while, at Arenenberg.

Up to this time the Napoleonides had led an apparently quiet life, and troubled themselves but little about the outer world. The Bourbons seemed firmly seated on the old throne, which foreign bayonets had won for them again, when suddenly the revolution of July hurled them from it, as they never could comprehend the spirit of the age. The Paris revolution enkindled the spark of liberty in every country. In Italy a republican conspiracy was formed, which came to an outbreak. At its head stood the two sons of Queen Hortense. The undertaking ended unfortunately. The elder of the princes died in Forlì, and the younger could only be saved by the resolute and clever behavior of his mother, who risked everything for him. She described the whole affair in an extremely interesting little work, bearing the title of "My Travels in Italy, France, and England, in 1831." From this moment mother and son brooded over the idea how the latter could rise to the exalted station, a prospect of which had been afforded him in the cradle. Not one of the old Napoleonides believed so firmly and confidently in the star of the Emperor Napoleon, and the mission of his relatives to continue his work, than Hortense. It was her deep conviction, and the most powerful motive of her exertions, that her son had a claim to the throne of France, so long as the French nation had not declared that the Napoleon family had

forfeited it. For this reason she urged her son to action, with the words, that he owed it to his name to render himself worthy of his mission, and educate himself for it. The minds of both were occupied by a belief in a great future, and the plans to realize it. Hence the prince, despite all the modesty and plainness of his behavior, and the simplicity of his dress, never forgot the feeling of his rank and grandeur, which was always rendered perceptible by a certain gravity and reserve.

Louis had entered the Swiss artillery, studied under General Dufour, and had risen to the rank of captain. As such, he published, in 1833, his political and military reflections, the latter part of which was praised by connoisseurs. Afterwards appeared a pamphlet, "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," which had a strong republican tinge. He wished to be talked about, and attract the world's attention to his person, and so he tried to set every lever in motion and employ the most varied schemes for his object.

In the Italian campaign Louis had formed the acquaintance of several gentlemen, afterwards exiled, the chief among them being the well-bred and talented physician Enrico Conneau of Florence, by whose assistance he afterwards contrived to escape from the fortress of Ham; other friends were the witty and fiery Count Arese and Visconti. At Rome, mother and son formed the acquaintance of Cottreau the artist, who lived several years at Arenenberg, and practised his art there. They were joined there by several other Frenchmen, among whom the more earnest Persigny and De Querelles and Laity were the most note-worthy. They stayed frequently and for a lengthened period at Arenenberg. With them and Colonel Charles Pasquin, who married the queen's reader, Mademoiselle Cochelet, and purchased the neighboring château of Wolfsegg, the plan for the bold stroke at Strasbourg was discussed. Prior to this event, the château on several occasions could not contain all the guests, and lodgings were prepared for them at Ermatingen.

Naturally of a reserved character, the prince did not betray, either by word or look, the thought which occupied him waking and dreaming. He had taken the

shooting in the forests of the Badois parishes, from Wollmatingen as far as Markteltingen, for ten years, more for the sake of his friends than himself. Although a very fine shot, he was not passionately attached to the sport. When more roebuck were killed than could be used in the château, he would never consent to sell them, but gave the surplus to the poor of Allensbach, so that they might enjoy game for once. One day, when his shooting companions had gone to their posts, he was sitting dreamily, and lost in thought, under a tree, and staring at the landscape. Bailiff Huttule, of Salenstein, a man to whom he was greatly attached, came up and said, "Prince, what are you thinking of, and why are you not shooting?"

The prince replied, "If I imagined that my cap knew what is going on under it, I would burn it on the spot."

For some time the prince occupied himself with the idea of inventing rifled artillery. For this purpose he had cannon cast in 1836 at the Constance bell-foundry, and had steel grooves fitted into them by one Klein, an engineer. One of these guns proved a failure, and had to be destroyed again. This was twice attempted in vain by loading with dry sand, which was obtained from Paris for the purpose. Klein attempted it in a different way, by means of a tightly fitting screw. The attempt at bursting was made on an appointed day in the presence of the prince, between the Kreuzlinger and Emmishofer gates of Constance. It succeeded so fully that the pieces flew in all directions, even as far as the market-place, and created a tremendous excitement. In the first moment of confusion, the prince mounted his horse and rode at full gallop into the Thurgau territory. He did not return until the affair had been settled, which, after all, was not of much consequence, as the police had been warned beforehand. With the two other guns he practised firing at a target, which was put up on Reichenau island, facing the château, and he hardly ever missed his mark.

How far Hortense was initiated in her son's plans to expel Louis Philippe is unknown. Probably she knew more about them than people believe; for when he left her under the pretext of joining a

shooting-party in the neighborhood of Hechingen, she threw her arms round his neck, pressed him passionately to her heart, and, almost unnoticed, thrust on his finger the betrothal ring of Napoleon and Josephine, which she regarded as a species of talisman in the hour of danger. The unfortunate result of October 30, 1836, in Strasburg, is well known. A special brochure appeared about it in the French and German languages. The vessel which the King of France placed at the prince's disposal conveyed him to Rio Janeiro. From here he wrote to his mother: "Two months ago I wished never more to return to Switzerland. If I could now yield to my feelings, I should have no other desire but to find myself again in my little room, and in the beautiful country where I might have been so happy."

Still he did not remain long in Brazil, for a letter from his dearly-beloved mother, dated April 3, 1837, urged him to return as speedily as possible to Arenenberg. She was suffering from a fearful disease (cancer in the womb), which she had long kept concealed. She could no longer hope for a cure, and her most anxious desire was to see her son once again. The prince braved the government of Louis Philippe, crossed the ocean again, and arrived at his mother's side on August 4, 1837. She was waiting for death with calm cheerfulness and resolute courage, as she entertained the most perfect conviction that her son was born for an exalted position. The nearer death came to her, the more amiable she grew: a mere flower was sufficient to delight her. She felt intense joy when her son and a companion carried her about in the open air. She bade a most affectionate farewell to all her servants, whom she recommended to her son. When the latter left the death-bed after the last interview without witnesses, she repeatedly cried after him, "Farewell, Louis—farewell for ever!" She held the hand of an old priest from Ermatingen until she expired. This mournful event took place at five o'clock on the morning of October 5, 1837.

Six days later, at nine A. M. on October 11, the funeral obsequies of the queen were performed in the most solemn manner. After the coffin, accompanied by

numerous mourners, had been carried to the church at Ermatingen, and a mass had been performed by the prelate of Kreuzlingen, it was carried back in the same solemn manner to Arenenberg, where the corpse rested till permission arrived to convey it to Ruelle, near Paris, where the mother of the queen, the Empress Josephine, also sleeps the eternal sleep.

The deceased had made her will on April 3, 1837, and appointed Madame Salvage her executrix. On account of my limited space, I omit the various legacies, though so interesting in many respects, and merely quote a few principal passages from the will: "I leave to the government of the canton of Thurgau a gold pendule, which, in accordance with my wish, shall be placed in the hall of the Landrath. This souvenir may remind them of the noble courage with which a peaceful hospitality was granted me in this canton. I hope that my son will always keep Monsieur Vincent Rousseau with him. His devotion and his disinterestedness are priceless. I wish him to be told how highly I value him, and how much I wish that he may serve my son as he has served me. My husband will, perhaps, give a thought to my memoirs, and let him be told that my greatest sorrow was that I could not make him happy. I have no political advice to offer my son; I know that he is aware of his position, and of the duties his name imposes on him. I forgive all the princes with whom I stood in friendly relations for the levity of their judgment about me. I pardon all the ministers and *chargés d'affaires* of the great powers the falsehood of the reports they constantly sent home about me. A few Frenchmen, to whom I had an opportunity of being useful, I forgive the calumnies which they heaped upon me, in order to pay their debt of gratitude; I pardon those who believed these calumnies without investigation, and I hope to live a little in the memory of my beloved countrymen. I thank all those who are around me, my servants included, for their good services, and I hope that they will not forget my memory."

The prince had loved his mother tenderly; but his sorrow remained silent and repressed. Everywhere, admiration, re-

spect and love had followed her; she formed in Switzerland the nucleus of a great charitable society, and probably gained less through her connection with the Napoleonides than she lost by it. Louis Napoleon now occupied himself more than he had formerly done with the public life of Switzerland, though he declined a seat in the grand council, &c. He seemed to attach value to his right of citizenship in Thurgau, which induced the Swiss authorities to take a lively interest in him. The usually so crafty and calculating King of the French had committed the stupidity of demanding the expulsion of the prince from Switzerland. Through this step he gave him an enormous value in the eyes of the Napoleonists and of France, attracted attention to him, and made him a political martyr. Like one man Switzerland rose in arms for the defence of her citizen, and it looked as if the affair must be settled by violence, when suddenly the prince gave it an entirely different turn. On the afternoon of September 21, 1837, he personally informed Landammann Anderwert, president of the lesser council, of his resolution not to force Switzerland into the necessity of waging war for him, though at the same time he offered his most cordial thanks for the protection granted him.

On the afternoon of October 14, the prince, accompanied to the gates by eighteen equipages, arrived in Constance, and left again at five P. M., with post horses. His friend Girelle sat alone with him in his traveling carriage: in another followed his physician, Conneau, and his valet, Charles Thelin. As he entered the carriage, the assembled crowd displayed a gloomy silence through sympathy for his fate, and the pain at losing so valuable a neighbor was unmistakably expressed. The prince proceeded to England by the Rhine.

The now deserted Arenenberg remained until May, 1853, in the possession of the prince, but was sold in that year, with the furniture, farms, and woods, to a Herr Keller from Saxony. In 1855 the emperor bought it back again, with the exception of the forest, which Herr Keller retained. The farm-house, which was almost tumbling down, was restored precisely on the same design, and the walls

of the château were covered with fresh paper of exactly the same pattern and color as the old. If we now pay a visit to Arenenberg, in spite of much that is fine to be seen, we miss the most interesting and valuable articles. Thus, for instance, the Gobelin tapestry, representing the Emperor Napoleon I. on horseback, with some grenadiers offering him a flag, one of the most successful portraits of him, has been removed, and is now in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris. In the same way, we miss the splendid picture of Napoleon on the Bridge of Lodi, by Gros; the marble bust of the Empress Josephine, by Canova; the busts of Queen Hortense and of her son Napoleon, who died in Italy; of Prince Eugène, a Mercury, a Venus di' Medici in Carrara marble; all of which have been sent to Paris.

For all that, a visit to this historic spot is well worth the time expended on it. In the hall we are welcomed by six portraits of Egyptian sheiks, who paid visits to the Emperor Napoleon I. In the reception room we see the full-length portrait of Queen Hortense by Cottreau, who lived many years at Arenenberg, taken in a most peculiar light—moon and lamp light mingled. On the opposite wall hangs a portrait of the prince by the same artist, leading his Andalusian barb through the snow to the château; and on the remaining walls the portraits of Joseph Bonaparte, of Eugène Beauharnois and three of his children, as well as likenesses of Hortense's two youngest children. In the library are full-length portraits of the Empress Josephine, of General Beauharnois, of Count Tascher de la Pagerie, of Murat, &c.

A winding staircase leads to the queen's death-bed room on the first floor, which has been already described. Admission to it can only be obtained by a card procured from the administrator, who resides at Tägerweilen. The walls are covered with damask paper, white flowers on a yellow ground. The furniture, consisting of two commodes with gilt ornaments, and a large bouquet painted on porcelain, arouses a melancholy feeling in the visitor, as the pair once belonged to the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI. A Praying Woman, by Mademoiselle Marie Ellenrieder of Constance, and a picture

representing the present Emperor Napoleon and his elder brother as cherubim, complete the decoration of the little room. The bed, standing in an alcove, is the one in which the queen died. In the adjoining cabinet we gaze on the portrait of the Empress Josephine looking out upon a magnificent landscape, and a portrait of the amiable Madame de Broe, painted by Hortense herself. This lady perished in the sight of the queen on June 10, 1813, when they were visiting the waterfall of Gresy, in Savoy, where she slipped in and was drowned.

The emperor had an alabaster monument of his mother placed in the chapel of Arenenberg, which was sculptured by Bartolini of Florence in 1845. Hortense is represented in a kneeling posture, with her hands folded in prayer. The chapel, small though it is, arouses a feeling of devotion and elevation of mind, blended, however, with a certain gentle melancholy, which, indeed, floats round the entire building.

London Society.

A HISTORY OF CROQUËT.

PAIL MALL, the head-quarters of the club world, a spacious thoroughfare between St. James's Street and the Haymarket, derives its name from the game of *paille maille*, which was introduced into England from France in the reign of James I. That this game was known and played in this country in the reign of the modern Solomon, is evident from the fact, that in the third book of that remarkable treatise, entitled "*ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΟΓΜΑ*," which the king wrote to the heir-apparent, Henry, Prince of Wales, as a set of rules for his nurture and conduct, it is recommended in the following manner: "Certainly," says the king, "bodily exercises and games are very commendable, as well for bannishing of idleness, the mother of all vice, as for making the body able and durable for travel, which is very necessary for a king. But from this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises; as the foote-ball, meeter for lameing than making able the uses thereof; as likewise such tumbling trickes as only serve for comedians and

balladines to win their bread with; but the exercises that I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the catch, or tennise, archerie, *paille maille*, and such-like other fair and pleasant field games." This is, we believe, almost the earliest date at which the game was played in England; for in 1598, just five years before James I. ascended the throne, Sir Robert Dallington, in his book "*A Method for Travel*," writes: "Among all the exercises of France, I prefer none before the *paille maille*, both because it is gentlemanlike sport, not violent, and yields good occasion and opportunity of discourse, as they walk from the one mark to the other. I marvel, among many more apish and foolish toys which we have brought out of France, that we have not brought this sport also into England." The game, however, was not generally played until the reign of Charles II.; as in a little work, "*The French Garden for English Ladies*," published in 1621, occurs the following passage: "*A paille maille* is a wooden hammer set to the end of a long stoppe, to strike about with, at which game noblemen and gentlemen in France doe play much."

In 1670, however, the game was well known. In the edition for that year of Blount's "*Glossographia*" we are told that "*paille maille* is a game wherein a round bowle, is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing at either end of the alley), which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins." This game was heretofore played in the long alley near St. James's, and vulgarly called Pell Mell. The Mall, which at present exists in St. James's Park, was arranged by Charles II.; but the Mall, on which now stands the street above mentioned, was used as a ground for this sport as early as the reign of James I. The Apple-tree Yard—St. James's Square of the present day—was then a piece of pastime ground known as Pell Mell Close, and evidently derived its name from the locality where the game was played. That the game was very popular during the reign of the Merry Monarch there can be no doubt, as the king is often described as excelling at

pall mall, and evidently was a zealous player. The poet Waller, in his poem, "St. James's Parke, as lately improved by his Majesty," witnesses to this fact in the following lines:

"Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our prince his matchless force employ,
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigor and youth in all his members seem:
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half them all:
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot."

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was also a good player, as, in fact, were most of the courtiers; for Pepys records in his diary for April 2d, 1661: "To St James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pell mell, the first time that ever I saw the sport in this country." Taking Waller's poems as an authority, many writers state that Charles II. introduced the game into this country, whereas we know it was occasionally played in the reign of James I., as we have already recorded. Prince Henry, however, played on the ground now occupied by the street, Pall Mall, which was then merely a walk made for the purpose, and lined with trees. In Charles I.'s reign, however, the game seems to have fallen into desuetude, as during the Commonwealth the alley, or avenue, had already begun to be converted into a street, and therefore Charles II. was compelled to arrange the avenue in St. James's Park, now known as the Mall, for the purposes of the game, and also to appoint men to keep it in good order. Our gossip, Samuel Pepys, in his diary for 15th of May, 1663, informs us how this was managed. He writes: "I walked in the Parke discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell, who was sweeping of it, who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust and deads the ball." The Mall, too, was rolled regularly, and kept in beautiful condition with the greatest care, and was according to a contemporary author,* "of a reasonable good length, straight and even, and if one had a paille maille, it were good to play in the alley."

* Nares' "French Garden for English Ladies."

Authorities differ considerably with regard to the regulations of this regal pastime. In an old book of French sports, however, the following account of the game is given: "This game, which is said to have been played by the Gauls, our ancestors, was so generally played in former years, that the greater portion of the promenades adjoining many of our towns consisted of a long avenue, termed the mail, because it was set apart for the *jeu de mail*. In the game the players stood at one end of the Mall, and endeavored to strike the ball by hitting it with the mallet, through a ring which was suspended at a certain distance from them. Whoever first succeeded in doing this, won the game." It may perhaps be imagined that the dissolute gallants at Charles II.'s court were not very energetic or persevering in a game which required so much exertion as pall mall. Mr. Pepys, however, tells us that the contests were often so keen, that people sometimes stripped to their shirts. On the demise of the king, the game died out in England almost entirely, although it continued to flourish in France, and lives there to this present day. On the death of Charles II., all traces of this pastime soon became lost in this country, until about thirty years ago, when a game sprang up in Ireland, known as crokey, in which the operation of cracking the balls seemed to be the chief feature of the game, since the hoops were almost left to themselves, and the cracking was considered of most importance. The game soon found many admirers, and was encouraged by ladies, who took part in it. It is evident that in the reigns of the Stuarts, whatever manly accomplishments Nell Gwynn and her companions possessed, a participation in the game of paille maille was not among them. From crokey to croquêt—the latter a Gallic imitative manner of spelling the former—the transition is easy; and although the orthography of the title of the game and the French word for gingerbread are identical, it is almost certain that there is nothing synonymous in their meanings. That there are quite enough points of resemblance between the games of croquêt and pall mall, to justify our opinion that the ground-work of croquêt is the older game, which we

have already stated is so ancient that, according to a French writer, it was played by the Gauls, is evident, we believe, to all. In some particulars, of course, the games differ greatly as time has worked its innovations; but the mallets, and the shape of the balls, in name and form are identical. Indeed, the resemblance between the mallet of pall mall and the mallet of croquet, is too complete to be doubted. There are now in the British Museum a pair of mallets used in the reign of the Stuarts, which, according to Mr. John Timbs, were found in 1854, in the house of the late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, No. 68, Pall Mall, in a box. This contained four pairs of the mallets, or mallets, and one ball, such as were formerly used for playing the game of pall mall in the Mall of St. James's Park. Each mallet was four feet long, and made of lance-wood; the head slightly curved, measuring outwardly $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the inner curve being $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The diameter of the mallet ends was $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, each shod with a thin iron hoop. The handle, which was very elastic, was bound with white leather to the breadth of two hands, and terminated with a collar of jagged leather. The ball was of box-wood, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

That the game of croquet has during the last few years become very popular, is simply a fact. A short time since but very few knew that there was such a game; and now, not only everybody seems aware of its existence, but almost every person can play at it, and, what is more to the point, finds very much enjoyment in the sport. The next question, therefore, to be considered is, what are the chief causes of the great popularity that this game has achieved in so short a time? Cynical old bachelors and misogynists aver that the reason why men like the game, is, because in it girls show their ankles; and that the reason why women like it is, because it fosters their conceit, by allowing them to prove their equality with "the lords of the creation." This is the style of argument usually adopted by people who know little or nothing about this sport. The prevalent idea with regard to it, in the minds of such people, is that people play at it merely for the sake of flirtation, and that the process of knocking the balls about

is quite a secondary consideration. One of the late Mr. Leech's pictures in "Punch" stands recorded as a proof of this. The scene represents a croquet party, in which six young ladies, armed with mallets, stand disconsolate, and declare it's no use playing if Captain Fair-play and Blanche go on in that absurd manner. The aforesaid couple are engaged in the mysteries of a deep flirtation at one end of the ground. Now in a game of croquet, played by energetic people, such a state of things would be impossible, as each player would not only keep a watch on his ball, but would also pay attention to the progress of the game, and be unable to participate in a dialogue for even two or three minutes. For, although the subscriber would be the last to deny that the participation of ladies in the sport adds an indescribable charm to croquet, yet it is manifestly absurd to say that their presence is the main attraction. Good players of either sex can find enjoyment in the game, whether it is played solely by gentlemen or solely by ladies; and most men would undoubtedly prefer playing entirely with people of their own sex, rather than have the interest of the game spoiled by a lady who knows little or nothing about the rules. The real cause of the great interest people, who know how to play, take in the game, is the pleasant excitement and sustained pleasure it produces—a feeling equally prevalent in, and equally enjoyable by either ladies or gentlemen. The fact that the game is never lost till it is won, and that as long as two players are at work the interest is sustained, as well as the fresh combinations each stroke produces, are in themselves sufficient to make croquet popular. Besides, there is no other game in which ladies and gentlemen can amuse themselves. Some people may mention archery; but that sport means a large fortune and a large field. No toxophilite can shoot on a lawn, or purchase pleasure for eight people, as at croquet, for a trifling sum. Add to this the fact that there is always the chance of a budding archer shooting somebody or himself; and remember the vast disparity between the expense and danger of the two games. One can then easily account for the increasing popularity of the one, and the corres-

ponding decrease in popular favor of the other.

It is naturally with a feeling of pleasure that we watch the rapidly-spreading knowledge and appreciation of croquet; but at the same time it is evident that at present the game seems to stand a chance of being destroyed by its innumerable devotees. When the game was re-christened croquet, the toymaker, whose speculative genius induced him to make the game and print a short set of concise rules furnished to him, quietly introduced it as a nice out-door amusement. It therefore soon became known among aristocratic circles, and as it was a novelty, and served as a pastime, it was at once taken up. Rapidly it then spread, until the demand for it became great enough to induce the lawmaker to manufacture croquet sets sufficiently cheap to bring it within the reach of most classes; and now rose other lawgivers whose knowledge of the game induced them to trample upon the authorized laws, and make fresh rules to suit their own convenience. Towards the end of 1863, Captain Mayne Reid raised the standard of revolt, and published a most extraordinary manual of croquet, containing 129 rules and 60 notes. The number of these rules, however, was not the chief obstacle. The fundamental propositions of the author on this subject were so entirely opposed, in the main, to the modest card of rules issued by the toymaker, that it became impossible for a follower of Mayne Reid to play with a follower of Jaques; and hence bickerings and disputes was the result, and the game began to be considered as somewhat difficult and not quite so nice as when one code only of rules existed.

In Captain Reid's manual he sedulously abused the croquet sets issued by Mr. Jaques, and recommended those made by another manufacturer, who, encouraged by the success of the game, had copied the implements as closely as he could without infringing the copyright law. This naturally had some effect upon the sale of the games; and therefore in the following spring Mr. Jaques deemed it advisable to issue a handbook, which not only differed from the captain's rules, but also contradicted those on the card previously issued by himself. About

this time, too, Mr. Routledge, the publisher, considered that a croquet manual would be a popular addition to his series of sixpenny handbooks, and also issued a set of croquet rules, which differed in many important points from both the other two. And now in the kingdom of croquet anarchy reigned supreme. Not content with three different codes of laws, other writers published books of laws, and players invented sets of rules to suit their own peculiar cliques. Thus in lawn parties last summer it was almost impossible for strangers to play together; and so far did this independent system of croquet regulation extend, that it may safely be said that in no two places was the game played in exactly the same manner. Cheating, it has always been allowed, is the prerogative of ladies who play croquet; but now any person can defend any position in the game obtained unfairly by quoting some rule of the printed authorities. Not only, however, were the rules tampered with, but innovations on the implements became the order of the day. One nobleman had leather buffers placed at the heads of the mallet; another altered the shape of the hoops; another the color of the balls; and another, thinking it derogatory to his dignity to be fettered with rules, had an entirely new set drawn up for his own especial use, and intrusted the literary task to a lady, who evidently had carried cheating in actual play to such an extent that she was compelled to adopt the same mode of proceeding in her book, for she copied the best part of Captain Reid's eccentric handbook, and then produced her Treatise as the rules of the Earl of Essex. The professional author, however, soon instructed the amateur in the mysteries of the art of copyright, in return for which lessons the noble pupil paid the small sum of £100., with a few trifling costs. We merely mention this circumstance to show in what a dangerous state the kingdom of croquet is in at the present time. Nobody at present seems satisfied with any rules at all. If A likes one of Jaques's rules, he thinks that on other points Routledge's are better; and if B does approve of Mayne Reid's rendering of the croquet itself, he thinks that in all other respects that author is wrong. In

fact, it is generally admitted that, according to the present state of people's minds on the subject, none of the handbooks are of any use at all, and consequently none of the rules need be adopted by any one anywhere.

Were we to quote the many instances in which the writers of the handbooks differ, we should require even more space than the indulgent Editor of London Society is willing to accord to us. There is, however, one point on which so much difference of opinion has been aroused, and about which so much has been said, that we take this opportunity of endeavoring to render it intelligible to those of our readers who indulge in the pursuit of croquet. The point we allude to is one which has derived its name from the title of the game itself; to wit, *The Croquet*. This is the head and front of the offending of each author, and has, perhaps, caused more contention than any other feature of the game.

The croquet is, as most know, supposed to be theoretically an accessory to the game, whereas, in reality, it is the fundamental basis. It is instituted to impede or assist the progress of the players; but in reality it is the progress itself, as nothing can be done without its assistance. We need not tell our readers under what circumstances a player is privileged to practice the croquet. The backbone of the discussions is how the croquet is to be practiced. We will see what the lawgivers say upon this subject. Mr. Jaques has:

"The croquet is done as follows: The player lays his own ball against the other, so that it touches it. He then places his foot on his own ball, which he strikes with the mallet. This will drive the ball with any strength, and in any direction he pleases. In croquetting a ball away, a player will hold his foot firmly on his own ball. In making a splitting, or following stroke, the foot is usually held lightly on one's own ball; but it is not obligatory to put the foot on at all. This is entirely at the option of the player. He is said "to take a stroke off" when he places his own ball to touch the croquetted ball very lightly, so as to leave it when croquetted in nearly the same position; but in doing this the croquetted ball must be perceptibly moved."

Captain Reid writes:

"A ball having made roquet on another, is taken up and placed in contact with the ball in which it has roquet. The player sets foot on the former, presses firmly so as to hold it in place, and with a blow of the mallet drives the roqueted ball in whatever direction may be desired. A ball having made roquet, is taken up, placed contiguous to the roqueted ball, and without being held under the foot, is struck by the mallet, and driver, as also the roqueted ball, in the direction desired."

In reading the opinions of the two authors just quoted, one can not avoid the reflection that their directions would have produced a better effect if they had been somewhat briefer and not quite so discursive. The third lawgiver, Mr. Edmund Routledge, can not be accused of either of these faults in the following rule:

"In croquing the ball, the player must keep his foot firmly upon his own ball, and if the stroke move it, the ball must afterwards be brought back to the position it occupied before it was struck."

From these quotations it will be seen that the first two writers are in favor of what is technically known as the loose or slipping croquet, and that Mr. Routledge pins his faith upon the tight croquet. Before our readers pass too severe an opinion upon the merits of this discussion—for it is the rules about the croquet that have caused almost all the confusion that exists in the croquet world—it is but fair to state that the rules originally issued by Mr. Jaques were in favor of the tight croquet, and that on no account was the ball of the croqueur to be moved when he performed the croquet. Captain Reid, the cause of the anarchy in the kingdom of croquet, was the first to suggest the new mode of playing, which was half assented to by Mr. Jaques in his book at the request of some croquet players. Since, however, the only way to render this game popular is to preserve its simplicity, and as the loose croquet is the cause of endless complications and consequent disturbances, we can not but agree with the plain dictum enforced by Mr. Routledge, which experience has proved to be the most practicable. We have merely quoted these dif-

ferent readings of one rule to show how entirely the opinions of the lawgivers differ on this subject, and consequently how impracticable a good game of croquet is at the present time. Few of our readers who enjoy the past time think in what a dangerous state their favorite now is, and how soon it may be in a moribund condition. If croquet is to remain popular, vigorous steps must be taken at once to restore it to its pristine health and vigor. To this end we would suggest some ardent croquet player, who has plenty of spare time, should endeavor to raise a croquet parliament, in which the writers on croquet, as well as the chief players from all parts of England, should have seats. The rules should be reconsidered, and their merits, as they now stand, firmly discussed. Each member must be at liberty to express his opinion, and the majority should decide the laws upon this subject. These rules could then be published, and if the matter were carried out properly the croquet parliament would occupy the same position in its own kingdom as the Marylebone Club does in the cricket world. Mr. Routledge has already stated in the "Field" that he will publish in his handbook the laws of such a committee, and it is evident that Mr. Jaques will be glad enough to follow the same example. Then, with only one set of organized laws, the influence of croquet would spread and find increasing popularity every day, until it would occupy the same hold on the affections of the ladies as cricket now does on the minds of gentlemen. The consequent increased familiarity between men and women, while it invigorated the latter, would refine the former, and would enable the sterner sex to appreciate better the helpmates that are bestowed upon them. Croquet clubs would soon spring up, and croquet grounds would be as well tended and cared for as cricket grounds are, and from the palace to the cottage, all would participate in the game, and note its innumerable charms and scientific attractions. To produce this consummation, however, an active and willing croquet player must at once come forward, cleanse these Augean stables, and restore to health and vigor that amiable young lady, Miss Croquet, who is pining and wasting away before

the oppressive attentions and frequent interference of her numerous physicians.

Leisure Hour.

THE TURNING-POINT OF A POET'S LIFE.

GEORGE CRABBE, afterwards so celebrated as a describer of life and manners, passed the earlier part of his days in discomfort and poverty. He was a native of Aldborough, a village on the coast of Suffolk, of which place his father was salt-master—that is, collector of the salt duties, then an important item of the public revenue. The salt-master was anything but an agreeable parent; he was a man of imperious temper and violent passions, and on the occasion of the death of a little daughter, to whom he was passionately devoted, he exhibited some gloomy and savage tokens of misery which haunted, fifty years after, the memory of his gentler son. The darker traits of the father's character had shown themselves only at rare intervals, and he was, on the whole, a tolerably kind husband and father; but in 1774 there was a contested election at Aldborough, and the Whig candidate, Mr. Charles Long, found a zealous partisan and agent in the salt-master. From that period his family dated the loss of domestic comfort, a rooted taste for the society of the tavern, and a great increase in the violence of his temper. He often took his boys fishing with him, and his patience was sorely tried with the awkwardness of the eldest. "That boy," he would say, "must be a fool. John, and Bob, and Will are all of some use about a boat; but what will that *thing* ever be good for?" This, however, was only the passion of the moment, for he early perceived the talents of George, and was at more expense with his education than his worldly circumstances could well afford.

As it was determined that George should follow the profession of a surgeon, he was sent, between his eleventh and twelfth year, to a school at Stowmarket, kept by a Mr. Richard Haddon, where he made considerable progress in mathematics, and laid the foundation of a fair classical education. After leaving this school, it

was some time before a situation, as surgeon's apprentice, could be found for him. His father employed him in the warehouse, on the quay of Slaughden, in labors which he abhorred, such as piling up butter and cheese and other packages. At length an advertisement, headed "Apprentice Wanted," met his father's eye, and George went to fill the vacant situation at Wickham Brook, a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. Besides the duties of his profession, the new apprentice was often employed in the drudgery of the farm (for his master had more occupations than one), and was made the bedfellow and companion of the plough-boy. Not being bound by indenture, he was removed, in the year 1771, to a more eligible situation, and concluded his apprenticeship with a Mr. Page, surgeon, at Woodbridge, a market-town seventeen miles from Aldborough. He was at this time in his eighteenth year, and had already excited the attention of his companions by his attempts in versification. Here he became passionately fond of the study of botany. At the end of 1775 he returned to Aldborough, in the hopes of finding the means of repairing to London, there to complete his professional education. But his father could not at that time gratify his inclination, and he was obliged to resume the labors of the warehouse, and pile up butter casks as before on Slaughden quay. He was sullen and angry, and violent quarrels often ensued between him and his father. He afterwards confessed that his conduct was unjustifiable, and that it was his father's poverty made him often appear harsh, though substantially kind.

At length his father made an effort to send him to London, and he embarked in one of the trading sloops at Slaughden quay, ostensibly to walk the hospitals and attend lectures in customary form, but in reality with a purse too slenderly provided to enable him to do this. In eight or ten months, his small resources being exhausted, he returned once more to Suffolk. He engaged himself as an assistant in the shop of a Mr. Maskill, who had lately commenced business there as a surgeon and apothecary. Maskill assumed a despotic authority over his assistant, who, conscious of his imperfect knowledge of the commonest details of

his profession, was obliged to submit in silence to many galling vexations. He was not much more at his ease when Maskill transferred his practice to another town, and Crabbe set up for himself as a surgeon at Aldborough. Though aware that he had not deserved success in his profession, he justly thought himself possessed of more than ordinary abilities, and he brooded with deep mortification on his failure. Meantime he had perused with attention the works of the British poets, and of his favorite Horace, and indulged the dreams of a youthful poet. He was determined to excite the admiration of the world. He had neither sharpness of mind nor cleverness of hand so requisite for a surgeon. He knew his deficiencies, and after much deliberation he resolved to abandon the profession, to go to London and try his fate as a literary adventurer.

When his father was informed of his purpose, he severely reproached him for leaving a position which it had cost the family so much expense to fit him for; but when the son calmly explained how imperfectly he had been prepared for the exercise of his profession, he no longer opposed his resolution. But still the money was wanting for the journey. He requested the loan of five pounds from Mr. Dudley North, the brother of the candidate for Aldbury, who immediately granted his request, and, embarking on board a sloop at Slaughden for the great city, he lived with the sailors of the vessel and partook of their fare, master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money.

He had some suffolk friends in the city, and to be near them he took lodgings close to the Exchange in the house of Mr. Vickery, a hair dresser of some celebrity in his calling; and on the family removing to Bishopsgate street he accompanied them to their new residence. He no sooner established himself in his lodgings than he applied himself with great diligence to the correction of the poetical pieces he had brought with him from the country; he also composed two dramas, and some prose essays in imitation of Swift and Addison. He frequented a cheap coffee-house, where he met several young men, teachers of mathe-

matics—among others, Mr. Bonnycastle, afterwards Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, to whom he was indebted for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction. He soon began to feel the want of cash, and sold or pawned some of his more useless articles; but these resources could not last long, and he was at one time reduced to fourpence-halfpenny. He offered copies of verses to the booksellers, but they were rejected. It is pleasant to think that Crabbe had recourse neither to drink nor opium, and went into no scenes of pleasure or dissipation to drown his cares. This was owing to some religious impressions he had, however imperfect, to the decent habits of the people with whom he lodged, and to a virtuous attachment to a young person in Suffolk, whom he afterwards married. He was forced to apply somewhere for pecuniary aid, and he cast his eyes in succession on various eminent individuals who were considered as patrons of literature. He applied to Lord North, but in vain; an application to Lord Shelburne had no better success; and in after-life he contrasted his repulse from that nobleman's door in Berkeley Square, in 1780, with the courteous welcome with which he was received at that same mansion by his son, the Marquis of Lansdowne. He also wrote to Lord Thurlow, enclosing a copy of verses, but received a cold polite note regretting that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses. The talents and judgment of Thurlow made Crabbe feel this rebuff with double bitterness; he sent his lordship some strong but not disrespectful lines, intimating that in former times the encouragement of literature had been considered as a duty not foreign to the illustrious station which he held.

Want and a jail now stared him in the face; and the melancholy fate of Otway, Savage, and Chatterton seemed about to be repeated on Crabbe, when he happily bethought himself of applying to Edmund Burke, then one of the foremost men in England as an orator and politician. The letter which he addressed to that great man shows an extremity of distress of which his own family never had any exact knowledge, nor did they know that a copy of it had been preserved

till the hand that wrote it was in the grave:

"To Edmund Burke, Esq.

"Sir, I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, produce me pardon. I am one of those outcasts on the world who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

"Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed, and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but, not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only. I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions. When I wanted bread, they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

"Time, reflection, and want, have showed me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light, and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

"I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford, in consequence of which I asked his lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

"I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavored to circulate copies of the enclosed proposals.

"I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it.

You will conclude that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum, which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited with this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty and as the greatest favor, a week's forbearance; when I am positively told that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good and, let me add, as a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favor than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, sir, in any degree aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstration of my veracity? I have imposed on myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is therefore with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favor; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself; and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My con-

nections, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun, in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation in looking to the end of it.

"I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,
"GEORGE CRABBE."

The night after he delivered this letter at Mr. Burke's door he was in such a state of agitation that he walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until daylight.

Burke was then keenly engaged in the tumults of parliamentary opposition, and not rich himself; yet he gave instant attention to the letter and the verses which it enclosed. He immediately appointed an hour for Crabbe to call upon him at his house in London. His character and manners were appreciated and approved by that judicious and generous mind. He at once took up his cause with the zeal of a friend, domesticated him under his own roof, and treated him like a son. A few days after his first introduction, Mr. Burke told Reynolds that his new *protégé* had the mind and feelings of a gentleman. As to his poems, his friendly critic did not flatter him, but showed him the necessity of sitting in judgment upon them, and making them as correct as possible. He told him that, if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he had frequently the merit of thinking for himself. He selected from his papers two pieces, "The Library," and "The Village," and desired Crabbe to correct and improve them as much as he could. When he had done so, Burke himself took "The Library" to Dodsley, then of Pall Mall, and read some of the verses to him. The bookseller agreed that some of them were good, but declined the hazard of publication, promising he would do all he could for Mr. Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit he could give it. He kept his word, and, though by no means insensible of the value of money, he gave to the author his profits as a publisher and vendor of the pamphlet. The success of "The Library" gave some reputation to the author, and encouraged him to pub-

lish "The Village" some time after. This poem was read and revised by Johnson, whom he had met at Sir Joshua Reynold's table, and who enriched his piece, as he had formerly done some of Goldsmith's, with a few splendid lines:

"On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the mountain song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?"

Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua, March 4th, 1788, "Sir, I have sent you back Mr. Crabbe's poem, which I read with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant. . . . I do not doubt of his success." Crabbe remembered one maxim of Johnson's: "Never fear putting the strongest and best things you can think of into the mouth of your speaker, whatever may be his condition."

Burke made him welcome not only to his house in London, but also to his retirement at Beaconsfield. There, in the course of one of their familiar walks, he made a minute inquiry into Crabbe's early days in Suffolk, and drew from him the avowal that, with respect to future affairs, he felt a strong partiality for the church. Burke remarked that it was fortunate his father had exerted himself to send him to the Latin school; and, though well aware of the difficulties of obtaining holy orders for any person not regularly educated, he procured the assent of Dr. Yonge, the Bishop of Norwich, by whom, after a very creditable examination, he was admitted to deacon's orders in London, and in the following year, 1781, ordained a priest in his own cathedral.

Meantime, he had very little cash at command, for his patron was too delicate to have the appearance of giving him alms, and he was occasionally reduced to distress for an immediate supply. In an interval of something like his former misery he one day received a note from the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, inviting him to breakfast next morning. Burke had spoken of him in favorable terms, and the stern and formidable lawyer was anxious to atone for his former neglect. He received Crabbe with more than courtesy, and said, "The first poem you sent me, sir, I ought to have noticed; and I heartily forgive the second." They break-

fasted together, and at parting his lordship put a sealed paper into his hand, saying, "Accept this trifle, sir, in the meantime, and rely on my embracing an early opportunity to serve you more substantially when I hear that you are in orders." When he left the house he opened the letter, expecting a present of ten or twenty pounds; but, to his astonishment and delight, he found it contained a bank-note for a hundred pounds. With deep gratitude to God, as well as his humane benefactor, he employed a portion of the first of this supply to relieve some poor scholars* whom he had known when sharing their wretchedness in the city.

Being licensed as curate to the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Rector of Aldborough, he returned once more to his native place, a more hopeful man than when he went forth from it. He had left his home as a deserter from his profession, despised by the ruder natives for awkwardness and unsteadiness, considered by some as a hare-brained visionary, and by all found guilty of poverty. He returned a man of acknowledged talents, a successful author, patronized by some of the leading characters of the age, a clergyman, with every prospect of preferment in the church. But the scriptural proverb, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, was exemplified in his case. It was whispered that a man who had failed in one calling was not likely to make a great figure in a new one. Some old stories were revived; and, on the whole, he thought, from his unkindly reception, it was better to retire in a few months from being curate at Aldborough. He received a letter from Burke, telling him that the Duke of Rutland would willingly receive him as his domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle. He accepted the offered situation, in which

*The relief of men of learning in poverty was always an object in which he took delight. In the preface to "The Borough," published in 1810, he thus refers to his co-operation with the Royal Literary Fund: "Previous to a late meeting of a literary society whose benevolent purpose is well known to the public, I was induced by a friend to compose a few verses, in which, with a general commendation of the design, was introduced a hint that the bounty might be farther extended; these verses a gentleman did me the honor to recite at the meeting."

he saw something of the splendor and etiquette of high life, but with no great addition to his happiness. He went to London with the Duke, and received an invitation to dine with Lord Thurlow, who, before he left the house, gave him the small livings of Frome St. Quintin, and Evershot in Dorsetshire. He hastened to Beules with the grateful intelligence that he was at length entitled, without imprudence, to claim the long-pledged hand of Miss Elmy. They were accordingly married in the month of December, 1783, and shortly after took up their abode in the apartments destined for their use at Belvoir Castle; and, as it was the time of non-residence and pluralities, he did the work of his Dorsetshire livings by deputy. As it was soon found to be a disagreeable thing to inhabit the house of an absent family, the duke having gone to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Crabbe took the neighboring curacy of Strathern, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage attached to that office. He had several children; but only two sons grew up to manhood, and became clergymen.

The four years spent at Strathern, Crabbe often said, were, on the whole, the very happiest in his life. He could now ramble amidst the rich woods of Belvoir; at home, his garden afforded him health and amusement; and his situation as a mere curate prevented him from being drawn into any unpleasant disputes with the villagers around him. From his thirty-first to his fifty-second year he buried himself completely in the obscurity of domestic and village life; and, although he had gained admission for a time into the most brilliant society of the metropolis by means of his "Library," "Village," and "Newspaper," he was gradually forgotten as a living author, and was only known by name to a few who read certain striking passages which had been inserted in the "Elegant Extracts." In September, 1807, a volume of poems by Mr. Crabbe was published containing, with his earlier pieces, "The Parish Register," and some smaller poems; and from this time he took his place among the foremost of living British poets.

In the autumn of 1795, Mr. Crabbe met, at Mr. North's, a large party of

some of the most eminent men in the kingdom: Mr. Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, the Earl of Lauderdale, Dr. Parr, and Mr. Fox, who, recognizing Mr. Crabbe, whom he had formerly met in the society of Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson, courteously expressed his disappointment that his pen had been so long unemployed, and promised to revise any future poem which he might prepare for publication. When the "Parish Register" was nearly completed, in 1806, Mr. Fox was harassed by the cares of office, and smitten with a disease which was soon to prove fatal. Mr. Crabbe was too considerate to remind him of his promise, but wrote to the great statesman to say that it would afford much gratification if he might be permitted to dedicate the forthcoming volume to Mr. Fox. He repeated his offer, and the manuscript was sent to him at St. Anne's Hill: it was heard by Mr. Fox, and excited interest enough to gain his approval. This poem, more especially the story of Phoebe Dawson, were the last compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, candid, and benevolent mind of that great man.

The "Parish Register" was followed by "The Borough," "Tales," and "Tales of the Hall;" for which last work, and the copyright of his former productions, Mr. Murray gave him the munificent sum of £3,000.

Lord Thurlow having, at the personal solicitation of the Duchess of Rutland, exchanged the two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the Vale of Belvoir, Mr. Crabbe became Rector of Muston, in Leicestershire, and the neighboring parish of Allington, in Lincolnshire. In February, 1789, he left Strathern, and brought his family to the parsonage of Muston. But in October, 1792, being summoned into Suffolk to act as executor to Mr. Tovell, a relative of his wife, still a determined non-resident, he resolved to place a curate at Muston, and to go and reside at Parham, in Suffolk, taking charge of some church in that neighborhood. He continued this mode of clerical duty in Suffolk for about ten years, when the bishops began, very properly, to urge all non-resident incumbents to return to their livings; and, although Dr. Prettyman, the Bishop

of Lincoln, was personally requested to allow Mr. Crabbe to remain in Suffolk, his lordship would not yield, observing that Muston and Allington had a prior claim. He accordingly returned to Muston in October, 1805, where he continued till, in June, 1841, he was inducted to the charge of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, not very far from Bath and Bristol, in which charge he continued for nearly eighteen years, till his death, in February, 1832, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and fifty years after his introduction to Burke.

Mr. Crabbe's non-residence in the parishes of which he was properly the rector was productive of some inconvenience to their inhabitants. His cures had been served by diligent and respectable clergymen, but they had been often changed, and some of them had never resided within the parish. When he himself did the duty of curate in the parishes of Suffolk, he was regular and assiduous in the usual routine of duty—so kind that he would put off a meditated journey rather than leave a poor parishioner who required his services. Still, he had not that deep and genuine sense of religion which was profitable to his own soul, or likely to impress his hearers with the importance of vital godliness. But in the last ten years of his life there seems to have occurred the indispensable change which must come over the inner man when he becomes a true believer in Christ. Mr. Crabbe had a more correct

view of Christian doctrine, a more chastened humility of mind, a warmer love for the Word of God, and a calmer hope in the near prospect of eternity.

We have put together these notices of the life of Crabbe to show how the generosity of one noble mind was the means of lifting him from obscurity and wretchedness to the long enjoyment of an honorable and happy life; an illustration of Cecil's remark, that the history of a man's own life is, to himself, the most interesting history in the world next to that of the Scriptures. God, though unseen, works wonderfully in arranging the events of every life; and, though the vast majority of mankind give little heed to this undoubted fact, whoso is wise will observe these things, and shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

It is not our intention to enter into any criticism on the poems of Crabbe: the taste of our age has left them behind; but they may still be read with amusement and instruction. They are not always very flattering reading; they exhibit guilt and poverty in their real colors, and do not present human life dressed up in the conventional language of poetry. He has been called the Hogarth of Song, and is well characterized by the inscription on his monument, in Trowbridge church, as

"Nature's sternest painter, yet her BEST."

Dublin University Magazine.

REVERIES.

A GRAY DAY.

THE day has drownded in a bleak dream,
Shrinking its broad and golden gaze,
Pale in the blown and muffling haze:
Upon the brownly drifting stream
The weak and windy moonlight falls;
Upon the margined sands the rushes nod;
The white stream-lily droops its chilly cheek
Over its shadow wavering slant and weak;
And from the sloping field the black crow calls,
Daintily feeding on the wormy sod.

Now the willows grey along the river,
Ruffle like weak, moulting birds,
Whitening in the gust that ever
Lifts their leaves; while high o'erhead,

From the bare pine-top, wintry words
 Shril through the twigs, whose leaves are shed ;—
 Drowsing, sighing, swelling on the breeze,
 As though its barky heart were ill at ease.
 Then evening falls upon the windless air,
 Still are the trees, and sightless flows the stream
 As vague in light as sound—low, floating there,
 Wogling inconstant music in its dream.

GLINTS OF AN APRIL DAY.

Under the tender azure April noon,
 The while the showry warm air round us rolled
 Freshens the pulses, sets the thoughts in tune
 With dawning spring-time ; at the wrinkled feet
 Of a bloom-covered pear tree, brown and old,
 In the green orchard, fanned with lights divine,
 We rest ; while, excitant as purest wine,
 Rich gusts of growing plenty, fruit and wheat,
 And grass from meadowed champagne, drowsed in heat,
 Come breathed in waves o'er the brown steaming mould.
 In all things round—lights, voices, herb, and tree—
 The spirit of life is budding tenderly.

A-south the sky is creased in creamy ledges
 Of shining vapor ; now some upland house,
 Bright-windowed, flashes o'er the landscape bare ;
 Now comes a faint vibration on the air,
 Soft-straying sunbeams through the mossy boughs,
 Now twittering of young birds within the hedges.
 Still is the earth, save when the pattering rain
 Taps on the leaves, or from the fields remote
 Vague sounds like bursting bubbles, or again
 Faint cloudy whispers through the mists that float
 From furrowed upland, or gray mountain-ridge
 Low flecked with rainy green. At intervals
 Carts clatter o'er the ivy-draped bridge,
 And figures toward the smoky town pass on
 Down the wet roads, 'neath April's glowing sun.
 Then dusks the dewey evening wild and tender
 Above the orchard grass and skirts of weed,
 And hamlet dim, with tall spire gray and slender ;
 A humid wind, following its fancies, wanders
 On intermittent wing o'er wood and mead,
 And through the dusk, in muse inconstant, ponders.
 Above a disentangling woof of blue,
 And tear-eyed spring stars gleaming genial through.

Edinburgh Review.

TUSCAN SCULPTURE.*

THE period of Art in which we live is
 above all a literary one. The number of

* 1. *Tuscan Sculptors, their Lives, Works, and Times.* By CHARLES C. PERKINS. 2 vols. London: 1864.

2. *Life of Michael Angelo* by HERMAN GRIMM. Translated, with the Author's Sanction, by FANNY ELIZABETH BUNNETT. 2 vols. London: 1865.

3. *Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages and Period of Art. A descriptive Catalogue of the Works forming the above section of the South Kensington Museum, with additional illustrative Notices.* By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A. 1 vol. London: 1862.

books produced both in this country and upon the Continent, during the last thirty years, upon nearly every branch of Art is extraordinary, while all the modern resources of engraving, lithography, photography, and electrotype, have been employed to instruct us by illustration in the various styles of past times. One very interesting subject, that of Christian sculpture, has, however, been strangely neglected. Notices of various works of Christian sculpture are to be found scattered about in descriptions of the churches or galleries which contain them, and lives of

the Christian sculptors may be picked out of divers books where they are placed in company with those of other celebrities; but we know of no book which has hitherto treated the subject separately and fully. The study of sculpture has long been almost exclusively that of the antique; and although no one can for a moment deny the immense superiority of Greek sculpture to all that has been since produced, the position assigned to it as the only model for imitation has produced some unfortunate results. It has led sculptors to look upon anatomical display and beauty of form as the objects to be attained, and to consider meaning and sentiment as secondary or unimportant points in their art. Jupiters, Apollos, and Venuses were originally monuments of the religion of the ancients, and appealed to their feelings and understandings: they excite our admiration now only by their beauty of execution. It is not enough for Christian sculpture that it should attain merely this latter form of excellence. The Christian sculptor should speak to us through his art as the pagan spoke to his contemporaries. He has a nobler and purer faith to illustrate and teach, and if it affords less opportunity for displaying the beauty of nude forms, it makes ample amends for this deficiency by the occasions it offers for exhibiting the highest emotions, and for telling a history which never loses its hold upon our feelings.

In some of the most important branches of the Christian Church, sculpture has never attained to so intimate a connection with religion as the sister art of painting. It was proscribed by the iconoclasm of the Greek Church, and is still excluded from her temples; and the Protestant Churches of Germany and England have not entirely ceased to view with hostile suspicion the images to which an undue reverence was paid by the faith of Rome. But the Catholic faith of the middle ages was, on the contrary, eminently favorable to sculpture and made lavish use of it. Accordingly, long before painting had acquired perfection, the persons and events of the Gospel narratives were rendered familiar to the people by innumerable sculptured images or reliefs, and the great cathedrals of the thirteenth century are adorned in every part with gra-

ven works which illustrate with every variety of detail their matchless architecture. In Tuscany, more especially, a school of religious sculpture arose at the very beginning of that age which has the strongest claim to our attention and interest.

The progress of this school, from its commencement to its decline, forms the subject of the important work the title of which stands first at the head of this article. Its author, Mr. Perkins, an American gentleman, has devoted much time and study to the task, and proposes to continue his researches into the history of sculpture in Northern, Southern, and Eastern Italy. His two volumes contain a clear account of the lives and works of all the Tuscan sculptors of importance from the Pisani to the scholars of Michael Angelo, and sufficient notices of many of the obscure artists. The criticisms are singularly fair, showing an intimate knowledge of the subject and a just appreciation of the merits of different schools. An historical narrative binds together the biographical and artistic portions of the work, and enables the reader to judge of the effects which political events produced upon the arts. The style of the book is easy and agreeable, and, above all, perfectly free from those affectations and eccentricities which some writers on Art seem to consider necessary to their subject. The illustrations, which have been executed with great skill and elegance from the designs of the author, are remarkably beautiful, and make us regret that they are not more numerous. We can not but lament, also, that in cases where Mr. Perkins has selected particular statues or bas-reliefs from a large work, he should not have given a general sketch showing their position in the composition. Such illustrations would have been particularly useful to persons who have never seen the objects described, and who can not sketch with their mind's eye while reading his account. We need only add, before proceeding to a detailed examination of these volumes, that with regard to indexes, tables of contents, chronological tables, and marginal references, they leave nothing to be desired by the student. Mr. Perkins has resisted the temptation of beginning his history "before the deluge," or of tracing the

connection of Tuscan sculpture with that of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece; but he has given in his introduction a sufficient idea of the darkness in which the sculptors were groping till the end of the twelfth century, to enable us to appreciate the brilliancy of the light shed by the appearance of the great Niccolò Pisano.

There were no doubt sculptors before Niccolò; but,

"As all these mediæval artists who are called *Taglia Pietre* in contemporary documents and inscriptions, regarded sculpture as the humble handmaid of architecture, and made statuettes to crown the pinnacles or fill the niches of buildings, but never as separate entities, they may rather be classed as architectural stonemasons than as sculptors; and as such we shall pass them over for the sake of their more illustrious successors." (P. lvi.)

Niccolò Pisano was born at Pisa, between the years 1205 and 1207. He was the son of a notary (not certainly a very artistic parentage,) but his natural gifts were such that when scarce fifteen years old he had so far profited by his studies among the workshops of the *Duomo* as to be appointed architect to Frederic II., at Naples, a testimony to his talents which is all the stronger from the fact that this accomplished monarch is said to have been himself a practical architect. Unfortunately, we have now no means of judging of the merits of his earliest buildings as they were completely remodelled in the sixteenth century.

After ten years spent at Naples, Niccolò went to Padua to design the Basilica of St. Antonio, a singular but grand and picturesque edifice, exhibiting a jumble of styles which Mr. Perkins excuses by giving various plausible reasons for Niccolò's eclecticism, but which Mr. Ferguson, not being a biographer, criticises without any reserve; "A signal failure was," he says, "the result, for an uglier church can hardly be found anywhere."*

But it is as a sculptor that we have now to do with Niccolò, and we therefore turn with interest to his first known work, an alto-relievo of the "Deposition," over one of the side doors of the cathedral of St. Martino at Lucca. He has most carefully followed in it the traditional account of the taking down of our Lord's

Body from the Cross, and has succeeded in so grouping the figures as to make a beautiful composition, thus at once excelling his predecessors, who always placed them in a row. For some years after the completion of his work at Lucca, Niccolò appears to have been chiefly employed as an architect in building churches and palaces, and, we regret to add, as an instrument of party vengeance in destroying many fine edifices which had belonged to the Guelphs. It was not till the year 1260 that he began the pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa, which may be considered as the commencement of his second style, and the foundation of the Pisan school. That his second style was formed by the study of antique sculpture can not be doubted, for not only does its general character distinctly show it, but two of his reliefs upon the pulpit are directly imitated from figures on ancient monuments in the *Campo Santo*.

His next important commission was the Arca di San Domenico at Bologna, a sarcophagus made to contain the bones of that saint, in the execution of which he was assisted by his pupil Fra Guglielmo Agnelli. The bas-reliefs on this monument are admirable examples of Niccolò's power of composition and illustration, and are the more remarkable because these subjects from the life of the saint had probably never before been represented.

It is never otherwise than interesting to know what remuneration great artists have received, and we are therefore fortunate in being able to ascertain from the contract which he signed upon undertaking the pulpit in the *Duomo* at Siena, the rate at which he was paid for his labors. He agreed to live at Siena till its completion, with liberty to visit Pisa four times a year for a fortnight at a time, and to receive eight soldi a day (a sum equivalent to twelve Tuscan pauls of the present currency, or about five shillings of our money,) besides his living. The Siena pulpit does not show that he had made any further advance in art since completing that at Pisa, for two of the subjects were almost exactly repeated; but it en-

* Handbook of Architecture, vol. ii. p. 769.

† More properly speaking a *pergamo* or double ambo, having two desks, one for reading the Gospel, one lower down for the Epistle.

abled him to exhibit his talent in conceiving and composing two vast and difficult subjects, "The Last Judgment" and "The Massacre of the Innocent."

"Although the Last Judgment is a subject which can not be adequately treated in sculpture, and one which, from the vastness of its nature, naturally led Niccolò to overcrowd the small space at his disposition with a somewhat confused mass of figures, he showed great skill in its composition, and a power of conception which is all the more wonderful in one who, unlike Orcagna, Signorelli, and Michael Angelo, could not have fired his imagination with the vivid descriptions of Dante's 'Inferno.'" (Vol. I. p. 24.)

This pulpit was of immense importance to the Corporation of Stonecutters then existing at Siena, for its construction brought Niccolò among them, and his work left them a subject for study, which kept alive his influence and led to the formation of that school of sculpture of which we shall shortly have to speak.

Niccolò's last work was the beautiful fountain at Perugia, for which he carved twenty-four statuettes. Before it was finished he died at Pisa in 1274, after nearly seventy years peacefully spent in revolutionizing Art in the middle of wars and political commotions. The summary of his career we will give in Mr. Perkins's own words:

"Inestimable were the services rendered to Art by this great man. He gave the death-blow to Byzantinism and barbarism; established new architectural principles; founded a new school of sculpture in Italy, and opened men's eyes to the degraded state of Art by showing them where to study and how to study; so that Cimabue, Guido di Siena, the Massuccos and the Cosimati, all profited by his pervading and enduring influence. Never hurried by an ill-regulated imagination into extravagances, he was careful in selecting his objects of study and his methods of self cultivation; an indefatigable worker, who spared neither time nor strength in obedience to the numerous calls made upon him from all parts of the peninsula; now in Pisa, then in Naples, Padua, Siena, Lucca, or Florence; here to design a church, there to model a bas-relief, erect a pulpit, a palace, or a tower; by turns architect and sculptor, great in both, laying deep and well the foundations of his edifices by hitherto unpracticed methods, and sculpturing his bas-reliefs upon principles evolved from the study of antique models long unheeded. Ever respected and esteemed by the many persons of all classes with whom he came in contact, he was truly a great man,

one to whom the world owes an eternal debt of gratitude, and who looms up in gigantic proportions through the mist of five centuries, holding the same relation to Italian art which Dante holds to Italian literature." (Vol. I. p. 35.)

Niccolò Pisano left behind him six scholars, two of whom, his son Giovanni and Arnolfo del Cambio, appear to have been well worthy of receiving instruction from him. Giovanni Pisano was born in 1240, and inherited no small portion of his father's genius. He must have taken early to sculpture, for at the age of twenty-six, when the contract for the pulpit at Siena was being drawn up, he was treated as an independent *maestro*, and not merely as one of the scholars for whose services his father considered himself authorized to engage. After two years spent there, and four at Naples, where he built a church for the Franciscans, and designed an episcopal palace, he went to Perugia to superintend the erection of the fountain designed by his father, and execute its bas-reliefs. Having been summoned to Pisa by the death of Niccolò, he yielded to the solicitations of his fellow-citizens to remain there, and soon found himself engaged upon various important works.

Every one who has visited Pisa must remember the miniature church of Sta. Maria della Spina, which forms so great an ornament to the quays of the Arno. It was originally a small oratory, which, having been endowed with a thorn from our Lord's Crown, required enlarging for the convenience of the increased numbers of worshippers, and decorating in honor of the precious relic it was to contain. This work was entrusted to Giovanni; and although the Gothic character of the church, as we now see it, has made some writers doubt whether we may not be indebted to some traveling German architect for this building, the natural desire to give the honor of so lovely a gem of architecture to the great Pisan, who was undoubtedly employed upon it, and his known preference for Gothic forms, goes far to justify Mr. Perkins in attributing it to Giovanni.

His next great work was the celebrated Campo Santo, that treasure-house of mediæval art, a description of which alone is a history of the early Tuscan

painting and sculpture. Here were placed many of his own marbles, and among them one which deserves especial notice,

"As being, perhaps, the first large statue made in Italy since the time of Constantine, and in criticising which it should be taken into consideration that in such a work immense and untried difficulties presented themselves to a sculptor accustomed to treat sculpture as an architectural accessory. The statue represents Pisa as a crowned and draped woman, holding two diminutive children at her breasts, as emblems of her fertility, and girdled with a cord seven times knotted, in token of her dominion over the seven islands of Corsica, Sardinia, Elba, Pianosa, Capraja, Giglio, and Gorgona. She stands upon a pedestal which is supported at the four corners by figures of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice (the guiding principles of government,) between which eagles are sculptured, in allusion to her Roman origin. It would be hard to find anything more original than this strange work, whose ugliness is somewhat redeemed by an intensity of expression which arrests the attention, and the dramatic turn of the head of the principal figure, whose sly glance seems on the watch for some strange coming. Excepting the nude figure of Temperance, whose classically knotted hair, and pose not unlike that of a Greek Venus, recalls the antique, the whole work is German in character, and as good an example of Giovanni's peculiarities as could be selected." (Vol. i. p. 40.)

The Campo Santo also contains five other figures by Giovanni, and in the cathedral close by may be seen some bas-reliefs, which belonged formerly to a pulpit made for it in 1311, but which are so much inferior to those which he executed for the pulpit of St. Andrea at Pistoja, that we need only allude to their existence, and quote Mr. Perkins's description of the bas-relief on the latter representing the "Massacre of the Innocents:"

"One of these," he says, "the Massacre, we consider Giovanni's masterpiece; nay, more, we feel inclined to set it down as one of the most dramatic and forcible representations of this painful and revolting subject to be found in Italian art. Rare powers of conception and a dramatic feeling, which Niccolò wanted, are shown in the sullen satisfaction with which Herod looks upon the rush of maddened soldiers, despairing mothers, and shrieking infants, as well as in the figure of the woman who sits upon the ground, bowed in silent grief over the dead body of her child, and of her who yet struggles, in the agony of despair to save her darling from a like fate." (Vol. i. p. 45.)

While at Pistoja he executed two or three other works; after finishing them he went to see his old fellow-scholar Arnolfo del Cambio, whose reputation at Florence then stood so high that during Giovanni's stay there of two years he only received one order. On his return to Pisa he made the pulpit mentioned above, and having given to Perugia and Cortona two admirable specimens of monumental sculpture, and commenced the rebuilding of the cathedral at Prato, he died in 1320, at the advanced age of eighty. Giovanni Pisano, like his father, lived in troublous times, but he appears to have steered clear of political difficulties, and while wars were raging around him he labored peacefully in producing works of art which have caused him to be remembered long after many of his brave and ambitious contemporaries have been forgotten. He left several pupils both at Pisa and Siena, and among them Andrea Pisano, one of the greatest of Italian sculptors. Arnolfo del Cambio, unlike his fellow-scholar, Giovanni Pisano, appears to have shown his talents late in life, for at thirty-four years old he was still an apprentice, while Giovanni, his junior by eight years, was treated as an independent *maestro*. Although Arnolfo undoubtedly deserves a high place among the sculptors of the Pisan school, he owes it to a single work, the tomb of Cardinal de Braye in St. Domenico at Orvieto. The recumbent figure of the Cardinal, lying above a richly ornamented double basement, is watched over by angels, who are drawing back curtains—a conceit, which was adopted by Giovanni Pisano in his tomb of Pope Benedict XI., and copied and eventually caricatured by subsequent sculptors. Above the statue of the Cardinal is a Gothic tabernacle, and in it sits a dignified Madonna with the Holy Infant, and on either side of her saints presenting the Cardinal de Braye. The beautiful Gothic tabernacle at San Paolo fuori le mura at Rome has been attributed to Arnolfo by some writers, and his claim to its design stoutly denied by others. This question Mr. Perkins, though inclined to admit his title, is obliged to leave, as he found it, a very pretty artistic quarrel.

"To comprehend what Arnolfo did for Florence, we have but to look down upon that

fair city from one of the neighboring eminences, and note all the most striking objects which greet the eye, the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio, Sta. Croce, or San Michele, and the walls which surround her, are his works." (Vol. i. p. 58.)

"Arnolfo did not live to see the completion of any of the great buildings which he designed, and which still constitute the chief architectural ornaments of Florence; neither did he found a school, or firmly establish in other parts of Italy that original style of architecture which he there introduced. The reason of this may lie in the fact that it was rather a decoration than an architecture; as well as in the persistent predilection for classical forms in Italy, against which the Gothic made but a short stand, and which finally found its full expression in the buildings of Renaissance. Giotto made exquisite use of the Mediæval Florentine style in his Campanile, but its further development was checked even in Florence by Orcagna, while other Florentine artists who worked at Venice and in various parts of Italy, suited themselves to the taste of the locality. Arnolfo had two sons Guiduccio and Alberto, of whom we know nothing but that, like their father, they were honored with the citizenship of Florence. An inscription let into the wall of the cathedral; his portrait introduced by Giotto into a fresco which he painted in Sta. Croce, and a statue placed in our day side by side with that of Brunelleschi, opposite the cathedral which the one built and the other crowned with the second great dome in the world, are the only memorials to one of the most illustrious of Italian artists." (Vol. i. p. 57.)

We now come to Andrea Pisano, and his scholars Nino and Tommaso Giovanni Balduccio, and Andrea Orcagna.

Andrea Pisano was the son of Ugolino di Nino, and was born in 1270; all that is known of his youth is that he was apprenticed to Giovanni Pisano, and he is believed to have gone at the age of thirty-five to Venice, and there influenced, if he did not actually make the designs for some of the sculpture of St. Mark's and of the Ducal Palace. He appears to have acquired a great reputation as a bronze caster, although we unfortunately know nothing of his early works in metal, except that he sent a bronze crucifix to Pope Clement V. at Avignon; but that he had such a reputation, and fully deserved it, is proved by the fact of his having been chosen to make the gates for the Baptistery at Florence, which, if less beautiful than Ghiberti's, and somewhat eclipsed by them, are free from

many of their faults, and have given him a lasting title to fame.

"In these works," says Mr. Perkins, "we find sentiment, simplicity, beauty of line, purity of design, and great elegance of drapery, combined with a technical perfection hardly ever surpassed, while the single allegorical figures show the all-pervading influence of Giotto, from whom Andrea learned to use the mystical and spiritual elements of German art as Giovanni Pisano had used the fantastic and dramatic. When they were completed and set up in the door way of the Baptistery, now occupied by Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise, all Florence crowded to see them, and the Signory, who never quitted the Palazzo Vecchio in a body except on most solemn occasions, came in state to applaud the artist, and to confer upon him the dignity of citizenship." (Vol. i. p. 65.)

A friendship, equally honorable and advantageous to both, subsisted between Andrea and Giotto, and led to the employment of the former upon the sculpture for the beautiful Campanile, and the façade of the Duomo, which the latter designed. The figures for the Duomo have been since used for the decoration of gardens; but it is to be hoped that when the new capital of Italy adorns its cathedral with the west front for which it has been waiting for so many years, Andrea's statues may find their way back to the place for which they were originally made.

In 1345 Andrea died, leaving to the world the artistic legacy of five scholars—Arnoldo Arnoldi, his sons Nino and Tommaso, Giovanni Balduccio, and Andrea Orcagna. Of the first, who worked upon the façade of the Duomo, and was made "Capo maestro dell' opera," we know only one work, a dignified but rigid Madonna, without any of that beauty or expression which distinguished the works of his master. Nino, who had worked with his father upon the Baptistery gates, inherited much of his grace and feeling for beauty, and his statue of St. Peter in the Chiesa della Spina at Pisa, shows that Giotto's influence had not been thrown away upon him. Tommaso's sculpture, judging from a specimen in the Campo Santo, was in every way inferior to his brother's; but as an architect he must have had some talent, for he accomplished the hazardous task of putting the top story to the Leaning

Tower. He is also said to have been a painter and a goldsmith, although we have no examples of his skill in either of these capacities.

While the two sons of Andrea were thus employed in carrying on the work of the Pisan school in its birthplace, their fellow-scholar, Balduccio, was spreading its principles in the North of Italy. Having been invited by Azzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, to that city, he was employed by him on various works, the most important of which was the monument of St. Peter Martyr. In the design for this work he introduced a sarcophagus, a form of tomb of which, from their Campo Santo studies, the Pisan sculptors were particularly fond. This sarcophagus he raised upon pilasters, in front of which stand allegorical figures, simple, intelligible, and dignified as allegories of Christian virtues should be, and showing that Balduccio had learned much from Giotto. The "arca" has bas-reliefs from the life of the Saint upon it, separated from each other by statuettes of saints, and the whole is crowned with a tabernacle, under which sit the Madonna and Child with SS. Peter Martyr and Dominic. "The monument altogether," says Mr. Perkins, "has few equals in unity of design, earnestness of feeling, and a judicious use of the symbolism of Christian Art." This tomb had only just been completed when Balduccio was called upon to construct a monument in memory of his employer, which has been preserved in the gallery of Milan.

The last and most celebrated of Andrea Pisano's scholars was Andrea Orcagna. Although originally brought up as a goldsmith, and known chiefly to posterity as an architect and a painter, he has left in the shrine of Or San Michele a work which establishes his fame as a sculptor. The bas-reliefs of this splendid monument give the whole life of the Madonna, and exhibit in wonderful perfection that great glory of Tuscan Art, the power of telling a story with clearness, simplicity, and beauty. Orcagna's other architectural work, the Loggia de' Lanzi, is known to all the world, and as it appears that Michael Angelo advised its continuation round the Piazza, we may also recommend this work to the Italian capital as soon as the

façade of the Duomo is completed. With Orcagna the Pisan school may be said to close, and though some of its best men lived at Florence, they were the scholars and grandscholars of Niccolò, followed to a great extent in his steps, and are quite distinct in feeling and style from the Florentine school, founded nearly thirty years after Orcagna's death by Ghiberti and Donatello. To the Pisan school we owe a large debt of gratitude as the discoverers and improvers of Christian sculpture. It was Niccolò who first found that it was possible to combine the various figures of sacred or historical subjects into pleasing compositions, and the scholars of his son first succeeded in adding grace, beauty, and expression to their works. Their pure and simple style was of short duration, and may almost be said to have died with Orcagna, for though Tuscan Art rose yet higher than they left it in grace and beauty, it had hardly reached its best period before the plague, which was afterwards to destroy all sculpture, had begun.

Before proceeding to consider this Florentine school, we must follow Mr. Perkins to Siena and observe what fruit the example of Niccolò Pisano bore there. At the date of his arrival there, Siena must have been rich in so-called sculptors, "for no less than sixty, we are told, kept open shop in the city, and constituted a guild ruled by three rectors and a chamberlain, elected for six months, none of whom could be changed, unless in case of illness or absence, and none re-elected until three years after the expiration of a previous tenure of office." As this powerful corporation did not attempt to assassinate Niccolò (a form which favorable criticism sometimes took in Italy), but without jealousy showed themselves ready to co-operate with and imitate him, we may fairly suppose that his acknowledged talents placed him above the reach of their envy. The names of one or two of these early Sienese sculptors have been rescued by Mr. Perkins from obscurity, but it is not until twelve years after the death of Niccolò that we find one who deserve to be remembered with admiration and respect. This was Lorenzo Maitani,

"Who raised an imperishable monument to his name in the beautiful Gothic cathedral at

Orvieto. Being a man of rare genius, and thoroughly versed in architecture, sculpture, bronze casting, and mosaic, Maitani was eminently fitted to undertake such a work, and, thanks to the singular fortune which permitted him to watch over it from the day when the corner-stone was laid to that which saw its last pinnacle pointed towards heaven, was enabled to carry it out with a unity of design unattainable by an artist less versatile than himself.

"Artist-philosopher," says Romagnuoli, "Maitani adorned the base of the façade with scenes from the Old and New Testament, the foundations of our religion; above which, about the circular window, he placed the symbols of the Evangelists, with the statues of the Apostles and popes; and those of the angels at a dangerous and almost aerial altitude."

The bas-reliefs, a precious monument of the joint talents of many of the best Sienese and Pisan sculptors of the time, are sculptured upon four great piers, which have been aptly called the Pier of Creation, the Pier of Prophecy, the Pier of Fulfillment, and the Pier of Judgment. On the lower part of the first is represented the creation of the sun, moon, and stars, of birds and beasts, and of man and woman; and on the upper, the temptation, the expulsion from Paradise, and the murder of Abel. Nothing can exceed the flower-like freshness and purity of the angels who, with reverently bent heads, and folded arms or clasped hands, attend upon the Creator, and singly or in groups, watch and reason together upon each successive act of creation; as, for instance, when the Lord walks in the garden and calls unto Adam, one of the two angels who follow Him, points out our first parents, and explains the story of their sin, while the other with sad countenance grieves over their fall. It is God the Son who appears as the Creator, and who, in literal interpretation of the words, "And God created man in His own image," repeats in Adam His own oval-shaped head, high-set eyes, and parted flowing ringlets. We see in the broader forms, ruder execution, and different type of the figures in the upper portion of this pier, that they were sculptured by another hand than those below, which are among the most beautiful productions of early Italian art. The Pier of Prophecy, which relates to the Mosaic dispensation, is evidently the work of many and inferior artists. The Pier of Fulfillment contains finer compositions than the Pier of Creation, but with greater technical perfection its reliefs have less freshness and spontaneity, less of that lovely awkwardness which belongs only to the childhood of Art, whose very defects are attractive. Among these, the Annunciation, the Nativity, and especially the Visitation, could hardly be surpassed in composition, expression, or drapery. With exquisite sentiment, half figures of angels are placed beside each relief of this pier,

whose emotions as they grieve over Christ's sufferings, or rejoice over His resurrection and ascension, are depicted in their countenances with great variety of expression. Like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, they serve as a running commentary upon the successive events of our Lord's life, and by giving us the key-note, keep our thoughts in harmony with each. Although the angels are less skilfully sculptured than the reliefs, their mutual relation is such that they must have been designed by one artist. In the fourth and last pier, the dead are seen rising from sarcophagi, whose heavy lids some strive to lift, while others, already free, look upward to the blessed who, guided by guardian angels, are pressing forward to the light Divine; while the condemned are urged forward shrieking and weeping, by an angel of stern countenance, who holds them in a leash and drives them by a scourge into the arms of demon skeletons with serpents' tails, bats' wings, and jaws stretching from ear to ear. From the base of each of the four piers rises a vine, symbolic of Christ, the True Vine, which frames each separate relief with its branches, leaves, and tendrils." (Vol. I. p. 90.)

It would be extremely satisfactory to be able with any degree of certainty to name the authors of these beautiful sculptures. That their general design is due to Maitani, who lived among the workshops of the cathedral, and directed its daily progress, we may fairly assume, and we know that some of the scholars of Giovanni Pisano were employed upon it, but more positive information than this we can not get, and must be satisfied with the negative evidence which Mr. Perkins has collected to prove that none of the well-known sculptors of the time to whom it has been attributed had any hand in the work. But taking these sculptors altogether as the production of Sienese and Pisan artists working under the constant superintendence of a Sienese architect who must have owed some part of his education to the Pisani, we are entitled to consider them admirable examples of the school which Niccolò planted at Siena.

The fourteenth century was not favorable to the production of artists at Siena. Intestine quarrels, revolutions, street fights, and the banishment in 1368, of four thousand of its citizens gave "heavy blows and great discouragement" to Art, and towards the end of the century the Sienese school seemed upon the point of expiring, when Giacomo della Quercia

arose to give it new life. He was the son of a goldsmith, and his artistic education was Sieneſe, but having become involved in ſome political troubles he left his native city, and did not return to embellish it with his works for many years. He went to Florence, and by 1401 muſt have acquired conſiderable reputation, for we find that he was then ſelected as one of the ſix competitors for the gate of the Baptiſtery, in which trial of ſkill he was placed next after Ghiberti and Brunelleschi. A Madonna over one of the ſide-doors of the Duomo is thought to be a ſpecimen of his ſtyle at this period, and a bear climbing up a pear-tree in one corner of this baſ-relief is ſuppoſed to illuſtrate the proverb “*Dar la pere in guardia all’ orſo*,” and thus to ſhow the mortification which Quercia felt at having ſubmitted his competition deſign to the judgment of, as he thought, incompetent critics. This explanation has, except for ingenuity, but little claim to reſpect. Vaſari ſuppoſes that this work was not undertaken till Quercia viſited Florence again many years later, and Baldinucci aſſerts that Donatello’s pupil, Nanni di Banco, was in reality the ſculptor. After a reſidence of ſome years at Ferrara, where he has left ſpecimens of his work, Quercia was invited to his native city by the Signory, who appointed him to make a fountain for the great Piazza. The council of Siena had lately made a ſome-what ridiculous exhibition of their zeal for Chriſtian Art. They had decided that the factious tumults and other miſfortunes which had afflicted their city were due to the preſence of a very beautiful antique ſtatue of Venus upon the fountain of the Piazza; ſo the fair goddeſs was condemned to be thrown down, broken to pieces and buried in the territory of the Florentines, in the hope that ſhe might bring them bad luck. This ſentence was carried out, and the world loſt a fine ſtatue ſaid to have been by Lyſippus; it has, however, gained ſomething in exchange: for Quercia having been appointed to decorate the mutilated monument, made the Fonte Gaja ſo beautiful as to be conſidered one of the world’s model fountains, and acquired for himſelf the name of Jacopo della Fonte, a ſtrong popular teſtimony to the merits of his work.

While engaged upon the fountain at Siena, Jacopo undertook the conſtruction of a monument at Lucca to Maria, wife of Paolo Guinigi, lord of that city, which has been much praiſed for its unaffected beauty. In 1416 he received a commiſſion for two bronze baſ-reliefs for the font of the Baptiſtery at Siena, the firſt of which he only finiſhed in 1430. He alſo viſited Bologna to make baſ-reliefs for the great doorway of the Baſilica of S. Petronio. The natural reſult of theſe various engagements was that he was in conſtant trouble with his different employers, and complaints, threats, forcible detentions, fines, broken contracts, and money difficulties, made the latter part of his life miſerable.

Quercia was, ſays Vaſari, “the firſt after Andre Piſano, Orcagna, and the others before mentioned who, working in the art of ſculpture with more earneſt ſtudy, ſhowed what a much nearer approach could be made to Nature than had before been achieved; ſo that it was by his example that others were taught to turn their attention towards rivaling her works.” That this praiſe is juſt, and that he has made a great advance in repreſenting emotion and ſentiment, any one may perceive by looking at the ſpecimens of his terra-cotta work in the South Kensington Muſeum. That he influenced great men who came after him is ſeen by comparing his treatment of ſome of the ſubjects from the Old Teſtament in the baſ-reliefs at St. Petronio with the frieſcoes of the ſame ſubjects by Michael Angelo and Raphael at Rome. Vaſari alſo accords to Quercia in ſpeaking of theſe very works at St. Petronio, the praiſe of having been the firſt to reſtore the loſt art of ſculpturing in baſ-relief, — an abſurd aſſertion which his lives of earlier ſculptors ſufficiently contradict. Quercia wanted the refinement of the great Florentine maſters, and was far inferior to them in the management of drapery; but with all due allowance for his ſhortcomings, and without trying to give him any undeſerved praiſe, he will be allowed by all who ſtudy his works the titles of a real genius and a true artiſt. With the exception perhaps of Vecchiatta, Quercia was the only great ſculptor of the Sieneſe ſchool, as Maitani was its only great architect; yet it ac-

quired and maintained for some time a reputation which made it the rival of the Pisan and Florentine schools. But as the glory of a school of art depends rather upon the splendor of its great luminaries than upon the number of its smaller stars, Siena must be content with the third place in Tuscan Sculpture.

Turning now again to Florence, where we saw the Pisan school expire with Andrea Orcagna, we must bestow some attention upon Ghiberti and Donatello, who were at once the founders and chief glory of their native school:

"Placed midway between the age of strong religious feeling and that in which Paganism invaded every form of art and literature, the period was singularly favorable for artistic education, as the waning influence of religion was still strong enough to check the adoption of Pagan sentiment, while a general enthusiasm for the antique led to the study of the beauty of form and technical perfection revealed in those newly acquired masterpieces of classic art, which were eagerly sought for and daily added to the collections of the time.

"In its first phase, as represented by Brunelleschi in architecture, and by Ghiberti and Donatello in sculpture, the Renaissance was noble and profitable; but it became destructive to all life and progress when artists no longer seeking to assimilate its abstract principles to new ideas, aimed at positive imitation of antique forms; when striking at the foundations of religious belief already grievously shaken by the iniquities of Rome, classic art and literature usurped the first place in men's affections so completely that few were scandalized when they saw a never-dying lamp burning before the bust of Plato, as before that of a saint; when Sigismond Pandolfo dedicated a temple to his concubine, Isotta da Rimini, and covered its walls with their interlaced cyphers; when painters represented the Madonna under the features of a well-known courtesan; when the secretary of a pope called Jesus Christ a hero, and the Virgin a goddess; and a sculptor modeled the loves of Leda and the Swan among the ornaments of the great doorway of the Basilica dedicated to the chief of the apostles. These abuses, which would have filled the men of the fourteenth, and early part of the fifteenth, century with horror, and which gradually increased until they roused the zealous and fiery Savonarola to pour out his threatenings of wrath to come, were unknown in Ghiberti's youth, during which Florence enjoyed comparative peace and repose, and extended her boundaries and her wealth by commercial enterprise; while Art grew under the kindly influence of Cosmo de' Medici, that great merchant-prince who not only spent vast sums

upon the acquisition of antique treasures which he used as means of education, but also bestowed that best sort of patronage upon contemporaneous art which consists in treating the artist like a friend and an equal."—(Vol. i. p. 122.)

Lorenzo Ghiberti, was born in 1381, and studied as a goldsmith under his step-father Bartolo di Michiele, but, as we are told, occupied much of his time in modeling and painting. In the latter art he made such progress that at the age of eighteen he was invited by a brother artist to assist him in painting some frescoes at Rimini, in which work he showed so much talent that Carlo Malatesta made him handsome offers to induce him to remain there; but it was at this time that the Signory of Florence and the Merchants' Guild issued an invitation to all the best Italian artists to compete for the commission of making a bronze door for the Baptistery, and by the advice of his step-father, Ghiberti entered his name on the list of candidates. He was one of the six elected to compete, and, as all the world knows, proved the victor.

The gates of Ghiberti may be pointed to as a proof of the advantages of a system of competition for important artistic commissions: and as this system obtains very generally at the present day, it may not be out of place here to examine the principles upon which it was conducted at Florence, and to compare them with those now commonly adopted. The Florentine authorities began by inviting all the artists of Italy who were willing to compete to send in their names as candidates for that honor; from among these names they selected six. The proof of skill which they were required to furnish was one panel of a given shape and subject—not a design merely, but finished in bronze, as if it were to form a part of one of the gates—and a year was allowed for its production. In the meantime a jury, consisting of thirty-four painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, native and foreign, was impaneled, each of whom, we are told, was very skillful in his own branch of art. The conditions of the competition were simple; they could not be evaded by the artists, and gave to the jury in the most satisfactory and intelligible form all the evidence requisite for arriving at a decision. Lastly, the decia-

ion was a *bond fide* one, in which the winner was to execute the work.

The verdict of this imposing collection of professional opinions at Florence was certainly not as satisfactory as might have been hoped. The jurors had no difficulty in determining that the panels by Ghiberti and Brunelleschi were better than those of the other four; but they could not decide between these two, and were only saved from the even chance of a fatal mistake by the extraordinarily magnanimous conduct of Brunelleschi, who confessed himself fairly beaten, and begged to withdraw from the contest.

The first important question in all artistic competitions is of composition of the jury. Should it be large or small? Professional or amateur? or mixed? It is necessary that it should satisfy the public and the competing artists beforehand by the probability of its fairness, and its capability for deciding upon the comparative merits of the designs. That a small jury is to be preferred we have no doubt, for the reason given above and for others which easily suggest themselves; but between the advantages and disadvantages of professional, amateur, and mixed juries, it is very difficult to decide. A jury of artists, though it would, we believe, be most acceptable to the competitors, is apt to be suspected of professional jealousies or friendships which would unfit it for its duty, and it is an acknowledged fact that artists are generally the worst critics of their own branch of Art. An amateur jury is despised by the artists, who somewhat unreasonably ignore the fact that it is the amateurs for whom they work and by whose judgment their reputations are made. It has also but little authority with the general public, because the names of its members are but seldom well known in connection with Art, and has, perhaps, even less weight among the public of amateurs, who always show (confidentially to a third party) the greatest contempt for each other's opinions. The success of a mixed jury must depend chiefly upon the temper and fairness of its members; but if well composed, it is on the whole more likely to give general satisfaction than either of the other kinds. The conclusions which these remarks on competitions appear to us to suggest are, that to produce any

satisfactory result a competition must be, from first to last, a perfectly honest transaction, having a definite practical object; that the jury should be small, and selected with a view to inspire confidence both among the artists and the public; that the number of competitors should also be small, and that these should be chosen for their known merits; that the subject proposed should be simple enough to enable the jury to compare the rival performances; that the conditions of the competition should be strictly enforced; and lastly, that the victorious competitor should execute the proposed work.

Let us now return to Ghiberti, whom we left upon the point of beginning the work he had so fairly won. His first gate contained twenty-eight panels, twenty of which contain illustrations of the Gospel history from the Annunciation to the Descent of the Holy Ghost. In the remaining eight are the four Evangelists and the four Doctors of the Church.

"One can never tire," says Mr. Perkins, "in looking at the exquisite works, which combine the purity of style of an earlier period with a hitherto unattained technical knowledge and skill in handling. The most lovely among them is the "Annunciation," in which the Virgin shrinks back beneath an exquisite little portico before a graceful angel; and two of the most striking are the "Raising of Lazarus" (a perfect Byzantine type) and the "Temptation of our Lord." The single figures of the Evangelists are dignified and admirably draped, and the exquisite little angel who whispers inspiration to Matthew, is of a type peculiar to Ghiberti, and singularly refined." (Vol. I. p. 127.)

We can not help regretting that Mr. Perkins has given us no drawing of the "Annunciation" to which he alludes, since it is one of the most beautiful representations we know of that lovely but often ill-treated subject.

The gate took twenty-one years to finish, although twenty artists were engaged upon it,—a fact which we recommend to the attention of those who show so much impatience for the completion of all national artistic works. Conceive what letters in the newspapers and questions in Parliament would torment a sculptor who took twenty-one years to make a gate for St. Paul's. The Florentines, however, seem to have been patient and grateful, for no sooner was the

first gate finished than they gave Ghiberti a commission to make them a second. This second gate exhibits, as might well be expected, considerable superiority in technical skill, and there we are inclined to think its superiority over the first gate ends. "In modeling these reliefs," says Ghiberti himself, "I strove to imitate nature to the utmost, and by investigating her methods of work to see how nearly I could approach her. I sought to understand how forms strike upon the eye, and how the theoretic part of sculptural and pictorial art should be managed. Working with the utmost diligence and care, I introduced into some of my compositions as many as one hundred figures, which I modeled upon different planes, so that those nearest the eye might appear larger, and those more remote smaller in proportion." But if Michael Angelo's axiom be true, that "the more nearly painting attains to rilievo, the better it is, and the more nearly rilievo attains to painting, the worse it is," Ghiberti has committed a great error, and we must own that, when he executed perspectives, landscapes, and distant figures in bas-relief, he only succeeded in accomplishing what ought never to have been attempted. Michael Angelo's other and better known remark, that these gates were worthy to be the gates of Paradise, the beauty of the composition, and the perfect handling of the details, make us forget that the sculptor has overstepped the true limits of his art, and become, as Mr. Perkins happily observes, "a painter in bronze." But we believe that there is no true lover of sculpture, who, after a careful study of the first and second gates, would not give the preference to the bas-reliefs of the former.

That Ghiberti should have had a great enthusiasm for the antique will surprise no one who observes the attention which he paid to beauty of form; but it is remarkable that the extravagant love of everything Greek, which led him to date his visit to Rome in the "four hundred and fortieth Olympiad," should not have induced him to heathenize his Christian sculpture. And the moderation and good taste which he showed in thus learning the right lesson only from his study of ancient sculpture makes him a peculiarly

valuable example to the artists of the present day.

"In statues," says Mr. Perkins, "Ghiberti was by no means so successful as in bas-reliefs, because his love of detail, richness of invention, and knowledge of perspective were there of little or no use to him." Admitting the fact of the inferiority of his statues, we should have attributed it rather to the impossibility of their exhibiting his talent for composition and power of telling a story than to the loss of that "love of detail and knowledge of perspective," which led him to become a "painter in bronze," instead of a sculptor. The St. Stephen on the outside of Or San Michele, executed for the Wool Merchants' guild, is, however, a beautiful figure, and was so much admired at the time that Ghiberti was commissioned by the bankers to make them a St. Matthew for the next niche.

No Specimens of Ghiberti's works as a goldsmith remain to us, though we have descriptions of two very costly and elaborate mitres, and a "morse," or cope-clasp, of his make; but proofs of his skill as a painter or designer of colored windows, which Mr. Perkins has omitted to notice, are fortunately still to be seen: the gorgeous rose in Sta. Croce, and some of the lights in the cathedral at Florence, we owe to Ghiberti, and they are among the finest specimens of the art in existence. Ghiberti's private character does not appear to have been remarkably amiable; and, judging from the ungenerous manner in which he behaved to Brunelleschi about the cupola of the cathedral, in return for his magnanimous conduct in the competition for the gates, his biographer is "forced to conclude that his heart was bad, and his disposition mercenary."

We now come to Donatello, the son of Nicolo di Betto Bardi, who was born at Florence in 1386, and therefore six years younger than Ghiberti. His study of art commenced early under Bicci di Lorenzo, a painter and sculptor of no great merit, whom he must soon have eclipsed if it be true that at sixteen years of age his opinion was asked by the judges in the competition for the Baptistery gates. He had the advantage of living in the house of a wealthy banker, Ruberto Martelli, who furnished him with means for study, and remained his true friend through life.

The criticisms and advice of his friend Brunelleschi must also have been very useful to him, and, judging from the well-known story of the rival crucifixes, they must have been singularly free, not to say severe. These two friends went together to Rome, where they had spent some time in the study of ancient sculpture and architecture. In or about 1411, soon after Donatello's return from Rome, he executed the statues of SS. Peter and Mark for the exterior niches of Or San Michele. The St. Mark is a grand and solemn figure, which we are surprised to find somewhat slighted by our author, who, while he quotes the "negative praise" given to it by Michael Angelo when he said, "that no one could refuse to believe the gospel preached by such an honest-looking man," omits the high artistic compliment which he paid the statue by addressing it with, "*Marco, perchè non mi parli?*" But if we differ from Mr. Perkins in his estimate of Donatello's St. Mark, we can most thoroughly sympathize in his admiration for the St. George, which stands in an adjoining niche, and will give his own remarks upon it:

"It is," he says, "a statue which deservedly ranks as the finest personification of a Christian hero ever wrought in marble. Resting one hand on the top of an oblong shield, while the other hangs by his side, he stands with erect head and piercing glance as if about to turn upon a deadly enemy. Every line is indicative of the cool resolve which ensures triumph; every portion of his body, even to the slightly-compressed fingers of the right hand, full of a dominant thought. In the base of the beautiful Gothic niche in which it stands, a spirited and admirably composed bas-relief, sadly injured by time, represents the combat between the Saint and the Dragon." (Vol. i. p. 240.)

A fine plaster cast of this group, probably not less than 300 years old, is now in the Kensington Museum, and having been made when Donatello's work was in good preservation, gives perhaps a better idea of its merits than can be got from an inspection of the defaced original at the present day. A bas-relief by Donatello, also in the Kensington Museum, representing the Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter, will also, from the similarity of its style, give a good idea of the "*Sticciato*" or flattened relief for

which he was particularly celebrated; one of the finest examples of it is to be found upon the tomb of Cardinal Brancacci at Naples. This extremely low relief is to be found in some early Egyptian sculpture, and also, with more attempt at modeling, in the Assyrian works at the British Museum; it was also in use among the ancient Etruscans, but as Donatello more probably re-invented than revived it, and while bringing it to perfection gave it character peculiarly his own, he should certainly be allowed all the honors of the discovery. He has certainly had to pay the posthumous penalty of a widespread reputation; for as this kind of work is popularly known as the Donatello style, the authorship of many examples of which he would have been heartily ashamed has been attributed to him.

In two of his works Donatello was associated with Michelozzo: these were, the Aragazzi monument at Montepulciano—a splendid work now in ruins, which was ordered by the poet whom it was to commemorate twelve years before his own death—and a bronze bas-relief for the Font at Siena, which had been originally ordered of Quercia, who in the multiplicity and confusion of his engagements had never found time even to begin it.

Mr. Perkins divides Donatello's works into two classes, the Realistic and the Classical. To the former belong a Magdalen and St. John Baptist at Florence. They are not unpoetical works, for they address themselves to the imagination, but they are displeasing to the eye, because their author would not sacrifice to beauty what he considered to be the true way of representing an ascetic and a penitent. That this was his feeling upon the subject we may fairly suppose, because he had also a very real appreciation of beauty; but artists should remember that it is not the province of art to tell unpleasant truths too plainly.

Donatello's works in the Classical style were many of them imitations or adaptations of the antique; such for instance as eight statues ordered by Cosmo de' Medici for the cortile of his palace, which were to be copied from some of his finest gems, and a bronze patera or mirror, supposed to have been similarly inspired,

and which was bought from the Martelli Collection for the Kensington Museum for 600*l*. The statue of David with the head of Goliath, now in the Uffizi at Florence, is also thoroughly classical in style, and might almost have been taken from an antique Perseus.

One work of Donatello's, the equestrian statue of Gattamelata at Padua, deserves especial notice, as the first successful attempt of the kind in Italy, and must be considered an all but original effort, since the only equestrian statue which the sculptor could have known was that of Marcus Aurelius at Rome. The horse, as might be expected, is a large clumsy cart-horse, with impossible action; but the warrior is dignified, and the general effect grand and imposing.

In his private life Donatello was simple and unostentatious, honest, upright and generous; he died at the advanced age of eighty-five, and was buried near his friend and patron, Cosmo de' Medici, in the presence of all the artists, and an immense concourse of the citizens of Florence. His life was so long and industrious, and his influence so great, that one may fairly class most of his Florentine contemporaries among his pupils. Nanni di Banco, for instance, often profited by the advice and assistance of Donatello; and Michelozzo, who worked with him upon the Brancacci and Aragazzi monuments, imitated him in his sculpture, though his name is best known to us as an architect. A very remarkable artist of this same period was Desiderio da Settignano, a pupil of Donatello's, of whom unfortunately but few works remain to us, but those few exhibit such "high technical excellence, refinement of taste, delicacy of treatment, and purity of design," as to make us regret their extreme rarity. Three specimens in the Kensington Museum are ascribed to him, and one at least with considerable probability. That most interesting collection contains two or three undoubted works of another of Donatello's best pupils, Antonio Rossellino. He was one of an artistic family of five brothers, all architects or sculptors. The story related of Pope Pius II. and Bernardo Rossellino, one of these brothers, sets so splendid an example to patrons of Art that we will reproduce it here. Bernardo was em-

ployed by Pope Pius to build a palace and church at his birthplace, Cosignano, which he was embellishing, and to which he gave the name of Pienza. The estimated cost

"Was eight or ten thousand ducats, but, as generally happens in such cases, that sum had been immensely exceeded long before their completion. When His Holiness was notified of this, he sent for his architect, and, instead of upbraiding him, said, 'You have done well, my Bernardo, in exceeding your estimates, for if you had told me the truth, I should have refused to spend so large a sum, and this noble palace and temple, which all Italy now admires, would never have been built. Thus through your want of candor these fine buildings exist, which all but a few envious persons praise. We thank you heartily, and consider you worthy of honor above all architects of the century; in testimony of which, we shall order that one hundred ducats be given to you, and a new scarlet doublet.'" (Vol. I. p. 203.)

Andrea Verocchio, whose works bear but little resemblance to those of his master Donatello, began life as a goldsmith, and obtained great celebrity in his art. Only two silver bas-reliefs, however, remain to us of all that he executed in the precious metals; he also studied painting with but indifferent success, and disgusted, as we are told, with the superior ability of his young pupil Leonardo da Vinci, betook himself to sculpture. Mr. Perkins gives us an engraving of one of his bas-reliefs representing the death of Selvaggia (called upon the plate *Lucrezia*) Tornabuoni. It is almost as angular and exaggerated in parts as a work of Adam Kraft's, but contains one figure of a woman sitting upon the ground in silent sorrow, which can hardly be surpassed for grandeur and pathos. The celebrated equestrian statue of the Condottiere Colleoni at Venice often passes for a work of this sculptor, because he received the commission for its execution and commenced it, but as he died probably before it was even modeled, and as Alessandro Leopardi, a Venetian sculptor, was appointed to complete the monument, which bears no resemblance in style to the works of Verocchio, Mr. Perkins considers that the high honor of having made one of the finest equestrian statues in the world must be ceded to the Venetian.

Verocchio's strongest title to fame

perhaps is that he was the master of Leonardo da Vinci, that universal genius who rivaled or surpassed all his contemporaries in sculpture as in painting, science, music, horsemanship, and arms. As a sculptor Leonardo's only great work was an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza of, or rather for, which fourteen sketches are preserved at Windsor. This monument, which Mr. Perkins believes to have been "the finest equestrian statue ever modeled," was entirely demolished during the French occupation of Italy.

Among the sculptors of this period of Tuscan Art, none are perhaps better known, or more generally popular, than the Della Robbia family, whose productions in glazed terra-cotta may be seen in hundreds of museums, palaces, and private houses. Two errors, however, respecting this ware are so commonly received as to require correction—the first is, that Luca della Robbia was the inventor of the stanniferous glaze which is the chief peculiarity of the ware called after him; the other, that the art of employing it is lost. That Luca della Robbia did not invent the stanniferous enamel is clear from the fact that it was used by the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Greeks, as well as by the Moors and Italians before his time; but he did not even originate its application to sculpture, for "twenty years before Luca perfected his system Bucci di Lorenzo modeled and glazed a terra-cotta group of the coronation of the Madonna, which still fills the lunette over the door of the hospital of S. Egidio at Florence." That the art is not lost any collector may easily satisfy himself when he has acquired, at a high price, some of the very clever imitations which are constantly coming into the curiosity market. The beauty and brilliancy of some of the pieces by Luca and Andrea have perhaps never yet been equaled; but as it is manifestly impossible, under a glaze, to detect those minute peculiarities of style and handling by which a practiced eye determines upon the authenticity of a painting or marble, forged della Robbia ware has been so extensively fabricated that, without pedigree, none but the very finest pieces can be accepted as genuine.

Luca's works in marble are few, but the bas-reliefs in the Uffizi of boys danc-

ing, singing, and playing, which were intended for the balustrade of one of the organs in the Duomo, exhibit qualities which would place him on a level with Ghiberti. In bronze, however, Ghiberti's own material, Luca could not approach him, and the doors which he made for the sacristy of the Duomo only showed that those of the Baptistery were not to be equaled.

A foolish story has come down to us of Luca della Robbia having deposited his secret in one of his best pieces of terra cotta. As the ware continued to be made by his family and scholars for nearly a century, the tale is most improbable, and we may congratulate ourselves that it has never been sufficiently believed to induce any patient investigator to go through his works with a hammer in hopes of making the discovery. The family, however, did their best to keep to themselves all knowledge upon their peculiar art, but did so in vain, for even in the lifetime of Luca and Andrea della Robbia, one Agostino di Guccio was adorning the façade of the church of S. Benardino at Perugia with terra cottas similar, and in some respects even superior, to those of his rivals.

"Other workers in Robbia ware, were Baglioni, who made the Madonna and angels in a chapel of the Badia at Florence, and a now destroyed altar for the Duomo at Perugia; Pietro Paolo Agabiti da Sassoferrato, sculptor and painter, who made the ancona of an altar at Arceria in the Sinigaglia district, which is still preserved in the Capuchin convent of that town; Agostino and Polidoro, who made the Porta di S. Pietro at Perugia; and Georgio Andreoli from Gubbio, one of whose altar reliefs is preserved in the "Staedelsche Institut" at Frankfurt am Main." (Vol. I. p. 216.)

One of the best sculptors of this period was Mino di Giovanni, called da Fiesole, whose works are remarkable for grace and refinement, which sometimes degenerated into prettiness, and lost its power of attracting by too frequent repetition. When, however, he copied nature faithfully, as in the bust of Bishop Salutati, of which Mr. Perkins has given an engraving, we see that he possessed the power of representing in marble strong character and intellectual force.

Matteo Civitali, the contemporary of Mino di Giovanni, far excelled him in

variety of style. He is, indeed, said to have had four styles, the first of which was the most realistic; the second, the most perfect; the third, freer and more original, but less pure; and the fourth, whose extravagance is strangely at variance with all the others. One of his most beautiful works is a figure of Faith in the Uffizi Gallery, which, says Mr. Perkins,

"Embodies his best qualities, viz., earnestness and religious feeling. When we see how beautifully she gazes towards heaven, we feel, as when looking at the Angels at Lucca and the Zacharias at Genoa, that the artist who sculptured them must have been a devout Christian who himself knew how to pray. We would insist upon this quality in his works, because it is peculiar to them among those of his century. Many other cinquecento sculptors treated Christian subjects almost exclusively and often with great expression, but no one did so with so little conventionality and such depth of feeling as Civitali." (Vol. I. p. 201.)

Some good examples of his work may be seen in the Kensington Museum. With Civitali Mr. Perkins concludes his notice of what he calls the Pictorial school of sculpture, in which he includes Ghiberti, Donatello, and their pupils Verrocchio, Luca della Robbia and his school, the Rossellini, Mino da Fiesole and Civitali. We have some doubts as to the propriety of classing the Della Robbia school among the pictorial sculptors, and can see still less reason for giving that name to Mino or Civitali, who were no imitators of Ghiberti or Donatello in drawing on marble, or "painting in bronze."

The Fourth Book bears the title of "Tares among the Wheat." The bundle of tares includes Pollajuolo, the Majani, Bartolomeo di Montelupo, and the Ferrucci, Andrea and Jacopo Sansavino, Francesco di Sangallo, Benedetto da Rovizzano and Torregiano; some of them names much honored, but associated with works exhibiting those bad qualities which choked the good seed sown by earlier laborers, and eventually ruined the whole field of sculptural art. In Pollajuolo we find extravagance and mannerism, violent attitudes, and an obtrusive display of that anatomical knowledge which he has the credit of having been the first to seek by dissection. Why Benedetto da Majano was bound up among the tares is not so clear to us;

it is owned that "Tuscany has produced few sculptors so graceful and pleasing," that his "sentiment though not profound was always true and unaffected," and his "style exempt from mannerism." It appears to us that his bas-reliefs should have secured him a good place among the pictorial sculptors, whose merits and defects he to a great extent adopted. As an architect he deserves high honor, for to him it is that Florence owes the Strozzi Palace, one of her finest buildings. Andrea Ferrucci, although much praised by Vasari, who preferred him to Mino da Fiesole, was probably, as Mr. Perkins says, "a second-rate artist whose works are pleasing but wanting in character, and who owed his success rather to the good school in which he was educated than to any great natural gifts." The examples of this master in the Kensington Museum, while fully bearing out this judgment, do not show any remarkable symptoms of the decadence of sculpture. In the works, however, of Andrea Contucci di Sansavino those fatal symptoms are terribly prominent. Want of repose, and therefore of dignity, is constantly felt, and nowhere more so, perhaps, than in the monuments of two Cardinals in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo at Rome—works in which, by all laws of propriety and good taste, those qualities should have been eminently conspicuous:

"In these," says Mr. Perkins, "which are universally acknowledged to be Sansavino's master-pieces, we have a striking example of the inferiority of his taste to that of the best scholars of Ghiberti or Donatello; they are a bewildering maze of statuettes and decorations which perplex the eye and distract the attention from the central figures, no longer laid out in calm repose, but reclining in uneasy attitudes which could not exist in life or be maintained in death. This compromise between the pagan and mediæval mode of representing the dead is equally removed from the meaning of the first and the beautiful fitness of the second. The Etruscans and Romans either placed a bust in a recess in front of the sarcophagus, or a portrait statue upon it generally reclining upon one elbow as if assisting at a banquet, but rarely stretched out as if asleep, their object being to recall the individual to his friends as they had known him in life, and as they supposed him still to be, capable of enjoying, but in a more abundant measure, the pleasures which he had tasted in this world. The Christian

sculptor, on the other hand, taught by his religion that when the corruptible body was laid in the grave, the spirit returned to God who gave it, made the marble effigy upon the tomb as much like the dead body which lay within it as possible. Each had a reason for the course which he adopted, whereas we can find none for the senseless innovation of Sansavino, by which he neither imitated life nor the majestic repose and impressive stillness of death." (Vol. i. p. 240.)

This attempt to commemorate a dead cardinal by representing him asleep, with his mitre and vestments on in the attitude of a banqueting Roman, is a type of that compromise with paganism which destroyed all Christian sculpture, and so the very art of sculpture itself. When artists took to paganism for the expression of Christian sentiment, they abandoned their hold upon our sympathy; and as religious feeling is stronger than a taste for archaeology, or an appreciation of mere beauty, so in the treatment of sacred subjects, that art which is the true exponent of Christianity will affect our hearts and minds when the admiration of all other artistic qualities has grown cold.

Of Jacopo Sansavino, Andrea's pupil, it is difficult for any one who has felt the fascination of Venice to speak with anything but praise:

"No man has ever left his impress so strongly upon a city as Sansavino has upon Venice; turn where we will, some church or palace meets the eye which owes its existence to him; it is, therefore, much to be regretted that his style, with all its richness and picturesqueness, was not purer, and that so much genius should have produced works which were fruitful of evil to the rising generation." (Vol. i. p. 253.)

We now come to Michael Angelo, whose life has been written over and over again, but never in such a manner as to give complete satisfaction. He was at once an architect, a painter, a sculptor, a writer, and even an engineer; he lived with the most remarkable persons of a period of great men, and his life and fortunes were intimately connected with passing political events. A complete history of that life must therefore be an artistic, literary, biographical, and historical work, and the difficulty of giving a distinct account of the different phases of so complex a man, while preserving a

continuous and intelligible narrative properly illustrated by notices of his contemporaries, is such that we can hardly wonder at the want of success which has hitherto attended every "Life of Michael Angelo."

That by Mr. Harford which was noticed in this Review a few years ago, is perhaps in some respects the best that has yet been written, and this position it will certainly not be required to yield to the life by Hermann Grimm, a translation of which by Miss Bunnett has just appeared. As this work has been taken from the German without being put into English, we fear that its style will effectually prevent any one from reading it steadily through, while the absence of either index or table of contents deprives it of all value as a book of reference. The narrative is confused, and worse confounded by constant digressions; the descriptions are such as we could expect from the pen of an author endowed with a lively imagination, a strong sense of the sublime and none of the ridiculous; the criticisms appear to have been formed more from these descriptions than from an examination of the things described. Altogether the work presents the most extraordinary contrasts to the simplicity, clearness, and good judgment which are the characteristics of Mr. Perkins. His account of Michael Angelo is, indeed, almost exclusively confined to the consideration of his works as a sculptor, although it also contains sufficient notices of his life and other productions to make it an interesting artistic biography. We can hardly admit his assertion to be true, that Michael Angelo was greater in sculpture than in any other of the arts he practised, and we think there are but few good judges who would place the tombs of the Medici or the Pietà at St. Peter's above the paintings of the Sistine ceiling, either as works of art or proofs of genius; but as Mr. Perkins is a writer upon sculpture, he may fairly be allowed some partiality for his own subject.

In his youth (that is before he was twenty-four years old, for artistically speaking he never was young), Michael Angelo executed pagan works in imitation of the antique, one of which, intended as a deception, was stained to look like old marble, sent to Rome to be

buried and "discovered," and in due course succeeded in deceiving the Cardinal di S. Giorgio, who, though he returned the statue, upon finding out the trick, to the agent from whom he had bought it, was so much struck with its cleverness that he sent to Florence to discover its author and invite him to Rome. Michael Angelo went, and it was then and there that he executed the famous *Pietà* for the French Ambassador, who wished to leave behind him a worthy memorial of his residence at Rome. It is now unfortunately placed in a very bad light, and much of the beauty of its forms is therefore concealed; but its dignity, its purity of style, and deep religious sentiment, every one can see and appreciate, and it is for these qualities that we may place it above all his Christian works. Compare with it the statue of our Lord in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. It is like an academy study converted into a Christ. Its modeling and display of anatomical knowledge may be worthy of all praise, but affectation and want of dignity are faults which can never be forgiven in a work of religious art. The Moses at S. Pietro in Vincoli has certainly no want of dignity, and is not devoid of religious sentiment; but it impresses one chiefly with the idea of a magnificent giant or Jupiter, and has an expression of ferocity which should hardly be the characteristic of the great ruler who so often saved the Israelites by his prayers from the summary vengeance of the Almighty.

Mr. Perkins considers that—

"Its vagueness of meaning, which has so often been called a defect, is in one sense a proof of power in the sculptor; since though neither receiving nor teaching the law, Moses impresses us as the mighty leader of a chosen people, worthy to carry out the decrees of the Most High." (Vol. ii. p. 41.)

The tombs of the Medici, although in some respects the grandest works of the Renaissance, are too pagan in sentiment, or rather one should perhaps say, too far devoid of Christian feeling, to be received as models for monumental sculpture. In them, as in almost all his works, Michael Angelo is to be admired and wondered at, but not imitated. He was a magnificent exception to all rules of art, and those who will not admit that

as such he proved their truth, may at any rate allow, when considering the vicious works of his followers, that he was a most dangerous guide.

One defect of the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, of which we think but little now, is the want of personal likeness to the originals, which has, according to Grimm, led to confusion as to the persons intended to be portrayed, and eventually to an exchange of names. The "Thinker" who "meditates, his head upon his hand," is, and has been even from the time of Vasari, called Lorenzo, while the Roman warrior is always supposed to be the statue of his uncle, Giuliano. But if the figures are portraits even of the characters of these men, M. Grimm must be right in asserting that they are now wrongly named. Giuliano was a melancholy man of literary tastes who hated public affairs and eventually retired to a convent where he was poisoned, as was supposed, by Lorenzo. Lorenzo was a brave and ambitious man, who led in person the attack on Monteleone, when he took the Duchy of Urbino which had been given him by the Pope from the reigning Duke. A comparison of these facts with the statues, and the want of any portrait to confirm the popular nomenclature, is sufficient to satisfy us of the justice of M. Grimm's proposed change of names; but for the benefit of hardened sceptics we will add the following passage as translated by Miss Bunnett:

"That which stamps the figure of the Duke of Urbino—which is as it were its token—is the throat rising from the square richly ornamented opening of the coat of mail which fits closely to the breast and shoulders—power and pride are expressed in its movement. Once more casting a glance at the entire figure, we see all the good and the noble that lay in Lorenzo's character—his valor, his hope of conquering the Italian States into a kingdom for himself—this statue contains it all; and whoever contemplates it, and afterwards reflects upon the man himself in his various fates, will most easily solve the question. What is to be understood by idealizing a person? An artist who wishes to produce the ideal of a man, takes hold of the enduring value he possesses, adds to it what he himself is as a man and an artist, and out of this founds a new creation." (Vol. i. p. 448.)

This prescription for ideal creations

has not much to do perhaps with the question as to the identity of Lorenzo de' Medici's statue, but we have copied it for the use of our artistic readers, and as a specimen of the style in which the book is written.

Having given M. Grimm's remarks on the "Warrior," we trust that the numerous admirers of the "Thinker" will not accuse us of any disrespect to the finest statue of modern times, if we quote part of what he has said in its praise :

"M. Angelo, whose overflowing nature sought an outlet in one manner or another in each of his works, knew how, in representing repose, to elevate it into a state of infinite duration, just in the same way as he understood how to raise the action of a figure into bursting vehemence. The sibyls and prophets exhibit this in his paintings, Giuliano's statue in his sculptures. Yet the figure of the Duke de Nemours expresses something utterly different to the colossal men and women of the Sistine Chapel. There investigating reflection was represented, every thought flowing towards one point, the highest contemplative work; in Giuliano the thoughts are divided, the mind is absorbed in an indefinite feeling just as if he intended to show that death was a deliverance for him from long sad sickness. He sits as if he had gradually turned to stone. (Vol. I. p. 450.)

It is impossible to read these observations of our German author without a feeling of regret that Michael Angelo had not the opportunity of making a statue of Lord Burleigh, and expressing the full meaning of his celebrated nod in marble. But we are joking in church; let us return to Mr. Perkins and be serious. He has not succeeded in suggesting any new or reasonable interpretation of the figures of Night and Day—Aurora and Twilight, which recline upon the sarcophagi. The explanation that Day and Night were intended to "typify the glory of Giuliano limited only by the confines of the earth," does not appear to satisfy Mr. Perkins, and is not likely to succeed better with any one else. The suggestion that the four statues are emblematic of the brevity of human life which if marked by their rapidly succeeding divisions" is better, and is probably the best that those who seek to know their meaning are likely to get. M. Grimm has not failed to improve the occasion, but we will spare our readers his remarks. In truth, these statues are

examples of that grand vagueness which characterizes many of Michael Angelo's finest works. Like a prophet he brought forth things inspired, majestic, and terrible, which were but half understood by those to whom he addressed them, and which he could not have himself explained. His works, if we may be allowed without the charge of irreverence to make the comparison, resemble some of those passages in the poetical books of the Old Testament which strike us by their grandeur and fill our imagination with sublime ideas, but to which we affix no precise meaning. The beauties, however, of vague inspirations can not be imitated; such imitations are extravagant inanities. Michael Angelo was too great not to be admired, and too much admired not to be followed; but as his flight was too lofty for other mortals, the efforts of his imitators were ridiculous, and their works make us feel, as Mr. Perkins says, "that art paid dearly for Michael Angelo." That it would have been better for sculpture had he never lived may, however, be doubted. He was not the corrupter of a pure age—it was not he that sowed the tares; many of them had grown old before he appeared; but he taught men to despise the wheat, and on his authority they reared crops of weeds.

In taking leave of Michael Angelo as a sculptor, let us remind our readers that the Kensington Museum possesses a Cupid executed by him for Jacopo Galli, a Roman banker, when he was about twenty-four years old, and which is considered to be one of his best imitations of the antique. It contains also a number of his models in wax which belonged to the Gherardini collection, and are of great interest. Raphael must not be denied a place among the sculptors of this period, though his works are few in number and somewhat doubtful; but we know that he sculptured a young boy in marble which is supposed to be the figure now at Down Hill in Ireland. Also, that he designed and superintended the execution of the Jonah in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome. Its superiority to the Elias in the same church, which he may have designed, but which was completed by Lorenzetto, with whom he was working, make it probable that it was actually finished by Raphael him-

self, while there is every reason to believe that the terra-cotta model for this statue in the Kensington Museum is from his hand. Michael Angelo's principal pupils were Raffaello da Monte Iupo and Montorsoli, who, though they both produced original works, were chiefly occupied in carrying out those designs of their master which his various and harassing engagements did not permit him to execute or personally superintend.

One of the most agreeable chapters in Mr. Perkins's book is perhaps that which treats of Benvenuto Cellini. His varied life and accomplishments, the times in which and the people with whom he lived, his vices, his virtues, his crimes, his inordinate conceit, and his autobiography, furnish excellent materials to an author. His artistic productions were so celebrated and so numerous, that though but few authenticated examples now remain, every fine piece of cinque cento goldsmith's work is attributed to him. This class of work is unfortunately the most perishable of all that art produces. The intrinsic value of the metals and stones have brought to the melting pot or the jeweler in times of distress hundreds of pieces, the beauty of which was really in their workmanship and design, while the worthlessness of canvas and marble has preserved nearly all the pictures and statues now extant; those that are lost have perished from violence, accident, or neglect. The despotic requirements of fashion have also done much towards destroying works of art in jewelry. However much "real old" ornaments may be admired, "old-fashioned" ones are not tolerated, so they are altered over and over again to suit the prevailing taste, and we only wonder how any ever contrive to reach the age at which they are again valued.

Cellini's reputation as a sculptor rests chiefly upon the statue of Perseus, at Florence, of the casting of which he gives so lively an account in his autobiography. In spite of certain defects of proportion, it is a noble and spirited statue, and though not as he thought superior to anything that had been or could be made, may fairly claim a place in the first class of modern imitations of the antique. Cellini, after finishing the Perseus, proposed, with remarkable assurance, to make two bronze gates for the Duomo,

and expressed his willingness to receive nothing for them if they did not surpass those of Ghiberti. Unless he had also been appointed to judge of their merits, he would have been sadly out of pocket by the transaction, for the specimen he has left us of his work in bas-relief on the pedestal of the Perseus, though beautifully executed, is deficient in all those high qualities which distinguished the panels of Ghiberti.

The only other Tuscan sculptor of real talent among the successors of Michael Angelo was John of Bologna, a Fleming by birth, who owed his artistic education to Florence. His best work, the Mercury, is known to everybody from copies and casts. His marble group of the Rape of the Sabines is also celebrated. It was originally a mere study in marble of a man carrying off a woman, and was named after its completion. John of Bologna's bas-reliefs upon the doors of the cathedral at Pisa show his great inferiority to the earlier Tuscan masters in that branch of sculpture. He was assisted in his very numerous works by a large number of pupils, and being superior in talent and purer in style than most of his contemporaries, may have done something to retard the decline of Art, but nothing could have then stopped it. A decline of Art caused by ignorance or barbarism may be checked at any moment by the appearance of some commanding genius; but that which springs from false principles and technical vanity must run its course till the world, sick of pedantry, affectation, and display, seeks an agreeable change in simplicity, feeling, and truth.

With this artist, Tuscan sculpture may be said to have come to an end, and we will take our leave of it with the hope which Mr. Perkins expresses, "that the future which seems to promise so much for Italy, the second country of all who love Art, has regeneration in store for sculpture also, and that with laws, letters, and other arts, it may again rise to the level of its former glory." We can not, however, conclude this article on Tuscan Sculpture without once more mentioning the collection in the Kensington Museum, to which we have had frequent occasion to allude. It is, we believe, chiefly to the knowledge and industry of Mr. J. O.

Robinson that we owe the numerous and valuable specimens of this style of art which have there been got together, and which enable Englishmen to study it better than can be done in any other country than Italy, and more easily and conveniently than can be done even there. His illustrated catalogue, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, contains short notices of the various sculptors and their principal works, and thus forms not only an excellent hand-book to the sculptural portion of the Museum, but also a most useful book of reference. Let us hope that this book, and Mr. Perkins's more extended work, may lead our sculptors to the study of their Tuscan predecessors both here and in Italy.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

As an interesting embellishment to our present number of the *Eclectic*, we offer the Imperial family of France. In modern centuries no family among monarchs has spread over the world a wider renown than that of the Bonapartes. Born an obscure Corsican, Napoleon I. suddenly shot up into the gaze of mankind like a volcanic mountain, scattering the baleful fires of war over the continent of Europe for a quarter of a century. Though his star of brilliant empire went down suddenly in broken fragments out of sight for a time, another Napoleon star arose to the zenith of power, where he still holds despotic sway over the destinies of France. The history of Napoleon III. is too well known to need extended mention in these pages. The portraiture, the outline, and the personal aspect of the Emperor is more correctly presented in the engraving than any we have seen. While staying a few days at Vichy, a favorite watering-place of the Emperor, in southern France, last summer, we met him walking almost every day, and thus had an opportunity of observing and studying his form, and remarkable face and eyes, differing from all faces and eyes we have seen. That peculiar expression of features and eyes does not and can not be conveyed in an engraving. His face and eyes are unfathomable to the closest scrutiny. His acts and deeds

of rule in France and influence over Europe reveal the depths of his wonderful sagacity. But enough of this. A brief outline will suffice for our present purpose.

Charles Louis Napoleon III. is the youngest son of Louis, the king of Holland, and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine. He was born in Paris, April 20, 1808. The emperor and empress were his sponsors at baptism, and he was an early favorite with Napoleon. As his father and mother soon came to live separately, he was chiefly educated by his mother, who resided in Paris under the title of the Queen of Holland. After the battle of Waterloo, the family retired first to Augsburg, where he learned the German language, and subsequently to Switzerland, where they passed their summers, while in winter they repaired to Rome. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, he petitioned Louis Philippe to be allowed to return to France, but that adroit monarch refused the request. Louis and his brother, Napoleon, then repaired to Italy, where they took an active part in the revolutionary movements of 1831. But the interference of France and Austria in behalf of the papal authorities soon put an end to these, and the brothers were banished from the papal territory. The elder brother, Napoleon, died at Pesaro, a victim to his anxieties and fatigues, March 27 of that year, and Louis Napoleon, also prostrated by illness at Ancona, was joined by his mother, and having in vain applied for permission to enter the French army, he spent a short time in England, eventually retiring to his mother's chateau at Arenenberg, in Thurgau. The Duke of Reichstadt dying in 1832, left him the successor of Napoleon I., not by legitimate descent, but by the imperial edicts of 1804 and 1805, which set aside the usual order of descent, and fixed the succession in the line of the 4th brother of Napoleon, Louis, instead of in that of the elder brother Joseph. This opened a new career to his ambition, and he seems from that time to have set his heart upon the recovery of the imperial position and honors. Nor did he leave any means untried by which he might hope to win over the French people to an approval of his lofty project. He put himself in

communication with Colonel Vaudry, and other military officers of the garrison of Strasbourg; and Oct. 30, 1836, he proclaimed a revolution. The soldiers of some regiments received him with acclamation, but the other regiments remained true to their duty, and the attempt resulted in a miserable failure. The prince, however, was taken prisoner, and Louis Philippe, instead of having him executed, consented, at the earnest entreaties of his mother, merely to banish him. He was sent to the United States, where he led a life of idleness for a short time, and then went to South America. The mortal illness of his mother took him back to Arenenberg, in time to see her die on Oct. 5, 1837. As he immediately set to work defending his conduct at Strasbourg, the government of France demanded his extradition from Switzerland, which country at first refused to comply with the request, but afterward was about to assent to it, when Louis Napoleon voluntarily withdrew to England. There he occupied himself in preparing his *Idées Napoléoniennes*, before referred to, and in getting up a second revolutionary expedition. Accompanied by Count Montholon, who had been the companion of his uncle at St. Helena, and a retinue of about fifty persons, he sailed in a steamboat from Margate in August, 1840. He carried with him a tame eagle, which was expected to perform some exploit to awaken the enthusiasm of the French nation. He landed at Boulogne, marched with his followers to the barracks, and called upon the soldiers to surrender or to join his cause. They peremptorily refused to do either, when a few shots were interchanged, and the prince was compelled to seek safety on a neighboring hill. The eagle did not perform, and the prince was arrested in an endeavor to get back to the steamboat. He was tried for treason before the house of peers, was defended by the eloquent Berryer, but was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. After remaining in prison six years, he managed to effect his escape by the assistance of his physician, in the dress of a workman, and went again to England. When the revolution of 1848 broke out, he repaired to Paris, and was chosen a deputy to the national assembly, from the de-

partment of the Seine and three other departments. Lamartine, opposing the Bonaparte dynasty, endeavored to effect his banishment from France, but after a stormy debate, Louis Napoleon was admitted to his seat. He professed to be a republican, and as such took the oath of fidelity to the republic. In May, 1850, when the election for president came on, he was found to be the most popular candidate, and was chosen by a large majority of votes. His government as president, nominally republican, was yet steadily directed to the furtherance of his personal schemes. In the beginning of 1851, Changarnier, who commanded the army of Paris, was dismissed, and the legislative assembly, which refused to pass several bills urged by him, was denounced as factious and refractory. All through the summer the breach between the prince president, as he was called, and the representatives of the people was widened, when suddenly, on the night of the 2d of December, the president declared Paris in a state of siege; a decree was issued dissolving the assembly, one hundred and eighty of the members were placed under arrest, the leading ones being torn from their beds and sent to prison, and the people who exhibited any disposition to take their part were shot down in the streets by the soldiers. A decree was put forth at the same time, ordering the establishment of universal suffrage, and the election of a president for ten years. Louis Napoleon was of course elected under this decree; and as soon as he found himself firmly reseatd in his place, he began to prepare for the restoration of the empire. In January, 1852, the national guard was revived, a new constitution adopted, and new orders of nobility issued. On November 21st and 22d, the people were asked to vote upon a *plebiscitum*, reviving the imperial dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon. The votes were counted largely in his favor, and he was declared emperor, under the title of Napoleon III. Thus the long and eager pursuit of the resuscitation of the Napoleon dynasty was at last crowned with success. In January, 1853, Louis Napoleon married Eugénie, Countess de Teba, a Spanish lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, and the result of the union

was the birth of a son, March 16, 1856. In March, 1854, Louis Napoleon, in conjunction with England, declared war against Russia,—a war which was conducted by all the parties with great vigor, until peace was resumed in 1856, on terms agreed upon by a conference of the great powers, held in Paris. On a visit of the emperor and empress to England in 1855, they were received with great splendor and enthusiasm. The government of Louis Napoleon has been despotic, and yet to a certain extent satisfactory to the people. Weary of revolutions and civil wars, of which it has had so frequent and dreadful an experience, the French nation seems to prefer the endurance of any kind of government, which can bring it tranquillity and peace, to incurring the hazards of civil strife.

We have quoted the language of these facts in part from Appleton's Cyclopædia.

EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

Eugénie, Empress of France, and Countess-Duchess of Téba, was born at Granada, in Spain, May 5th, 1826. She is the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, Countess-Dowager de Montijos. Countess Miranda, and Duchess of Peraconda; member of the noble order of Maria Louisa, and first lady of honor to the Queen of Spain. The father of this lady had been English Consul at Malaga at the period of her marriage with the Count de Montijos, an officer in the Spanish army, belonging to one of the most ancient of the noble families of Spain. He was connected more or less closely with the houses of the Duke de Frias, representative of the ancient Admirals of Castille; of the Duke of Fyars, and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Arragon. The death of this nobleman, which occurred many years ago, left the Countess Montijos a widow, with a fortune adequate to the maintenance of her position, and two daughters, one of whom married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill. For Eugénie, the second, a still higher destiny was reserved. In 1851 the Countess Téba, accompanied by her

mother, paid a lengthened visit to Paris, and was distinguished at the various entertainments given at the Tuileries by the dignity and elegance of her demeanor, and by great personal beauty, of the aristocratic English rather than the Spanish type. Her mental gifts were proportionably attractive; for she is reported to be naturally *spirituelle*, and her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed on Spanish women, who seldom quit the precincts of their native country. Shortly after the opposition of the other Northern Powers had put an end to the idea of a union between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Princess Carola Wasa, of Sweden, he apprised the council of ministers of his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess Montijos; a measure which excited some disapproval among them, and even led to their temporary withdrawal from office. During the short time which intervened between the public announcement of the approaching event and its realization, the Countess Téba and her mother took up their abode in the palace of the Elysée. The marriage was celebrated at noon on the twenty-ninth of January, 1853, at Notre Dame; and the Emperor and Empress, after making their appearance some hours later on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge at the Tuileries, to receive the acclamation of the multitude, adjourned to the comparative seclusion of St. Cloud. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the magnificence of the preparation made for the ceremony on that occasion. The one item of forty-six hundred francs, expended in Point d'Alençon lace, will suffice to give an idea of their character. Although a union which should have added to the political importance of the nation might probably have been more immediately acceptable to it, no mark of honor and loyalty was withheld from the Imperial bride. The dotation asked for her of one hundred and thirty thousand francs per annum (the same sum which had been granted to the Duchesse d'Orléans) was eagerly accorded; and the municipal council of Paris voted six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a *parure* of diamonds, as a present from the city to the Empress. It may be imagined how much enthusi-

asm was excited among so impressible a people as the French by the purport of a letter which she addressed to M. Bezet, prefect of the Seine, in reply to this proposal. After warmly thanking the council for their token of regard, she declined the rich gift; alleging that the city was already overburdened, and that the sum in question would be more usefully employed in the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. In accordance with this suggestion, the money was devoted to an establishment for the maintenance and education of sixty young girls chosen from the working-classes of Paris. The life of the Empress Eugénie since her marriage has been comparatively uneventful; made up of the ordinary routine of state etiquette; of migrations to the various royal *maisons-de-plaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; and a sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biaritz in the Pyrenees, which has peculiar associations for her, having been the favorite summer resort of her family in the days of her girlhood. On the sixteenth of April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England on a short

visit to the Queen, during which they proceeded in state to the city, visited the Crystal Palace, etc., their stay terminating on the twenty-first. In more recent years the Empress has employed her time and influence, more or less, in state affairs, and several times acted as Regent in the absence of the Emperor, as became the mother of the, perhaps, future ruler of France.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

In the family group on the plate appears the face and form of this child of fortune, the Prince Imperial, the only child and heir of the Bonaparte dynasty to the throne of France. He was born in Paris March 16, 1856. The announcement of his birth was received with great rejoicings by the French people. He is now in his tenth year, and his education is being conducted by the ablest and best teachers preparatory to the high station he is expected to fill ere long. He rides out with more display and attendants often than his father. All is done to imbue his mind with the notions and habits suited to his imperial prospects.

POETRY.

HISTORIC POETRY—THE FIRST POEM OF THE WAR.

The great family of facts born in the last four years of eventful war, have been united with all past generations of historic deeds to be read of all men to the end of time. The first things in all great events are interesting and important; the first name signed to the declaration of American Independence; the first battle at Lexington; the first gun fired at Fort Sumter; the first poem of the war, thrill the hearts of men with memorable effect. In this view we make this permanent record of the following poem, which tells its own story.

It was historically the first poem of the war, having been written on the very day of President Lincoln's Proclamation for "75,000 men to suppress an insurrection." It was immediately circulated as a tract among the earliest regiments departing to the field. It was declaimed at patriotic meetings in support of the war. It was reprinted hundreds of times by the press—even in England by friendly journals. It now appears in several school Speakers and in all collections of the poetry of the war.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.*

SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST CALL FOR
VOLUNTEERS.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

L

TOLL! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's Tower,
At midnight hour,
The great Bell Roland spoke,

And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant the thunder-stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold,
And every arm could bend a bow!
So acted men
Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

* The famous Bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people, because it rang to arm them when Liberty was in danger.

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue!
 If men be patriots still,
 At thy first sound,
 True hearts will bound,
 Great souls will thrill!
 Then toll, and let thy test
 Try each man's breast
 Till true and false shall stand confest!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
 Not now at midnight hour—
 Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
 But here—this side the sea!—
 Toll here, in broad, bright day!
 For not by night awaits
 A foe without the gates,
 But perjured friends within betray,
 And do the deed at noon!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Thy sound is not too soon!
 To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till cottager from cottage-wall
 Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
 The heritage of sire to son
 Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till Swords from scabbards leap!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 What tears can widows weep
 Less bitter than when brave men fall!
 Toll! Roland, Toll!
 In shadowed hut and hall
 Shall lie the soldier's pall,
 And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
 Amen! So God hath willed!
 And may His grace anoint us all!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!
 The Dragon on thy tower
 Stands sentry to this hour;
 And Freedom so is safe in Ghent!
 And Merrier bells now ring,
 And in the land's content
 Men shout "God save the King!"
 Until the skies are rent!
 So let it be!
 A kingly king is he
 Who keeps his people free!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Ring out across the sea!
 No longer They, but We
 Have now such need of thee!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Nor ever let thy throat
 Keep dumb its warning note
 Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
 Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 From Northern lake to Southern strand!

Toll! Roland, Toll!
 Till friend and foe, at thy command,
 Shall clasp again each other's hand,
 And shout one-voiced, "God save the land!"
 And love the land that God hath saved!
 Toll! Roland, toll!

APRIL 16, 1861.

LANGLEY LANE.

A LOVE-POEM.

In all the land, range up, range down,
 Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
 As Langley Lane in London town,
 Just out of the bustle of square and street?
 Little white cottages all in a row,
 Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
 Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
 And up above the still blue sky
 Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
 I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
 And sit outside in the sun, and hear
 The distant murmur of street and square,
 And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
 And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
 Comes running many a time each day
 With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
 And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
 And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
 For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
 Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
 And I am older by summers three,—
 Why should we hold one another so dear?
 Because she can not utter a word,
 Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
 The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
 Because I have never seen the sky,
 Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
 Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
 The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
 And I hear the water-cart go by,
 With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
 And the little one close at my side perceives
 Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
 Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
 And I hear, though I can not look, and she,
 Though she can not hear, can the singers see,—
 And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
 Do I not know she is pretty and young?
 Hath not my soul an eye to see?—
 'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
 To wonder how things appear to her,
 That I only hear as they pass around;
 And as long as we sit in the music and light,
 She is happy to keep God's sight,
 And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
 I made it of music long ago:
 Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
 Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;

And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a
prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain,)
I should pray; just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear!
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny, my little one, always near!
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one can not hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

—Good Words.

RESIGNED.

WHEN my weary spinning's done,
And the shades of eve grow deep,
And by the bright hearthstone
The old folk sit asleep;
My heart and I in secret talk, when none can
see me weep.

Oftimes the driving rain,
And sometimes the silent snow,
Beat on the window-pane,
And mingle sad and low
With the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears,
of a time long, long ago;

Till they act the tales they tell,
And a step is on the floor,
And a voice I once loved well
Says, "Open me the door."
Then I turn with a chill from the mocking
wind, which whispers "Nevermore!"—

To the little whitewashed room
In which my days are spent;
And, journeying toward the tomb,
My companions gray and bent,
Who haply deem their grandchild's life not
joyous, but content,

Ah me! for the suns not set,
For the years not yet begun,
For the days not numbered yet,
And the work that must be done,
Before the desert path is crossed, and the
weary web is spun!

Like a beacon in the night,
I see my first gray hair;

And I scarce can tell aright
If it is from age or care,
For Time glides silent o'er my life, and leaves
no landmark there.

But perchance 'tis for the best,
And I must harder strive,
If life is little blest,
Then not for life to live,
For though a heart has nought to take, it may
have much to give.

And they are old and poor,
And bread is hard to win,
And a guest is at the door
Who soon must enter in;
And to keep his shadow from their hearth, I
daily toil and spin.

My sorrow is their gain,
And I show not by a tear
How my solitude and pain
Have bought their comfort dear,
For the storm which wrecked my life's best
hope has left me stranded here.

But I hear the neighbors say
That the hour-glass runs too fast,
And I know that in that glad day,
When toil and sorrow are past,
The false and true shall reward their due, and
hearts cease aching at last.

—Chambers's Journal.

PARADISE.

I. IN A DREAM.

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise:
Each bird sat singing in his place;
A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate
Soft cooing notes among the trees:
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow;
And deep it was, with golden sand;
It flowed between a mossy land
With murmured music grave and low:
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirits strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste,
And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful;
And looked, but scarce could look within;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.
Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
Oh green palm-branches, many-leaved—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
But not as once in dreams by night;
To see them with my very sight,
And touch, and handle, and attain:
To have all Heaven beneath my feet
For narrow way that once they trod;
To have my part with all the Saints,
And with my God.

II. IN A SYMBOL.

Golden-winged, silver-winged,
Winged with flashing flame,
Such a flight of birds I saw,
Birds without a name:
Singing songs in their own tongue
(Song of songs) they came.

One to another calling,
Each answering each,
One to another calling
In their proper speech:
High above my head they wheeled,
Far out of reach.

On wings of flame they went and came
With a cadenced clang,
Their silver wings tinkled,
Their golden wings rang,
The wind it whistled through their wings
Where in Heaven they sang.

They flashed and they darted
Awhile before mine eyes,
Mounting, mounting, mounting still
In haste to scale the skies—
Birds without a nest on earth,
Birds of Paradise.

Where the moon riseth not,
Nor sun seeks the west,
There to sing their glory
Which they sing at rest,
Their to sing their love-song
When they sing their best:

Not in any garden
That mortal foot hath trod,
Not in any flowering tree
That springs from earthly sod,
But in the garden where they dwell,
The Paradise of God.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Englishman's Magazine*.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

WHEN we were at school together, Jack,
There was down on neither's cheek!
Now!—if we look back along our track—
Which has gained what he would seek?
For the woman you loved is lying
In a churchyard far away,

And the sunset, so swiftly dying,
Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,
And they've hung it on the line;
And critics, good Jack, discern a knack
Sublime in this daub of mine.
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,
And the lips, whose praise I'd prize,
Have passed from the world. So be it,
But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,
The gold in the western sky.
Though the present's black as the stormy wrack,
The hour of release draws nigh.
For peace will be won when life is done,—
Beyond the gloom lies the gold.
Oh! the sunset hour has for us a power
And a charm it lacked of old!

—*London Society*.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record.—No. I. London: Trübner and Co. 1865. We gladly embrace the opportunity of directing attention to this publication. It is a "Monthly Register of the most Important Works published in North and South America, in India, China, and the British Colonies; with Occasional Notes on German, Dutch, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian Books." The following is the notice prefixed by the enterprising publishers to this first number of their Record:

"We desire to bring the literature of the East and West more fully before the reading public of England and Europe: with this view we purpose presenting to our readers a monthly record of every important work published in North and South America, in India, China, and throughout the East. We are not aware of any previous systematic attempt of this kind, but we think the time is ripe for such an undertaking, and we unhesitatingly ask the support of all students and lovers of literature, believing that when our object is fairly understood, we shall neither lack readers nor sympathizers.

"In the United States of America, a large number of really valuable works, written in our language, are yearly issuing from the press, selling there by hundreds and thousands, but hardly known here, simply because there has hitherto been no recognized organ through which their existence could become known to the English reading public. We shall, in our monthly issues, record all such books, and occasionally give what brief comments may be necessary, to show the qualifications of the authors, and the nature of their labors. We also purpose occasionally grouping together the books recently published on given subjects, so that the student in any department of science and literature may be made acquainted with the best and most recent American literature on his special branch of study.

"The literature of Mexico, and of the Republics and States of Central and South America, has never yet been brought systematically before scholars and students: we have the pleasure of presenting in this number two interesting lists,—

one of Peruvian, the other of Brazilian books; the former presents a complete summary of the literature (excluding periodicals) published in Peru, in the years 1863 and 1864. We hope, in early numbers of our publication, to lay before our readers some details of the literature of Mexico, Guatemala, Chili, the River Plate States, Venezuela, New Granada, and Cuba, and to continue giving a regular chronicle of all books that are issued in these states.

"In India and China an important English literature is gradually springing up. Of this department we now give a specimen, and in our future numbers we shall give fuller details. Sanskrit literature, as well as books in all the vernacular languages of India and of the East in general, will be fully reported upon from time to time. Having opened up correspondence with native and European scholars in every part of India, and in various parts of China, we hope to render this department of very great interest to all whose studies are in that direction.

"From other fields of literature we shall also supply information of interest to readers of all classes.

"Another feature in our undertaking will be, to present copious notes on the bibliography of North and South America; ample materials for which, the collections of many years, are now in our hands.

"We trust our readers will bear in mind, that our pages are not of mere ephemeral interest. They will contain, in the course of the year, a vast mass of literary information, no where else to be met with; and we hope will be considered of sufficient importance to rank on the library shelves with the very many valuable bibliographies this century has produced."

There is no need for us to add any thing to this clear statement, except that the yearly subscription is the small sum of five shillings.—*London Quarterly*.

The Principal Ruins of Asia Minor.—Illustrated and Described. By CHARLES TEXIER, Member of the Institute of France, and R. POPPLEWELL PULLAN, F.R.I.B.A., Day and Son, London. Following up the record of Byzantine architecture, the joint production of Messrs. Texier and Pullan, a work which we brought to the notice of our readers two or three months ago, we have now from the same authors another handsome folio volume relating to the remains of Greek and Græco-Roman architecture on the coasts of Æolia, Ionia, and Caria, in Asia Minor. This, far more than the preceding publication, seems specially for the use of the professional student, and we must, therefore, leave the full consideration of it to journals that can afford greater space to the subject than we can at this busy time of the year, and particularly to those which make architecture their staple material. It is, in truth, nothing more than an English edition, by Mr. Pullan, of a series of illustrations of some of the finest buildings of antiquity, selected from M. Texier's large work on Asia Minor, the price of which precludes its circulation among those to whom it would prove most useful. Mr. Pullan has himself gone over the greater part of the ground, where the buildings yet remain, and precedes the illustrations by a short yet interesting narrative of

his travels, accompanying it by historical notices compiled and abridged chiefly from the writings of M. Texier, whom he believes to be the only traveler who has visited *all* the sites described. The edifices passed in review are the Temple (Doric) at Assos; the renowned Temple of Apollo Branchidae, at Poseidon, of which the architects were Daphnis of Miletus, and Peonius of Ephesus, the latter of whom lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was the architect chosen to complete the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Temple of Jupiter, and the Theatre, at Aizani, the date of which is probably about the second century of our era; the Temple of Augustus at Ancyra; the Temple of Venus at Aphrodisias; Theatres at Aspendus and Myra; ruins at Patara, and portions of the Basilica at Pergamos. The number of plates is fifty-one, so that it will be evident some of the edifices occupy several plates. For example, the Temple at Aizani has twelve plates devoted to it, mostly showing details of very beautiful ornament.

In the "Battle of the Styles," Mr. Pullan undoubtedly takes the side of the Classicists. He would not abjure mediæval architecture, but he loves the other more, and considers we are making a mistake in much of what has of late been done or is now doing. We get at this state of his feeling from some preliminary remarks, and are by no means disposed to question their truth. "In the present day," he says, "that important element in architectural beauty—Proportion—is, for the most part, either altogether ignored, or else completely overlooked, in efforts after the picturesque, or in the adaptation of buildings to suit the utilitarian and economical requirements of the age. Our ecclesiastical buildings are frequently but imperfect imitations of ordinary town and village churches, or else so-called original compositions in which stunted columns, top-heavy capitals, and windows absurdly elongated, are introduced by way of novelty, or for the sake of contrasts produced by disproportion; and our civic and other public edifices are often but shapeless masses of stone or brick, all wall or all window, without that relation between pier and aperture so necessary to give the appearance of lightness, and at the same time of stability. In short, we are groping in the dark in search of the true principles of design." Yet he thinks a glimmering of light is visible, for architects are beginning to see that any edifice may be designed and erected according to the eternal rules of proportion, and, at the same time, may preserve the distinctive characteristics of style. Inasmuch as no nation studied and applied to their buildings these rules or laws of proportion to such an extent as did the Greeks, so would he have their works closely studied by our own architects, that we may practice the same truths of beauty and harmony as are learned from what the ancients have left for our guidance; and among these by no means the most unimportant are the scattered and broken, yet often magnificent, remains on the western shores of Asia Minor.—*Art Journal*.

Poems of Purpose and Sketches in prose of Scottish Peasant Life and Character in Auld Lang Syne, Sketches of Local Scenes and Characters. With a Glossary. By JANET HAMILTON, authoress of "Poems and Essays." London: Nisbet

& Co. 1865. When Janet Hamilton published the "Poems and Essays," she described herself as "an old woman of threescore and ten, whose only school-room was a shoemaker's hearth, and her only teacher a hard-working mother, who, while she plied the spinning-wheel, taught 'Janet' to read the Bible;" the only education mother or daughter ever received. She adds, "I was never learned and never tried to write till I was fifty years of age, when I invented a sort of calligraphy for my own use, to preserve my compositions till I gave them off to be written by my husband or son." Of this 'calligraphy' a specimen is given in the preface to this little book; rough-hewn hieroglyphics are the old lady's capitals (for she writes in a sort of capitals) as were ever seen.

The "Poems and Essays" excited great attention, were praised by the critics as not only remarkable specimens of what native force can achieve in defiance of difficulties, but as full of genuine beauties both of thought and expression, and have passed through two editions. Here is other fruit from the same old tree,—old, but still fresh and full of sap.

The little volume is dedicated by the old lady, now approaching to the age of eighty years, to her "dear and dutiful son, James Hamilton," and contains many pieces of merit, some of striking merit, while it is full of spirit throughout. We prefer Mrs. Hamilton's Doric to her English: the latter is pleasing, but often too pretty and modish, with talk about Flora and other heathen deities with whom the old Scotch lady has contrived to get up an acquaintance; the former is often singularly racy and forcible, is at times also genuinely pathetic. The prose tales are very characteristic of the "good old times." Nothing, by the way, could well be more dreadful to poor children than the highest orthodox style of Sabbath-keeping, as here unflinchingly, but, as we think, not quite approvingly, set down. Mrs. Hamilton is quite a politician. Poland, and Garibaldi, and the American war, have two or three poems apiece given to them. Unhappily, like most of her country-people, Janet Hamilton, ignorant of the real political history and of the true condition of the States, and led away with the prevailing current of temper and prejudice, has allowed herself to indulge in bitter injustice to the North. This volume was published just as the Northern cause finally, and with a startling completeness, stood forth victorious. How much the good old lady must be edified, as, by the light of present facts, she reads what she so lately published!

"Hae ye come to yer senses yet, Sammy, my man?
For ye juist war rid-wud when the war it began,
Hae the bluid ye hae lost, and the physic ye've
ta'en,
No coo'd down yer fever and sober't yer brain?
What is 't ye hae won? is it conquest and fame?
Is 't honor and glory,—a conqueror's name?
Is 't the South wi' its cotton, its planters, and
slaves?
It's name of them a', it's a million o' graves.
What is 't ye hae lost? It's the big dollar bags,
An' ye've nocht in yer pouches but dirty green
rags;
Of the woll of your men nocht is left but their
banes,
An' the kintra is fu' o' their widows an' weans.

Ay, "put up thy sword," an' hae dinne wi' yer
game,
Ye hae lost a' the stakes that ye played for, gae
hame,
Leuk after yer farm, let yer noebars alane,
Ye hae wark on yer han', or I'm muckle mista'en."

This, however, was but the error of a good prejudiced old Scotch lady who could hardly be expected to believe otherwise than her neighbors lent her light. Nor is the untimeliness of such poetical forecasts, in face of complete and decisive victory, a matter of very grave consequence to anybody. Mrs. Hamilton's miscalculations are awkward for her; but amount to nothing in any other respect. They can not but remind us, however, of what comes to light even while we write this notice. On Tuesday, June 6th, the *Times* published a long letter from its American correspondent, intended to show that in Texas Kirby Smith would be at the head of large forces, and "might make a desperate fight," so that "Texas might possibly become the nucleus of a new Confederacy." Before that letter was written, Smith had surrendered with all his army! We hope that Mrs. Hamilton's volume may soon come to a second edition; and that then all the effusions relating to American affairs will be left out. They do her, to say the truth, no credit, notwithstanding their spirit and energy; and they unhappily reflect the lamentable injustice to a great nation, in its great agony, fighting for the cause of liberty and right, which has brought so serious a blemish upon the reputation of this country.—*London Quarterly*.

Henry Holbeach, *Student in Life and Philosophy. A Narrative and a Discussion*. Two vols. London: Alexander Strahan. This work will be rather puzzling to the critic who is resolved to label and docket it. The discussions pursued through these pages are, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and no brief notice can convey an adequate notion of their purpose. The book professes to be the work of an editor who produces the papers and "controversial letters" of one Henry Holbeach. The anonymous author shifts the responsibility of his meditations to an obscure, crotchety, impudent, impracticable person, who feigns impossible conditions, and one-sided correspondence, and other machinery of the bookmaker's craft. It is no easy task to understand the drift of the author. The reader can only perceive him through the reflection of a reflection. However, there are ingots of strong common sense and veins of holy thinking discoverable throughout this new art-digging. The narrative portion is rather too absurd. The formation of the Puritan Bohemian Club, where every possible shade of opinion was to be triumphantly accepted on the condition of unlimited freedom of discussion, entire personal confidence, and—beyond the walls of the club—utter mutual indifference, is hardly done into historical verisimilitude, and the disappearance of the founder of the club, and the legacy of his papers to the editor of these volumes, is scarcely so ingenious as Dickens's various devices for forming a homogeneous whole out of the *olla podrida* that he calls his "Christmas number!" The sketch of Gravely "little meeting" is about as realizable

as the island of Laputa. "Calvinistic" "Arian" "Dissenters," familiar with all the intense bigotry of Dissent, of Calvinism and Socinianism, seem to us so incognizable, that we suppose the author means to "pooh-pooh" all theological opinion and ecclesiastical action. He calls himself a political dissenter, but thus affords himself exceedingly little opportunity for the development of his views on the relation of Church to State; and in the "sanctuary" provided for the fresh growths of opinion and life, within the national church, he exults. The controversial letters addressed to John Stuart Mill, F. D. Maurice, Thomas Carlyle, J. H. Newman, G. H. Lewes, Matthew Arnold, and others, form the most important portion of the work. The style of these letters has to be apologized for by the editor: he assures us that they are not in the least "rude," they are merely intensely "Puritan," and an expression of individualism and of liberty carried to the extremest verge of theoretical action. He gives us, moreover, an interesting analysis of them in some "last words," which may help the attentive reader to understand them. We must, however, confess, that keen and strong as much of the writing is, and that though, as we believe, some of the distinguished men above mentioned will readily confess they have found a worthy antagonist, much of the sharp wit consists of the *Punch*-like habit of saying uncourteous and incongruous and unceremonious things to celebrated men, without actually wishing to tweak their nose or meaning to be thought rude and unmannerly.

The letters with which we can sympathize most heartily are those addressed to Carlyle and Lewes. The sledge-hammer style in which some of the fallacies of Carlyle on the identification of might and right are demolished greatly charm us, and throughout the book the brave manner in which mere Utilitarianism, Materialism, Positivism, and Authority are grappled with, convinces the reader that he is in the hands of one who has read extensively and thought profoundly on all the terrible questions of the day. But the letters to Mansel and Newman, though containing useful matter, are full of the dreariest and most audacious scepticism. The rock on which all the author's positive faith splits is the doctrine of eternal punishment and sin. "Twenty million times the evidence" would not prove the doctrine. If there were sufficient evidence, it would take away our God. The author for one would neither worship nor obey such a God, who would only be the deification of devil, &c., &c. In a perfectly Satanic manner our unknown author raves at this awful teaching of our holy Christianity, and, instead of falling back on infinite justice, love, and goodness, he proposes suicide and a general and humane resolve to put a term to the world's existence, and bring humanity to an end. We feel disposed to say, "O Bohemian-Puritan, with thy hand against every man and every god, what effect can your Satanic humor of rebellion against the government of God and immortality of man have upon the facts of the case? Rave as you will, you only show what effect years of sceptical meditation have produced upon your own nature. You do not help us by saying that you have only to 'hang or drown yourself,' if sin can be eternal, and probation is limited to earth. Pray do which you please, but remember that the intensity

of your feeling against a future retribution is strangely out of harmony with the fears, the hopes, the experience, and expectations of the whole human race. If you take your ideas to the Hindu yogi or the Buddhist bonze, to the Yorkshire collier or the Italian brigand, to every man who has waked up to the awfulness of life, will you help him to forget his fears? Believe us, Dr. Newman and Dr. Mansel, Richard Weaver and John Wesley, will succeed better than you, in spite of your terrible sarcasm." However, the editor of these papers deserves our thanks for his production. In spite of the bumptious manner and the unsatisfactory apology of the real author, notwithstanding that exaggeration of humane impulses which leads him to think that man's judgment is certainly more accurate than what we have every probability to believe is the judgment of the "all-conquering goodness;" though Bishop Butler comes in for a sound thrashing, on the ground of his main principle, and though Comte is well flogged for his vaunted philosophy, which is declared to be nothing but a barren classification; though everybody is driven into a corner, and nobody is or ever was right but Henry Holbeach, Puritan Bohemian; still we think that the book is worthy of some of the themes which it discusses, and will compel the distinguished men who are addressed to listen and perhaps reply.—*British Quarterly*.

Pre-historic Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S., &c. London: Williams & Norgate, 1865. All of us are interested in knowing what were the habits of life and general characters of our early ancestors, and of late years the desire for information upon this subject has increased vastly. The literature of pre-historic man derived its first comprehensive contribution from Dr. Wilson; Sir Charles Lyell's work next appeared in the field, and now we find the distinguished president of the Ethnological Society presenting himself as a public instructor. We are glad that Mr. Lubbock has left for awhile the arena of technical science, not because we think he is better in his present capacity, but because he is an original observer, enthusiastic in his devotion to his pursuit, and capable of giving us the results of his inquiries in language which is as lucid as it is fascinating. There is another reason, too, why we are pleased to see the volume which he now addresses to general readers, and that is that we wish to see its author as thoroughly appreciated and admired by those external to scientific circles as he is by those within them. His book is a combination of reprints and original matter, and can not fail to be of interest to both naturalists and archeologists. It differs from Sir Charles Lyell's treatise, in containing less geological matter, and in embracing a more comprehensive and accurate account of those deposits in which flint weapons have been discovered. Firstly, he treats of the use of bronze in ancient times, and the bronze age; then he passes on to the consideration of the stone age, of tumuli, the lake habitations in Switzerland, the Danish shell-mounds, North American archeology, cave-men, the antiquity of the human race, modern savages, and, finally, he concludes with a most philosophic and deeply-thought dissertation upon the primi-

tive condition of man, and the advantages of science. Not having space enough to review Mr. Lubbock's book we must content ourselves with a few extracts from those portions of the text which strike us as most interesting. *In primis*, we must state that the author's classification of pre-historic ages is somewhat different from that usually adopted. He divides pre-historic archaeology into four great epochs:

"*Firstly*, that of the Drift; when man shared the possession of Europe with the mammoth, the cave-bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and other extinct animals; this we may call the 'palæolithic' period. *Secondly*, the later or Polished Stone age; a period characterized by beautiful weapons and instruments made of flint and other kinds of stone, in which, however, we find no trace of any metal excepting gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. This we may call the 'Neolithic' period. *Thirdly*, the Bronze age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds. *Fourthly*, the Iron age, in which that metal had superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, &c.; bronze, however, being still in common use for ornaments, and frequently also for the *handles* of swords and other arms, but never for the blades."

Mr. Lubbock does not appear to agree with those who think that stone, bronze, and iron weapons were in all periods of man's history used contemporaneously, and he brings forward powerful arguments in opposition to this creed. "Conversely," says he, "as bronze weapons are entirely absent from the great 'finds' of the iron age, so iron weapons are equally wanting in those instances where large quantities of bronze tools and weapons have been found together." That the art of working in bronze had reached a very high degree prior to the introduction of iron is evident from the numerous sketches of beautifully designed swords and daggers which adorn the pages of Mr. Lubbock's book. It is strange too to find what a similarity there is between the weapons of different nations which could have had at the period no connection with each other. This is especially striking in the case of the Danish and Irish 'Celts,' which seem as though they had been cast in the same mould. In touching upon the gravel deposits of the valley of the Somme, our author concludes that they afford proof of the existence of the human race at the time of their formation; and although he questions the authenticity of the Moulin Quignon jawbone, he considers that the reason why human bones are absent from these deposits is not because man did not then exist.

"No bones of men have up to the present time been found in the strata containing the flint implements. This, though it has appeared to some so inexplicable as to throw a doubt on the whole question, is on consideration less extraordinary than it might at first sight appear to be. If, for instance, we turn to other remains of human settlements, we shall find a repetition of the same phenomenon. Thus, in the Danish refuse heaps, where worked flints are a thousand times more plentiful than in the St. Acheul gravel, human bones are of the greatest rarity. At this period, as in the Drift age, mankind lived by hunting and fishing, and could not, therefore, be very numerous. . . . So far as the drift of St. Acheul is con-

cerned, the difficulty will altogether disappear if we remember that *no trace has ever yet been found of any animal as small as man*. . . . When we find the remains of the wolf, boar, roe-deer, badger, and other animals which existed during the drift period, then, and not till then, we may perhaps begin to wonder at the entire absence of human skeletons."

Mr. Lubbock is a firm believer in Darwinism, and consequently he believes that early mankind must have been animals whose habits approached very closely those of the monkeys. The simpler arts and implements have, according to him, been invented independently by each race, and are but slight indications of advance upon the intelligence possessed by the Quadrumana.

"Even at the present day we may, I think, obtain glimpses of the manner in which they were or may have been invented. Some monkeys are said to use clubs, and to throw sticks and stones at those who intrude upon them. We know that they use round stones for cracking nuts, and surely a very small step would lead from that to the application of a sharp stone for cutting. When the edge became blunt it would be thrown away and another chosen; but after a while accident, if not reflection, would show that a round stone would crack other stones as well as nuts, and thus the savage would learn to make sharp-edged stones for himself. At first, as we see in the drift specimens, these would be coarse and rough, but gradually the pieces chipped off would become smaller, the blows would be more cautiously and thoughtfully given, and at length it would be found that better work could be done by pressure than by blows. From pressure to polishing would again be but a small step. In making flint instruments sparks would be produced; in polishing them it would not fail to be observed that they became hot, and in this way it is easy to see how the two methods of obtaining fire may have originated."

Short as is the foregoing paragraph, it contains a vividly colored picture of the possible habits of primitive man, and it is not too much to say of it that it is as plausible as it is clearly the result of matured thought and philosophic induction. It gives, too, better than any other quotation we could have selected, an idea of Mr. Lubbock's pleasing style of diction, and of the interesting character of his book. The volume is well and profusely illustrated, and will amply repay those who peruse it.—*Popular Science Review*.

SCIENCE.

Spectra of Nebulae.—Professor Secchi, during the past winter, has examined the spectrum of the nebula of Orion, which he finds to agree with that found by Mr. Huggins in regard to the planetary nebulae. He found that in the whole spectrum only three lines were seen, one coincided with the line F of Fraunhofer, and the strongest was situated between b and f. The group lies between the Sodium ray D and the Strontian blue line. The nebula is green, and the blue ray which coincides with F lies between the green and the blue. In reference to the absence of the dark line f in the star Alpha Orionis, Professor Secchi imagines that this may be a body intermediate between the perfectly formed stars and the nebulae,

as this circumstance agrees with the presence of the bright ray in the nebula. Mr. Huggins, however, is not of the same opinion, as the spectrum shows that its light comes from incandescent solid or liquid matter, and that it is the presence of bodies in its atmosphere which produces the dark lines. The absence of one of the lines only shows that a particular gas does not enter into the composition of its atmosphere, while the great number of lines proves that there exist as many elements as in the sun and brighter stars, and he therefore thinks that the absence of the lines of hydrogen does not place this star in a lower cosmical rank. In regard to the spectrum of the nebula of Orion, Mr. Huggins finds that, like the annular nebula of Lyra, and that called the Dumb Bell, it only gives three bright lines, showing that their light emanates from glowing gas. He thinks that the small intensity of their light is due to this, and probably also their strange appearance as "on account of the absorption by the portions of gas nearest to us of the light from the gas behind them, there would be presented to us little more than a luminous surface." No indication of a continuous spectrum could be perceived in any portion of the nebula; but the four bright stars of the trapezium gave one, showing that they were composed of incandescent solid or liquid matter. If, according to Lord Rosse and Professor Bond, the bright parts near the trapezium are composed of star-dust, Mr. Huggins thinks that this may be due to separate, and perhaps denser portions of the gas, and that the nebula does not consist of an unbroken vaporous mass. The vast distances of the nebulae can no longer be considered as tenable in respect of those nebulae which give a gaseous spectrum, and Mr. Huggins thinks that proper motion might be successfully sought for among them. If the nebulous theory of Sir W. Herschel be true, we should expect as many bright lines in the nebulae as there are dark lines in the stars into which they have been elaborated. Those nebulae with nuclei may, however, be partly composed of solid or liquid matter; but Mr. Huggins thinks that the nebulae which are not resolvable, and yet give a continuous spectrum, as the Great Nebula in Andromeda, are gaseous, which "by the gradual loss of heat or the influences of other forces have become crowded with more condensed and opaque portions." But in so far as his observations extend, he thinks that the nebulae are altogether distinct from the cosmical bodies to which the sun and fixed stars belong.—*Popular Science Review*.

The question of diminishing rainfall is again revived, as it appears, from further discussion of meteorological observations, that less rain falls now than formerly. In some counties, chiefly in the eastern half of the island, the diminution is greater than in others, and in some places small streams that used to be perennial, have ceased to flow. Certain considerations are hereby suggested. Does it indicate that we have entered on a cycle of dry years, or that a permanent change of climate is taking place? If the latter, to what is the change to be attributed? Does it depend on improved drainage and the grubbing up of hedgerows which have been carried on of late years? So far as the evidence goes, it shows that diminution of the leafage in any district is followed by

diminution in the rainfall. The question is an important one, and the sooner it is tested by further evidence the better. It would be interesting to compare English results with those obtained in other countries; and this will not be difficult, for in most parts of the continent a complete system of meteorological observations is now carried out. In France, a system of daily communications is kept up between the departments and the Imperial Observatory at Paris, and among these communications, charts of the weather occupy a principal place. Mr. Le Verrier has just issued an instruction that these charts should be all drawn on the scale of the great hydrographic chart published by the French government; that towns, villages, hamlets, and communes be indicated by appropriate signs, so that the exact route of a storm, or the locality of any meteorological phenomenon, may be readily indicated. The signs will show whether the rain has been beneficial or hurtful, whether the hail has been destructive or harmless; whether lightning has occurred, and with what consequences. The steady recording of these and other essential phenomena during a number of years will furnish a mass of facts from which some of the laws of the climate in France may be deduced.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ART.

Art-Union of London.—The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the subscribers to this institution was held on the 25th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, for the distribution of prizes, and for presenting to the honorary secretaries, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., and Mr. Lewis Pocock, F.S.A., the testimonials which have for some time past been preparing for them by public subscription. Mr. Charles Hill occupied the chair at the meeting, in the absence, through illness, of the president of the society, Lord Montagu.

Some idea of the effects which the Art-Union of London has had upon Art and artists is obtained from the facts recorded in the last report of the council. Since the foundation of the Society, it has expended £324,000 in the purchase of pictures and the productions of works of Art; these latter including 35 large engravings, 15 volumes of illustrative outlines, etchings, and wood-engravings, 16 bronzes, 12 statues and statuettes, besides figures and vases in metal, and medals. No insignificant number of all these various works have been circulated in America and other colonies, and sometimes in European continental states, thus circulating British Art over the civilized world.

The subscriptions for the year 1864-5 amounted to £11,743, a smaller sum than they have reached in the last few years: such fluctuations must necessarily occur in spite of every exertion and every attraction. The amount set apart for the purchase of pictures which the prizeholders may select from the public galleries open at the present time, included 1 work of the value of £200, 2 of £150, 3 of £100, 5 of £75, 5 of £60, 50 of £50, 10 of £40, 8 of £30, 18 of £25, 16 of £20, 20 of £15, and 20 of £10 each. To these were added 100 "Psyche" vases, 100 porcelain busts of the Prince of Wales, from the original by Morton

Edwards; 75 statuettes, in porcelain, from J. Durham's group "Go to Sleep," engraved in the *Art-Journal* for December, 1864; 200 chromolithographs of "Young England;" 200 chromolithographs of "Wild Roses," and 150 volumes etchings by R. Brandard.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, adverted to the thousands of good works of Art distributed through the agency of this society in the homes of the people of England; and argued from this that it was almost impossible to over-estimate the benefits that resulted from this fact in improving the taste of the public. Mr. S. C. Hall seconded the motion, and in his remarks contrasted the present love of Art and the larger amount of sale for British pictures now existing in comparison with what was expended thirty years ago.

Professor Bell prefaced the presentation of the testimonials to the honorary secretaries with a few complimentary observations on the services these gentlemen had rendered the society, which unquestionably owes its long-continued success to the zeal and ability they have always shown in advancing its interest. Without such efficient aid as they have given it is very questionable whether the Art-Union of London would not long since have become a thing of the past, instead of being, what it is, a well-rooted and flourishing institution sending forth its branches far and wide. When it is remembered that the first annual subscription list was below the sum of £500, and, when this is contrasted with the large aggregate of funds received and disbursed since, it must be quite evident how much time and energy must have been devoted to the working of the society in order to produce such results. The testimonials consisted of a group in silver, executed by Messrs. Elkington, from a design by W. F. Woodington, representing "Wisdom Encouraging Genius," with four appropriate tassels.—*Art Journal*.

Mad'le Rosa Bonheur's Great Picture.—"A Family of Deer crossing the Long Rocks in the Forest of Fontainebleau," now exhibiting at the French Gallery, will bear favorable comparison with anything she has before done. "The Horse-fair" is a marvelous display of prosaic difficulties overcome, and the descriptions in the "Breton Oxen" extend into lengthened argument; but in the picture now before the public there is a sentiment which, in tenderness, is far beyond the feeling Mad'le Bonheur has hitherto shown. Five hinds and a fawn are being led by an old and wary stag across the well-known plateau that rises at Fontainebleau some three hundred feet above the level of the Seine. The leader has suddenly stopped, with his head erect, his ears thrown forward, expanded nostrils, and an expression of alarm in his eye. The attitude of the animal is most expressive, and readily intelligible. The fear of the stag is shared by only one of the hinds—an old one, who knows perfectly the habits of the stag, from having been for years accustomed to follow him—her head is raised, as trying to ascertain the cause of danger. Another of the hinds has her fawn by her side, and all her care is shown for her offspring, which she is caressing, heedless of the apprehensions of the two seniors of the family. The youngest hind, unconscious of

danger, has stopped to drink at a pool left by the rain. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the composition, which may be said to consist of only three well-united parts—the group, the ground, and the sky—yet the working out of this arrangement, simple as it is, has cost the artist perhaps, relatively, more labor than any other of her works.—*Art Journal*.

National Gallery.—Velasquez's picture, "The Dead Warrior," recently purchased in Paris at the sale of the Pourtales collection at the price of £1,480, is a valuable acquisition to the National Gallery, where it is now placed. The figure, bare-headed, and wearing a breastplate, is "laid out" on its back, like some monumental effigy, only at an angle with the plane of the picture, so as to afford the painter an opportunity of exhibiting some admirable foreshortening. It lies under the shadow of a great rock by the seaside, from which protrudes the decayed branch of a tree, and on this hangs a lighted lamp, to keep off evil spirits. White and cold as marble is the dead man's upturned face, yet the flesh looks as if it would yield to the touch, and the expression of the countenance is supremely placid. The color of the picture is low in tone, but the figure comes out with telling effect against the background.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

An Astronomer's Prayer.—These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World :"—"Thou who, by the light of nature, hast kindled in us a longing after the light of Thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of Thy glory, thanks to Thee, Creator and Lord, that thou lettest me rejoice in thy works. Lo, I have done the work of my life with that power of intellect which Thou hast given. I have recorded to men the glory of thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm before thine eyes, and born in the bonds of sin, have brought forth anything that is unworthy of Thy counsels, inspire me with Thy spirit that I may correct it. If, by the wonderful beauty of Thy works, I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honor among men as I advanced in the work which was destined to Thine honor, pardon me in kindness and charity, and by Thy grace grant that my teaching may be to Thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From Him, through Him, and in Him is all, the material as well as the spiritual—all that we know and all that we know not yet—for there is much to do that is undone."

Foreigners in England.—According to the last Census there were 80,090 foreigners in England and Wales, being at the rate of 0.041 to every 100 natives. That, however, was considerably less than the number of foreigners in France or the United States. In France, in 1861, there were 506,381 foreigners in a population of 37,386,313, and in the United States, in 1860, there were 4,136,175 foreigners out of a popu-

lation of 27,489,461. Of the 84,090 foreigners in England and Wales 73,500 were Europeans, 9500 Armenians, 500 Africans, and 500 between Asiatics and natives of other countries. Of the 73,500 Europeans, 30,000 were Germans, 13,000 were French, 5500 were from Holland, 4500 from Italy, 5000 from Norway and Sweden, 5000 from Russia and Poland, 2000 from Spain and Portugal, 2000 from Belgium, and 2500 from Denmark, and about 1000 from Greece and Turkey. Fully one-half of the foreigners in England and Wales are located in London. Of the total number of foreigners in this country, 57,000 are male and 27,000 females; and of the 73,500 Europeans, 13,000 were under twenty years of age.—*Leisure Hour*.

Discovery of a Temple of Juno at Pompeii.—Mention was lately made of the discovery at Pompeii of a temple of Juno, with more than three hundred skeletons. Those remains, which crumbled to dust by degrees as they were brought to light, were those of women and children who had been buried beneath the burning ashes thrown out by the volcano at the moment in which a sacrifice was being offered up in the temple to the Queen of the Gods, no doubt to implore her to avert the terrible calamity which menaced the city. To the arm of one of those skeletons, which, from the rich jewels with which it was covered, is supposed to have been that of the high priestess, was still attached, by a gold ring, a censer of the same metal filled with calcined perfumes. This vessel is of the form of those now used in the ceremonies of Catholic churches, and is of excellent workmanship and inlaid with precious stones. The statue of the goddess is one of the most magnificent relics yet found in that city; its eyes are of enamel, and on the neck and arms, as well as at the ankles are jewels and bracelets of precious stones of the most exquisite finish and elegance of form. The peacock placed at her side is almost entirely composed of precious stones. The tripod before the altar, is like the censer held by the high priestess magnificently worked gold. The temple also contained lamps, artistically chased, of bronze, iron, silver and gold; branches of foliage, vine stems, interspersed with flowers and fruit of the most beautiful form. The space around the altar is paved with splendid mosaics in excellent preservation, and the rest of the temple is inlaid with small triangular blocks of white and purple agate. The spot on which the sacrifices were made is alone paved with marble. All the instruments used on the occasion were still lying on a bronze table, and the sacred vases were filled with a reddish matter, which is supposed to have been blood.

The Peaks and Valleys of the Alps.—There is to be seen at the German Gallery a series of drawings, by Elijah Walton, made with a view of describing certain of the most rugged features of the Alps, with the effects under which they occasionally present themselves. The subjects are not brought forward as landscape studies, but we are led up to the time-worn granite of the mountain side; told to look up, and challenged to deny that the colors we see are those of the morning and evening phenomena of the Alps. In "Mont Blanc, as seen above Col d'Anterne," the mist and color are so remarkable as to look exaggerated; but in

all mountainous countries such appearances present themselves, though different in degree according to the height and character of the mountains. To persons who have not seen the hues of an Alpine sunset, the brilliant and tender pink color here assumed by the snowy peaks may seem fanciful, but it is perfectly true. Among these views are—"The Mer de Glace," "Near Courmayeur," "The Dent du Midi," "The Dent du Midi, Valley of the Rhone," "The Viso from the South and East," &c. Many of the same views have been given by photography, whereby the textures may have been more faithfully rendered, but color and certain effects can not be described by such means.—*Art Journal*.

Number of Words in Use.—We are told, on good authority, by a country clergyman, that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. The vocabulary of the ancient sages of Egypt, at least as far as is known to us from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, amounts to about 685 words. The libretto of an Italian opera seldom displays a greater variety of words. A well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school, and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, the "Times," and all the books of Mudie's library, seldom uses more than about 3000 or 4000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expressions than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5642 words.—*Prof. Max Müller*.

English and French Orators.—"The illustrious orator, M. Berryer, is obliged to sell his property of Augerville, where he has spent so many years of his private life. Lord Brougham, it is said, contemplates purchasing that property, not however, with the intention of dispossessing its former owner, who would continue to live as hitherto on his little domain. An act of this kind would be as honorable to the former Lord High Chancellor of England as to the great French orator."

Two Kings.—The two kings of Siam have been "decorated" by the Emperor Napoleon. The French Consul at Bangkok, M. Aubaret, by command of the Emperor, conferred the ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon the kings, and the diplomas being considered as the Emperor's autographs were saluted by twenty-one guns. A procession of boats, laden with soldiers in every variety of costume, and having royal war elephants on board, was striking and picturesque. The kings wore crowns of diamonds and the insignia of the order. At the foot of the throne the princess of the royal family and high dignitaries of the crown remained during the ceremony prostrated on magnificent carpets. After a state dinner the kings requested M. Aubaret to transmit their letters of thanks to his Majesty, accompanied by the insignia of the order of the White Elephant, a royal ring and scarf, also three diamond and ruby bracelets to the Empress.

Irish Limestone Caverns.—At a late meeting of the Cork Cuvierian Society Professor Harkness, so well known for his investigations of Scottish rocks, announced the discovery of the bones of mammals in a limestone quarry at Middleton, Co. Cork. The rock consists of the ordinary limestone of the district, in one part much fissured, and under this fissured portion there is a mass of brown clay, the thickness of which can not be determined, as its base is not seen. This reddish brown clay under the limestone is the deposit which furnishes the fossil bones, and which, doubtless, fills the space that was once a natural grotto. Besides the bones, which are in a fragmentary condition, there are also present teeth and antlers. The latter are much broken, and do not afford sufficient character to enable the species to be accurately determined. They seem, however, to belong to two forms, one of which had the beam- and branches smooth and sub-compressed, features which indicate the antlers of the rein-deer; and the other with the horns rounded and rough, a form of surface which marks the antlers of the common stag. Of these antlers two portions which appear to belong to the rein-deer have been cut while in the fresh state; and the faces of the cuts being almost smooth, this cutting appears to have been effected by a fine regular-edged instrument rather than by a serrated tool. The leg bones which appear in this clay have all been broken, for the most part longitudinally, except the carpal and tarsal, and other small bones of the extremities. This longitudinal fracturing of the long bones of the leg is not known to occur in any mammalian remains which belong to a period previous to that where we have evidence of the existence of the human race; and these broken bones afford evidence of the occurrence of man, who, for the purpose of obtaining the marrow, divided them in the direction most available for this object. Besides the evidence afforded by the cut antlers and longitudinally divided bones, there are other circumstances indicating the occurrence of man in connection with these remains; one of these is the presence of charred wood, which is equally disseminated through the clay with the bones and teeth. This charred wood is the remains of the ancient fires by means of which former human beings cooked their food.—*Popular Science*.

The Aniline Process.—This is a new process of printing, of a truly novel description, introduced by Mr. Willis. For rapidity and simplicity of working, and for cheapness of production, it is unequalled; but its applications are limited at present to the fac-simile reproductions of artists' drawings of every description, being very useful for reproducing large drawings such as engineers and architects produce, or the transferring of prints, photographs, old MS. music, maps, or artists' designs to the block, for wood-engravers. It will also be useful for decorators and photographic colorists. The sensitizing solution is as follows:

Bichromate of ammonia 30 grains.
Phosphoric acid solution 1 fluid drachm.
Water 1 " ounce.

The phosphoric acid meant is that sold in commerce under the name of dilute, and its strength

should be such as will produce not a red or green, but a purplish black print. Plain Saxe paper is used, and the above solution is brushed evenly over its surface with a clean tuft of cotton wool. After it has been dried in the dark, it is exposed to light under a positive photograph or drawing, with which it is in close and even contact. When the image thus printed is distinctly visible, it is subjected to the action of the aniline vapor, either by placing the proof fastened by wafers upon a plate of glass over a flat-bottomed porcelain dish, containing a sheet of hilulous paper, and about a drachm of the aniline, such as is commonly sold in shops, or by so placing the paper in the bottom of a box that the aniline vapor descends instead of ascending. If the completion of the development leaves the picture of a dingy buff or orange-color, it may now be whitened by simple washing in plain water. The fixing is accomplished by placing it for a few minutes in water to which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been added, after which it is washed and dried.—*Popular Science*.

Cattle Shows, Dog Shows, and Poultry Shows are now recognized institutions. But we notice that an Insect show is to be held in Paris, under the patronage of the Minister of Agriculture. It is to comprise two classes—the useful and the noxious. In the former will appear bees, cochineal and gall insects, silk-worms, and so forth, with their products, and the apparatus and instruments employed in the preparation of those products. Among the noxious insects will be wasps, certain kinds of moths and flies, and others, with specimens of the mischief they occasion and accomplish. As usual, prizes are to be given to successful exhibitors, so we may expect to hear something further of this novel insect show.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Music.—Horace Waters, the veteran publisher of music, at 481 Broadway, has sent us a variety of popular pieces, sacred and patriotic, suited to the stirring times in which we live. Glory to God in the Highest; a national anthem, music by Mrs. Parkhurst. Mourn not! Oh ye People; a tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. A Home on the Mountain; Oh send me one Flower; The Peace Jubilee!! The Nation in Tears; The Soldier's Dying Farewell, and other pieces of music, to suit a variety of tastes and occasions. His ample Catalogue can be had on application.

Croton Point Vineyards. Dr. R. T. Underhill, the proprietor of these celebrated vineyards, has had long experience in the growth of grapes, and the preparation of the choicest native wines, pure, unadulterated, and of good age suited for medicinal purposes, and communion occasions; which on these accounts commend themselves to the confidence and patronage of the public. The Catawba, Isabella, and the dry port wines expressed from the choicest fruit, mellowed by an age of several years, are particularly valuable for medicinal purposes, in the face of so many vile admixtures of wine by manufacturers from material which should subject their makers to an indictment for manslaughter. Dr. Underhill's wine store is in Astor Place, New York, where orders can be sent.



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